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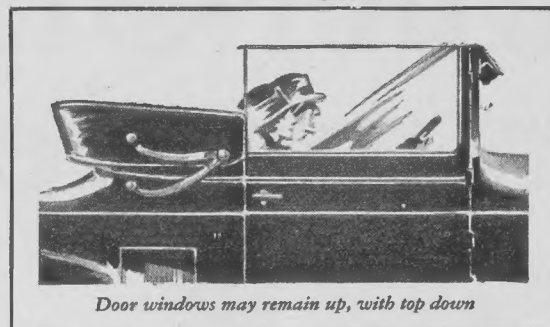
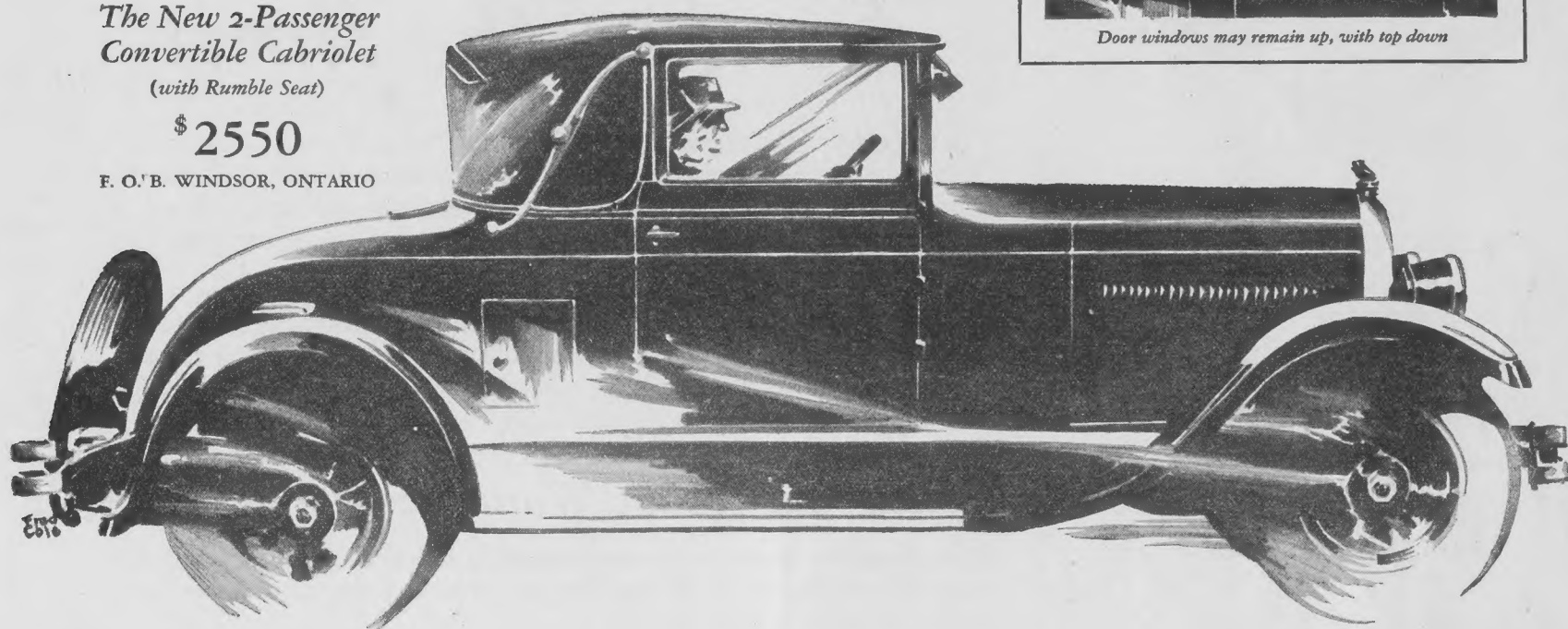
CHRYSLER 70

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR

*The New 2-Passenger
Convertible Cabriolet
(with Rumble Seat)*

\$ 2550

F. O. B. WINDSOR, ONTARIO



Door windows may remain up, with top down

Upsetting All Ideas of Motor Car Beauty

The real reason for the remarkable interest aroused by the *new, finer* Chrysler "70" is the quick recognition that here is a car whose newer smartness and beauty establish a vogue in motoring design even more emphatic than that of the first Chrysler.

Three years ago that first Chrysler initiated in its price class such outstanding improvements as 7-bearing crankshaft, oil-filter, air-cleaner, thermostatic heat control, tubular front axle for hydraulic 4-wheel brakes, new type of spring mounting, indirectly-lighted instrument board, new lowness of design, and an entirely new idea of color harmonies.

Today—the *new, finer* Chrysler "70" compels a complete revolution in all previous ideas of appearance that is bound to be reflected in tomorrow's motor cars.

Newer, more exquisitely graceful bodies—newer, more distinctive silhouette with

military front and cadet visor—newer luxury of comfort—newer, greater riding ease—newer richness of upholstery—newer, finer hardware—newer refinements in controls and lighting—newer, more attractive color harmonies far in advance of current blendings.

Combined with this newer standard of appearance is the same performance whose sheer speed and power, flexibility, economy, dependability and long life have been a never-ending marvel and delight to the hundreds of thousands of enthusiastic owners.

Sport Phaeton \$2150; Two-passenger Roadster (with Rumble Seat) \$2150; Brougham \$2225; Two-passenger Coupe (with Rumble Seat) \$2250; Royal Sedan \$2325; Two-passenger Convertible Cabriolet (with Rumble Seat) \$2550; Crown Sedan \$2610.

All prices f. o. b. Windsor, Ontario (freight only to be added). Above prices include all taxes, bumpers front and rear, spare tire, tire cover and tank full of gasoline.

All Chrysler dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

Walter P. Chrysler, Chairman of the Board

NEW PEAKS OF SPEED, POWER AND SAFETY

The Super-Six principle



freed to the limit

HUDSON SUPER-SIX

Standard Models

COACH
SEDAN

Custombuilt Models

ROADSTER
PHAETON
BROUGHAM
5-PASSENGER SEDAN
7-PASSENGER SEDAN

The freeing of the Super-Six principle required a chassis specially designed to permit full expression of its wider, more flexible and nimble power. It meant greater roadability; positive, easily operated four-wheel brakes; riding ease and reliability that would meet uninterrupted and sustained performance at top speed for any period of time.

No speed you choose to travel is restricted by the capacity limit of the Hudson Super-Six. It will always equal any want of the driver and the opportunity of road traffic.

Essex Super-Six—The Speedabout is Fastest "Six" in the World Per Dollar of Cost

The Super-Six principle is also amazingly revealed in the smart Essex Speedabout, fastest of all cars for its price and size, and faster than most cars of any price and size.

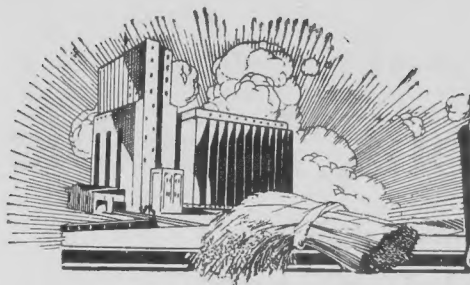
Essex Super-Six has large car performance and accommodation. It has smoothness exclusive to the Super-Six—its flexibility, reliability and sturdiness. It has a riding and driving comfort matched by but few large and costly cars. And in every detail its chassis has been so engineered as to provide lowest operation and maintenance cost. There are five bodies on the Essex Super-Six chassis, all attractive, all smart in line, finish, upholstery, fittings and color. Their cost is little more than any "Four."

ESSEX SUPER-SIX

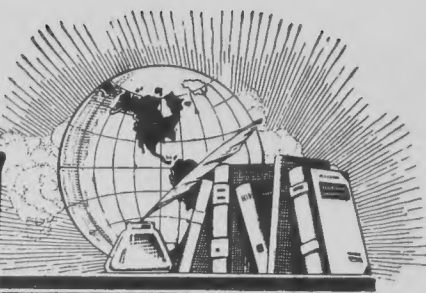
2-PASS. SPEEDABOUT 4-PASS. SPEEDSTER
COACH COUPE SEDAN



The New Hudson Brougham



EDITORIAL



The Unfortunate

WE ARE all particularly interested in the unfortunate. By this term is meant at this time such classes as the deaf, the blind, the aged, the infirm, the orphans, the permanently disabled. We wish to aid these people on humanitarian grounds, because we suffer ourselves when we see their suffering; because on national grounds they must be cared for, and in many cases because they have reached this condition because of our own neglect—that is, the neglect of society.

The best thing we can do is to prevent trouble. This is possible in cases of blindness. It is said that nine-tenths of ordinary cases might have been prevented by proper treatment at birth. It is not possible, however, to prevent old age from creeping upon us, nor to prevent all accidents. Provision has to be made for those who are dependent.

There are in Western Canada homes for the deaf and training schools for the blind, homes for orphan children, and a home for the aged, but the provision is not at all equal to the demand. It is only to be expected that the number of the aged will increase, and it is not likely that, except in the case of the blind, the numbers in the other classes will very greatly lessen. It would seem that in all our Western Provinces provision must be made for additional schools and homes. This is another way of saying that side by side with ordinary schools for the education of the children of the people, there should be special agencies for those who belong to these special classes.

Very fine work has been done in the Motherland, in some fields, and in New Jersey and other Eastern States there are institutions which are doing very fine work. The only trouble is that provision was not made soon enough. Our Provinces will be well advised if they lose no time in arranging to meet the growing need. Already a beginning has been made. Inter-provincial action in the training of the deaf has given us a fine institution, and the training-school for the blind is doing excellent work. Still there is a great field comparatively untouched. The aged and the children need much more attention. We must be prepared to meet the need.

Birth Control

THE objections to the limitation of the family are religious, medical, moral, national. The religious view is changing except in the case of one church; the medical view is that volunteer sterility in married couples is on the whole harmful. It is probably true that a spread of the knowledge of birth control would lead to an increase of immorality. On national grounds it will pay to discourage additions to population from the ranks of the morally and mentally unfit, but it would be an error to imagine that the most desirable citizens come from the homes of the wealthy.

Imperialism and big families run in double harness. Finland, Russia, Italy are all preaching and encouraging "the full cradle." When a nation begins to decline in numbers, it begins to lose its spirit. Yet there must be discrimination shown. The whole matter is well summed up in this paragraph by F. A. McKenzie in the London Spectator: "But if England is to hold her own she must have abundant and strong children. Here we find the birth-rate question inextricably mixed up with the problems of the slums, of taxation, and of education. On the one hand we must teach the pride of family, the glory and honor of motherhood, the strength of the home life. But this is mere mockery unless at the same time we as a nation see that our people have homes in which decent life is possible, a reasonable assurance of work, and a possibility of maintaining their families without overwhelming hardship. Were the affairs of the nation run logically we would prohibit, by every means, the reproduction of feeble-minded and dangerously diseased, encourage the limitation of families among idlers and the very poor, and foster the families of the real workers of every class."

Seeking the Truth in Love

IT IS cheering to meet a statement like that of Dr. Alexander Whyte: "For the restraint of controversy, and for the reign of peace and for the life of love, for my part I would willingly become almost all things to all men. But you will say to me in triumph that Truth is Truth. And so it is. But I say also—and I more than deeply feel it—that Love is Love; and I have the highest authority for it: that Love is the fulfilling of every law, the law of truth and the law of duty, and every other law."

And this touches the whole discussion that is rocking the religious world today. The fundamentalist is not merely concerned with a musty antiquity and the modernist is not being fooled by trumpery novelty. Each is seeing truth from his own angle. Each is trying to comprehend eternal things in his own way. Give them long enough and they may reach the same goal but by different routes. There is no necessity that all should walk the same footpath.

A man may say he believes in the Virgin Birth and yet have no respect for virginity and woman-kind. What does his belief signify? He may say he believes in the leading of the Spirit and yet possess the spirit of anger and deceit and bitterness and self-assurance. What does his pretension amount to? So, too, he may be all for the "New Birth," though his life indicates that he was never regenerated. On the other hand a moral man may be a stranger to God the Father; he may have fine personal qualities and yet none of those spiritual attributes which are declared to be eternal and approved on high. There is a natural and a supernatural, an earthly and a heavenly, a worldly and a spiritual, or all religion is a sham.

Truth is eternal, love is boundless. The only way to reach truth is by travelling ever in the boundless realm of love. Nor is truth at the end of the journey only, but is revealed in its beauty every foot of the way. Yet no loveless soul can ever find it.

Interference

WHEN a strong nation attempts to interfere with the military programme of a smaller nation there are always those who are ready to apply the term "bully." Yet the stronger nation may be anything but a bully. It may be a defender of the weak and helpless. If it is true, for instance, that Mexico is tyrannizing over little Nicaragua at the suggestion of the Bolsheviks, who wish by such means to launch their North-American programme, then the United States is not bullying at all. It is meeting the designs of a real bully and at the same time protecting a helpless young State against the worst kind of wrong. Of course this is not all there is to it. American investments must be protected. It may be that this is the real reason for her solicitude. Within limits she must be accorded the right to give such protection. But she must not rush to the aid of Nicaragua for this reason alone. There are higher interests to be considered than property rights in all warfare.

Britain

NO PEOPLE, numbering some 43,000,000 and occupying less than 90,000 square miles of land area, who expend eight billions sterling in the conduct of a colossal war extending over four and a half years, who lose half a million precious lives and see another half million of their youth so maimed and crippled as to make effective service and full enjoyment of life thereafter impossible, and who can also, on their own motion, undertake to pay the Government of the United States \$500,000 a day for sixty-three years in discharge of debt can have entirely gone to the dogs. In such a people there must be left not only some natural and economic resources, but also some goodly share of that high character and fine tradition that has made England "for a thousand years the faithful guardian at the gate of the house of liberty."—Nicholas Murray Butler.

The Future Generation

THERE is a tendency today because of increasing cost of living to complain about the cost of high school education, and there is a suggestion that those who wish it should pay the price. Anyone who thinks for a moment will know that this solution is not the best.

To begin with, who will likely get the high school education in this case? Of course, the children of the well-to-do. But they would never really pay the cost, for equipment, maintenance are to be thought of, and that is a large part of the cost. The regular taxpayer must face this bill, and it is unthinkable that the man with small income should assist in paying for the education of the rich man's son. In the next place, if the children of people with small or modest income, cannot afford to pay the cost of high school tuition for their children, what will these children do between fourteen and sixteen? Business will not have them, and the homes cannot use them. If they run wild they are a menace to society. Granted that the high school courses are too scholastic and that the studies are often unrelated to life, yet students are better employed in school than when running the streets.

Dean Ling of Alberta University summed up the case in these words:

"If a restriction were to be made in the number using state facilities for training, it should be made only in the interest of the State itself, and the restrictive test should be an intellectual and moral one—but not financial. It was to the advantage of Canada that all Canadians, whether rich or poor, should receive the highest training which they could receive. The contribution of Canada as a nation to the welfare of the world would depend on the highest equipment of all Canadians for the tasks for which they were best fitted.

"If Canadians are to be free men, their freedom must be real and must include an opportunity for each one to rise by a proper use of his abilities to whatever rank of service he is fitted. A nation of free men owes to its future citizens to enable them to be free. To secure this it must prepare and furnish suitable facilities and opportunities.

Success and Failure

TWO men begin business with equal capital and equally good prospects. One succeeds, the other fails. Why the difference? Leaving out of account such considerations as health, moral character, business acumen, system and luck of the game there is one factor that is often disregarded but which counts for nearly everything with some men in some communities. It is what might be described as charm of personality, and is manifested in speech, manner, attitude to people and to public questions generally. Who wishes to deal with a bumptious uncouth braggart? Who will trade with a surly, unkempt, discourteous money-grabber. Who wishes to patronize a man who is notoriously selfish, and who is wholly lacking in public spirit?

There is many a man in business in Western Canada who is succeeding so that he is walking around with pompous manner as if owner of the universe. All his success he owes to the sweet-faced little girl behind his counter. It is she who brings the trade, and he who collects the profits. There is a brand of merchandising in all our cities that deserves no consideration. Why not let us starve out discourtesy and inordinate greed? Why not encourage all that is lovely and of good report? Why not make life easy for those who are promoting good-will and community welfare? Why not encourage the growing of beautiful plants rather than the growing of noxious weeds?

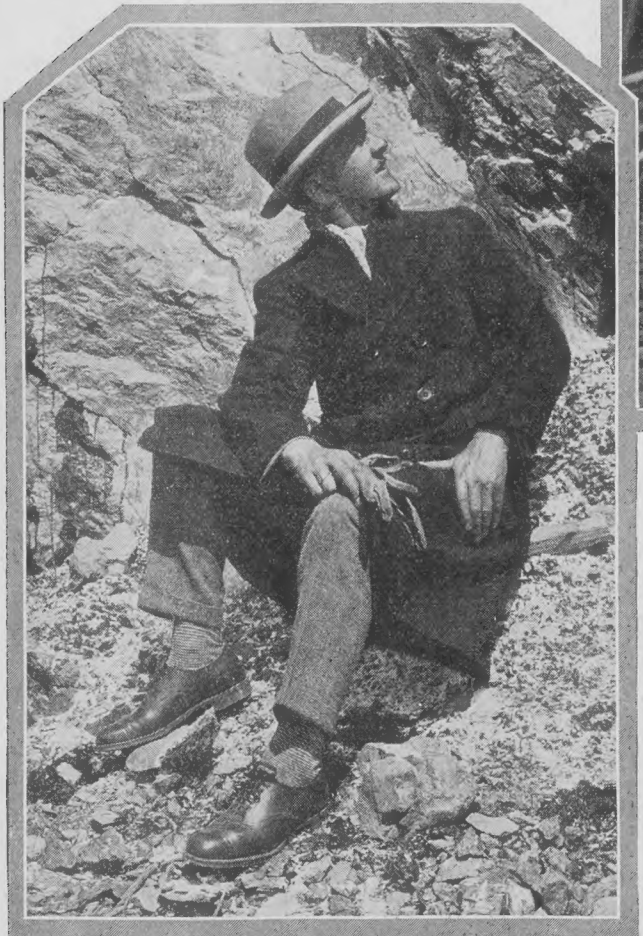
In the West we are at the juncture where we must make our choice. While the Anglo-Saxon spirit is still predominant let our influence be cast on behalf of principles that portray ideals of beauty and fidelity in life. Our responsibility is great.

"There in the East, they dream their dreams of things they hope to do. But here in the East, the crimson East, the dreams of the East come true."



FOR A TIME MISS ALLEN WAS SO BADLY RUN DOWN that she could not enjoy her out-of-door life. "Then," she writes, "someone suggested that I try eating Fleischmann's Yeast. I have been eating two cakes a day ever since. It put me in the best of health. My skin is fresher than ever before, and I never need medicine. I still take Fleischmann's Yeast for I find that it restores my energy and keeps me fit in every way."

ALICE M. ALLEN, Calgary, Alta.



"I CAME BACK FROM THE WORLD WAR SUFFERING IN HEALTH. I was troubled with indigestion. I never looked forward to my meals with pleasure. Finally I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. The improvement was astonishing. In a few weeks my indigestion had disappeared completely."

CHARLES ROSS, St. John, N. B.

Tired Out, Nervous, Irritable

Discouraged, almost despairing — they found the easy, natural way to joyful vigorous health

"MY CONSTIPATION was getting steadily worse" — "Was badly run down" — "I was troubled with indigestion"...

They were tired out, discouraged, and then — how easy it was to banish all their ills!

Fleischmann's Yeast is not a medicine—it is a fresh corrective food. The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake aid digestion, banish constipation, clear the skin, invigorate the whole system.

Eat three cakes regularly every day, one

before each meal; on crackers, in fruit juice; water or milk; or just plain in small pieces. For constipation drink it in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime.

All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place. Send for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Department S-2, The Fleischmann Company, 185 James Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba.



MR. AUGUR, RAILROAD BRIDGE CONSTRUCTION ENGINEER, was suffering from constipation a few years ago. "I tried all kinds of advertised medicines," he writes. "I got temporary relief but the malady certainly was getting worse. Then I decided to give Fleischmann's Yeast a try. Night and morning I drank Yeast in water, and during the day ate it spread on a soda biscuit with a little salt. And I succeeded in conquering my trouble. Fleischmann's Yeast worked wonders."

ALBERT AUGUR, Winnipeg, Man.

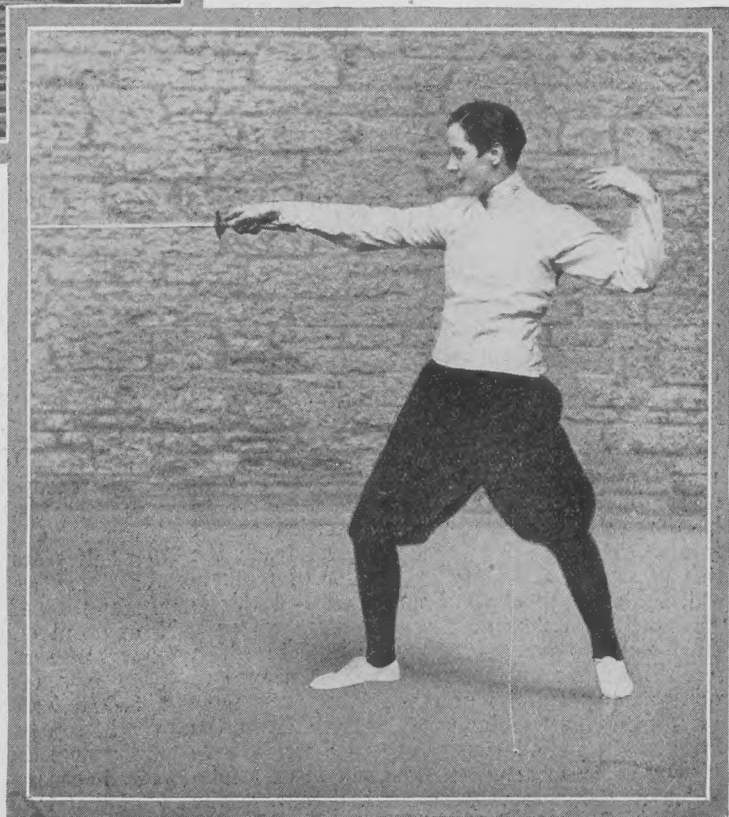
HAVING ALWAYS HAD A RATHER DELICATE CONSTITUTION, Miss Bennett was suffering from eruptions of pimples which interfered with her social engagements. She writes, "I saw Fleischmann's Yeast advertised and decided to give it a trial. Within two weeks noticeable improvement had taken place. Now my friends compliment me on my clear complexion, and I wish to pass on to others the information which has meant so much to me."

ALMA BENNETT, Toronto, Ont.



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation. Start eating it today.

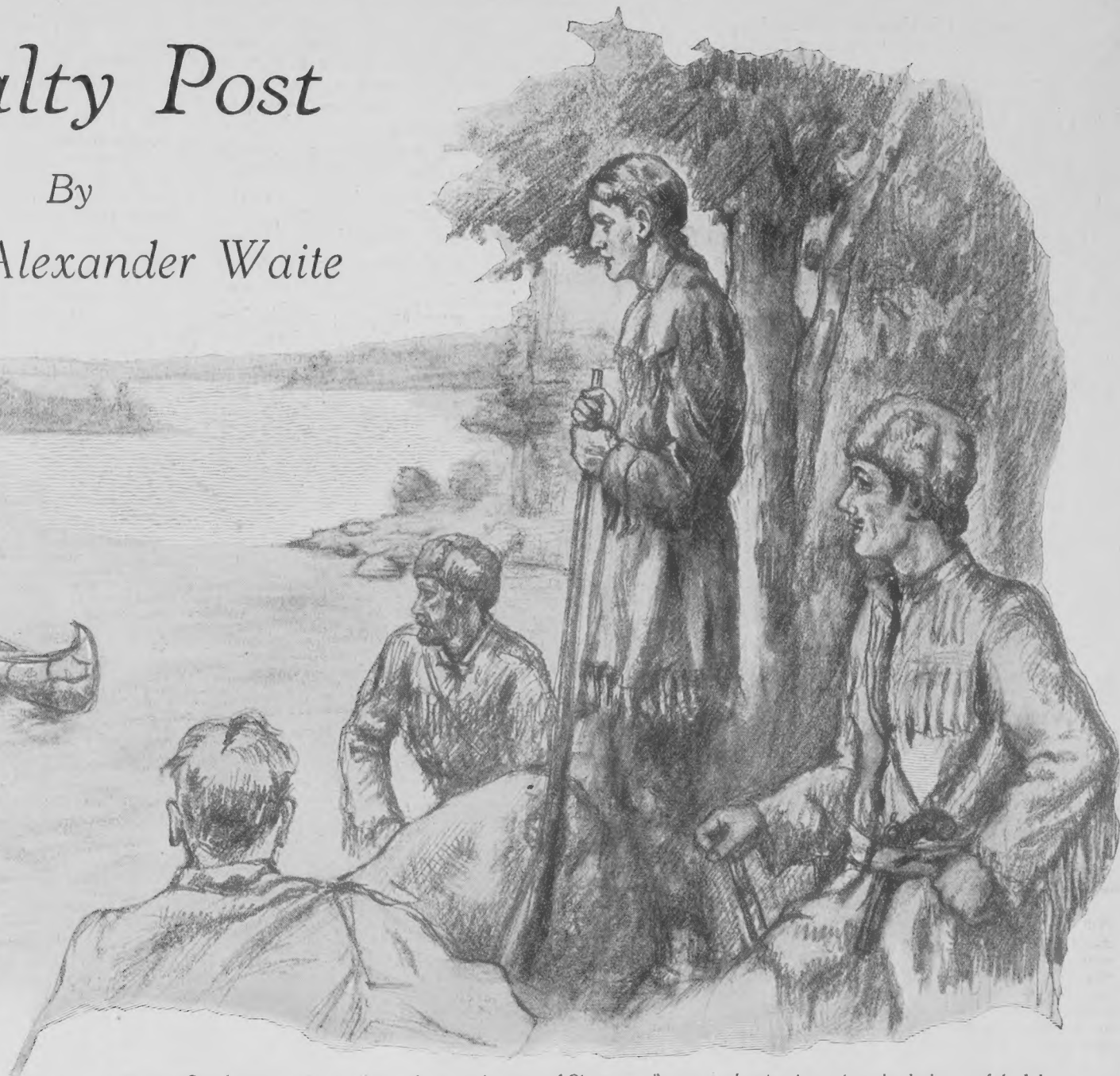
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST IS MADE IN CANADA



Penalty Post

By

Samuel Alexander Waite



The two Gaughnawagas gave a strong shove on the stern of Chavignaud's canoe, shooting it out into the darkness of the lake.

BOUND out of the West to the spring fur auction of 1795 at Montreal, the canoe brigade of the Northwest Fur Company were nearing the end of their long journey. Laden to the gunwales with roped bales of pelts, fully manned by Iroquois paddlers, they swung in to Lachine, the point of arrival and departure for all the Montreal companies adventuring in the *Pays d'en Haut*, the High Country, beyond the Great Lakes. As they approached the landing the paddlers quickened their strokes, bowsmen, steersmen, middlemen, all plying their blades like lightning under the exhortation of their brigade leaders in a mad race to disembark first and secure the most advantageous positions at the auction, and no brigade leader urged on his men more swiftly than Andrew Valmorin, commanding for the Northwest Fur Company partners, De Bernay and Chavignaud. Valmorin's crews were all picked men, famed Gaughnawagas, Golden Lake and Two Mountain Iroquois, and they drove the huge thirty-six foot Rabiscaw canoes to the forefront at Andrew's vociferous commands. The splendid freight of fur they had aboard: beaver, fox, marten, otter, mink, lynx, deserved first place at the auction, and Valmorin was bound to have it. Moreover Albert Chavignaud himself rode amidships in Andrew's leading craft, and as a matter of professional pride the brigade leader could not afford to be beaten under the eyes of his employer. Evidently enjoying the race, Chavignaud leaned back among the canoe robes, an expression of alertness, expectancy on his clean-shaven face, his lips half parted in a slight smile under his pointed moustache. Not a muscle moved in his gaunt frame or irregular features, but his eyes, seared by snow-blindness on the Western wastes, followed every shift of the paddles that sped them inshore.

"Good work, Andrew," he nodded finally. "You win."

"Ba'gar, yes," laughed Andrew in exultation. "Dose crews dey paddle lak clock-work. Hola! back-water, all!"

Poised in his scarlet voyageur's shirt above the

swarthy canoemen, Andrew flung out his arm as a signal, keeping his balance without effort in the plunging craft, standing there straight-backed, lithe-limbed, his curly hair streaming in the breeze, his amber eyes a gleam, his bronzed face wreathed in a smile of triumph.

Ashore on the Lachine landing clamored a great crowd of whites and Indians. All the Montreal friends of the partners and officers in the various brigades had come down the Lachine road to meet them. Nor were the canoemen forgotten. Half the village of Gaughnawaga had paddled across from the south shore of the St. Lawrence to greet their kinsmen among the crews, and mingling with them were red men from Lake of Two Mountains and Golden Lake arrived to welcome their brother Iroquois. In their midst stood Father Fontaine, the priest who ministered among them, and their clamor stilled an instant as the priest held up his hands and offered a prayer of thanks for the safe arrival of the Montreal brigades. In the lull Chavignaud's brigade brought up at the landing with a swirl of foam from stiffly-held paddles, and out of the throng stepped his partner De Bernay to shake hands over the gunwale.

"Safely here at last, Albert," he greeted Chavignaud with inherent ease and grace in his manner.

"Yes, and glad the long trip is over, Louis," returned Chavignaud.

"You must be, indeed, Albert."

LOUIS DE BERNAY was tall, handsome, courtly, a true gentleman of France. Son of Duc de St. Flore, Francis de Bernay, who was one of the earliest adventurers from overseas to join the *coureurs de bois* in the fur trade, he had followed in his father's footsteps and formed a partnership in that same trade with Albert Chavignaud. Chavignaud was the wintering partner in charge of their post at Isle à la Crosse. Only once each spring did he visit Montreal to bring down the furs and freight back supplies. De Bernay, for his part, seldom went to Isle à la Crosse at all. He was the Eastern or executive partner, manag-

ing the Montreal end of the business. Although their firm was known as De Bernay and Chavignaud, they were both members of the Northwest Fur Company, holding joint shares in the same and drawing their dividends therefrom. Their business hitherto had been good. They were counted shrewd men among a host of clever Montreal merchants, and Chavignaud especially was keen almost to the point of greediness to wring the last cent of gain from the greasy bundles of pelts.

"Well, Louis, how does the fur market promise this year?" he asked eagerly as he disembarked.

"I may as well tell you the truth at once," De Bernay told him. "The Northwest Fur Company has lost control. There is a split in the ranks. Alexander McKenzie and a great many more have broken away from the Northwest ranks and formed the X.Y. Company. They are very strong and they have gained control of the market."

"And that means, Louis—?"

"That we may expect a poor price for our pelts. As I said, the X.Y. Company rules the sales. Their buyers dominate the auction, and they have established a boycott against all members of the Northwest Company who will not join the new corporation."

Chavignaud turned his head slightly to hide an enigmatic smile. He already possessed the news De Bernay had imparted, for he had been approached at Isle à la Crosse in the winter by an agent of the X.Y. Company with a proposition to merge with the younger concern. But he knew better than to breathe this matter to his partner. No stauncher Northwester lived than Louis de Bernay, and for Chavignaud to admit that he had trafficked with the X.Y. agent, even so much as to listen to his terms, would put him immediately under suspicion. Whatever his private leanings, he had to show the same stern front as his partner.

"Do we stomach such a loss so lightly?" he demanded.

"What else is there to do?" propounded De Bernay gloomily.

"Why," laughed Chavignaud as if in jest, "one could join the X.Y. Company to save oneself from the worst."

De Bernay shrugged his shoulders as if he did not take his partner seriously. "You know I would never do it," he said. "I am a loyal Northwester. I stand with them. I think everybody knows how useless it would be to ask me to change."

Chavignaud nodded his head sagely, a crafty light in his eyes.

"Yes, yes, Louis, everyone knows that," he admitted. He gave a flirt of his hand as if dismissing the matter from his mind and discounting his loss already. "So we will go up and face the issue."

"Yes, the less time lost the better. The market gets worse for Northwesters every hour."

DE BERNAY turned to the brigade leader, Andrew Valmorin.

"Hurry the packers along, Andrew," he urged. "And you, Albert, go into the square and conduct your sale as usual. Do the best you can under the circumstances. I shall look after the office till you finish."

De Bernay hurried back to his warehouse, while Chavignaud trailed him along the Lachine road with his string of packers. Up the long hill from the river and into the square where the Place Royal would one day rise they tramped their laborious way and breathed with relief as they set down their heavy burdens. The square was walled with bales of pelts, piled up like ramparts on the fur stands, and filled with clamoring, shifting crowds which besieged those ramparts like attackers round a fort. Buyers were there from the ends of the earth, come overseas from far France and up from the New England States. The officials of the new X.Y. Company were everywhere, overseeing everything, watching their own interests like hawks, and they were not slow to mark the fresh arrival on the market. It was McKenzie himself, head of the new corporation, who pushed through the throng brusquely to confront Chavignaud.

"Where do you stand now, Chavignaud? Are you with the X.Y. or not? Our agent gave you the terms in the West. Think twice before you speak, for your decision will have a marked effect on the price of your skins."

"I had plenty of leisure in the winter to consider the matter," Chavignaud told him. "I do not need to think twice now. My partner Louis is stubborn as stone, but I see quite clearly that if he would avoid ruin there is only one course open to us. We must join the X.Y."

"You speak for Louis de Bernay too?"

"No, no!" cried Chavignaud, plucking McKenzie by the arm and leading him out of earshot of the crowd, "not a word of this to Louis. I must turn the trick myself. And the house of De Bernay and Chavignaud and the whole city of Montreal will be too hot to hold me once it is turned. Listen, McKenzie, you must send me down at once a picked brigade of X.Y. men to Lachine. They must be equipped and provisioned all ready for the Western trip. I tell you I will not be long getting back to Isle à la Crosse with them. Yet you can't expect me to hold the post for the X.Y. Company unless my force is fit. So select me your very best men."

"I'll do that," promised McKenzie. "But be sure to turn in the Northwest Fur Company shares of De Bernay and Chavignaud to the X.Y. treasury before you start."

"I'll get them after the sale when I get Louis out of the office."

"Good! I think we can strike you a record figure for these pelts. They look pretty prime."

McKenzie beckoned two Paris buyers and showed them Chavignaud's furs.

"They are from Isle à la Crosse," he told them, "and the finest of the auction. You will do well not to miss them."

OTHER buyers were crowding round, New England bidders, local Montreal merchants, European experts, scenting something out of the ordinary, and straightway the two Paris men found

ten thousand dollars," lied Chavignaud, working himself up to a great pitch of feigned anger. "Condemn those X.Y. overlords. But wait—I'll stretch their own mangy skins for them some day."

With a gesture of chagrin he unlocked the wall safe of the office and deposited the ten thousand dollars within.

"However, don't let me keep you on duty longer with the tale of our misfortune, Louis," he went on. "I'll take charge of the office now. Go and have your dinner. Afterwards we can put our heads together and plan a counter-stroke against these hounds."

"All right," agreed De Bernay wearily, arising and reaching for his hat. "After dinner, then, Albert. There is also the matter of the year's supplies for Isle à la Crosse to arrange."

"Don't let that worry you, Louis," grinned Chavignaud behind his partner's back. "I'll soon attend to that."

He watched his partner go down the warehouse road and turn up St. Paul Street. The moment De Bernay had rounded the corner out of sight Chavignaud jumped to the wall safe and unlocked it again. In two minutes he had transferred the ten thousand dollars to join the other fifty thousand in his money belt. In two more minutes he had gathered up the Northwest Fur Company shares, held jointly in his own and his partner's name, and secreted them in his sheepskin wallet. Then locking the safe and retaining the key he ran hastily out of the office. His way did not lie in the direction of the X.Y. headquarters where McKenzie awaited his coming to deliver the Northwest shares into the X.Y. treasury. Instead he headed at full speed back along the Lachine road. As he ran, a fur cart, driven by a red capped voyageur going to Lachine to freight someone's bales, came spinning

along, and Chavignaud leaped into it, throwing the driver a franc for his fare and urging him to whip up. With alacrity the voyageur obeyed, eager to earn the money, and they whirled on to Lachine at full speed. As they neared the landing they overtook a band of canoemen hurrying down and Chavignaud recognized them as X.Y. adherents.

"Are you the men McKenzie sent?" he demanded, leaping down.

"To be sure," they answered. "We are to report at Lachine to Albert Chavignaud."

"I am he. Yonder are my canoes. Launch them at once."

He pointed out the long line of craft which he had brought down from the West and which lay bottom-up upon the beach, and with swift, practised hands the X.Y. canoemen slipped them into the water and piled in their packs. Chavignaud took a long look up the Lachine road before he stepped aboard. There was no one in sight. He had a good start and he proposed to hold it.

"Hola!" he cried to the paddlers. "Wet your blades. All together now."

The paddles plunged and the canoes shot away. Over his shoulder the swarthy X.Y. brigade leader cast a black eye on Chavignaud.

"Where to?" he asked.

Continued on page 34



De Bernay turned to the brigade leader, Andrew Valmorin, "Hurry the packers along, Andrew," he urged.

competition keen. McKenzie had spoken the magic word. There was no boycott against the bales of Chavignaud, and with leaps and bounds the prices of those bales rose to unprecedented heights. Voices clamored, hands gesticulated about the imperturbable Chavignaud perched high on the fur stands beside his treasure, but finally the two Paris buyers topped all bidders with a clean offer of sixty thousand dollars for the lot. At that the rest paused and fell back, and Chavignaud, shrewdly feeling that the end was reached, stood up to close the bargain.

"Sixty thousand dollars I am offered," he shouted. Any advance on sixty thousand? Sixty thousand, once. Sixty thousand, twice. Sixty thousand, third and last time. Going, going—gone!

His fist descended with a thud on the topmost bale, and the furs passed over to the men from France. There was a moment's bustle while he received payment, and then he slipped out of the square, heading towards his own warehouse. De Bernay looked up quietly from his desk as Chavignaud entered.

"Is the auction over, Albert?" he asked. "How did you fare among the X.Y. despots?"

"I had to let those prime pelts go for a mere

The Taloned Monarch

By
Donald W. Gillingham

Illustrated by the Author

A CALM, grey dawn, wonderfully clear and buoyant, stole over the little valley of Lost Lake. The sun, still hidden by the frowning hills, stained the idle fluffs of cloud a delicate pink and illumined the sky with a diffused silver light such as one would see through the domed roof of a great glass house. Equally as clear and sharp as the thin air—from the deep forests, the dewy fields and all of God's great earth—came the sounds of awakening life; life that moved with a faint flutter of wings and patter of invisible feet.

Old Ben Macgregor, breathing in the sweet scented air from the doorway of the shake barn, gazed thoughtfully across his ranch. Aged as he was, his ears and eyes were keenly alive to all that went on around him. Once a loon cried somewhere out on the lake, and his dried, bearded face broke into a smile; he knew the caller—knew him well. Then two ravens, croaking intermittently, sailed high over a distant mountain. Ben was watching the tiny black dots and wondering where they were headed for, when a strange humming sound startled him. The big cinnamon plumed rooster, which had been feeding with his flock a few yards away, heard the sound too, for he screamed and dashed for cover. The ominous hum suddenly grew into a burning hiss and a great bird shot like a meteor from above. Something struck the ground with a sickening thud; a chicken squawked.

Almost instinctively Macgregor seized a shovel and rushed, shouting, into the swirl of dust. The wild clamor lasted but a moment. When the dust settled again it revealed a large eagle swinging quickly away over the field on mighty fanning pinions.

Ben recovered from his surprise and strode over to pick up a fluttering barred rock hen. For a full minute he stared at the bird, then flung it to the ground and wiped the blood from his fingers on to the lapel of his faded dinner jacket.

"You yeller-eyed varmit! Come back an' you'll pay for this with a load of buckshot in yer dirty hide," he burst out, shaking a blue-veined fist toward the sky. "The sneakin', thievin' killer!"

The killer! It was old Baldy, the white-headed eagle. He was sailing far over Lost Lake now, a mere speck against the green hills.

* * *

Pioneers claim that Lost Lake had been discovered by Ben Macgregor long before the iron horse thundered through the fir-clad valleys of Vancouver Island. It was once bruited by the credulous fraternity of farmers' wives that he had made thousands before the rush of '98, but the glamor of the city had rolled him into the ditch, a whisky-soaked hulk. It seemed that he had started out again prospecting in the southern wilds of the Island, stumbling upon Lost Lake by accident.

But nobody knew the truth of the matter except half a score of children who, every season, made a pilgrimage from the distant farms to Uncle Ben's to gather round his knees like a flock of chicks

this inland gem. It was the River Hope that flowed quietly under the steel trestle of the Island railway three miles above and on into the head of Lost Lake. Here half a dozen cottages nestled in large, green fields of prosperous farms. In the tule marsh at the southern end—the

home of nesting blackbirds, and a pair of loons—the river found itself again and ran sluggishly over beds of flowering lilies, through willow swamps and away under the gloom of moss-hung firs, decaying masses of tangled trees and giant devils clubs — through a silence that only tiny winter wrens burst with their bubbling melody—to continue, later on, the silver chain and roar among grey canyon walls, thunder over precipices, swerve across deep pools and then glide, green and foam-flecked, into the eternal peace of the fathomless sea.

THIS morning, ten minutes after the tragedy in the barnyard, the sun rose from behind a distant peak and thrust its round, red face through a thin haze of blue. The low-lying mists softly wafted from the marsh and vanished in thin air. Little drops of moisture pattered incessantly from the dew-laden boughs; dainty olive kinglets fluttered and peeped among the evergreens, and a handsome Stellers Jay laughed aloud as he bathed in the dew of the hemlock tips. Blue-eyed amethyst dragonflies darted among the dry, old reeds, clattering their glittering silver wings against the frail sheaths with a sound not unlike the crinkling of tinfoil. Not far back in the woods a grouse solemnly boomed.

The air was pungent with the scent of sap-drenched cedar boughs, moss-covered logs, and dainty dew-kissed flowers; the water's edge blazed with sparkling, yellow lily lamps; here and there peeped the five-leaf bogbean, and tiny rafts of duckweed floated lazily. It was a morning of all mornings, quiet and som-

nolent, but with a vague sense of pulsing life—a piquant morning typical of the North-western woods; the mist fading from the shores, the cool dripping of water, the crusted lake mud with its reeds and spider-webs all twinkling with a thousand jewels, and the clear, liquid notes of the red-wings on the tules. But it was a dawn that portended a drowsy, soundless day—tropical almost. Soon the air would be heavy with the rich odor of oozing mud and stagnant sloughs warming under the rays of the sun. On such a day no breeze lightly puffs the cat-tail down or stirs the reeds and trees. The deer cool in the streams; the birds hide in the brush and the butterflies flatten on the flowers, slumbering. Only dancing midgets sing above the slimy waters. They say it is a time of many strange happenings in this land.

Musquash, the muskrat, was satisfied with his night's logging operations in the forest of reeds. He swam boldly past his newly-cut boom of tender cat-tail roots and crawled out on a mound of mud, like a wet seal, to sniff the tainted air. He hated to be abroad in the glaring daylight. But the sight was heaven to him. He loved the round, silver moon with the soft light that filtered through the



Twice Baldy taunted her, like a cat playing with a mouse.

while he whittled whistles for them, carved bark canoes and related thrilling tales, of the North, or how he had discovered Lost Lake. Then they would go home and whisper queer things about the old bachelor; something to the effect that a great bird had been sent by the Lord to show Uncle Ben the lake. Folks always said he was a little demented anyway.

The lake lay in the green heart of a primeval valley like a long turquoise gem. Its eastern and western shores were fringed by a shadowy canopy of cedars pricked here and there by dead white stubs or burst with bright green domes of ancient maple trees. Beyond the shore-line sloped gently upwards a forest of giant firs which thinned upon the surrounding mountain walls into groves of massive, gnarled trees and showed in patches yellow lawns of dead moss, until at last it lost itself in a pitiful array of scattered pins among the towering bluffs of granite—the peaks that had been hewed into chasms, cliffs and slides—as if the very antiquity of the hills had left them, like old men, bare of growth. At the northern extremity of the lake, however, through a rich, fertile valley of alders and cedars, a silver, winding chain linked

trees and shimmered on the water. He loved it probably not through a sense of beauty but because of it there came a fresh, sweet scent of marshes and a wonderful solitude that brought a feeling of contentment and comparative safety in the dappled shadows of the reeds. So Musquash slipped from his lookout and swam noiselessly up the drowsy slough towards his home.

Baldy, the white-headed killer, was out for food. At least he had been. Macgregor and all the wood folk knew that. On this particular morning he seemed to be desperate and half-crazed. Usually he left chickens alone; usually he never missed his prey. The truth of the matter was that Baldy was old, very old. His head was grey—dirty almost, and the tips of his wide tail were worn and frayed by years of constant activity. A certain light, too, had faded from his yellow eyes, and his beak and talons were dulled by age. Part of one toe was missing—clipped by a stray bullet years ago—and it handicapped him quite a lot in his life struggle. Had he been human he would have been confined to a gilded chair—laid up by rheumatism or lumbago, with numerous servants to wait upon him and tempt his appetite with dainty morsels selected by professional epicures. But Baldy, although, in truth, the lord of a great manor, could not bemoan his gastronomical tastes and had to shift for himself.

Two years ago he had lost his mate. So now he was the lone survivor of a noble family. Yesterday he had flown a hundred miles to Lost Lake from his former hunting grounds in the interior. A bitter loneliness had gripped him with the advent of spring and that, coupled with the scarcity of game, and his waning powers of perception and agility in hunting, had driven him south, first to the coast after salmon, then on through the island valley to the lake. He knew the lake like a map; he knew every nook and cranny. But it had changed considerably. That screaming thing that roared through the valley on long, glittering lines; those treeless areas dotted with stupid beasts that lived according to the will of man. Somehow food was scarcer than usual too. Yes, Baldy was hungry for the first time in half a century.

Today all luck had forsaken him. With great, regular beats Baldy mounted skywards and glided gracefully in a current of air away from the silent fields. He had failed in his hunt but he did not slink away like a whipped puppy. No, that was not his nature. It would have been the same had he secured his prey—always Baldy retreated on steady, fanning pinions that suggested great powers of movement and coolness of intellect. But inwardly he was angry and thereby departed most of his acquired wisdom. His talons had failed to draw blood. It was not his fault, however. It was merely another turn in the game of life or death when that two-legged creature had dashed upon him—had forced him to drop the chicken.

Baldy changed his course and rode close to the shore. Instantly the throb of life ceased along the margin of the lake. One hundred yards back a grouse closed his yellow throat sack and melted into the underbrush; three hundred yards inland a hare slunk into his form; and so it went on, back, nearly to the mountains, a hush laden with expectant danger—a message flashed quicker to the sensitive ears of the forest than the clang of an alarm gong to the stricken inhabitants of a frontier town. Only tiny kinglets fluttered nonchalantly in the hemlock tops and dragonflies clattered among the reeds.

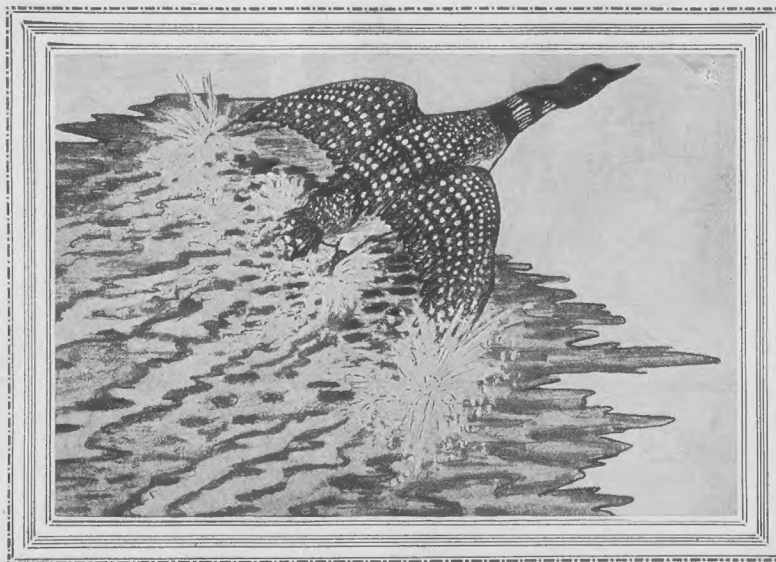
A hawk may rest ignored among a flock of feeding songsters; an eagle may float over a raft of sleeping fowl unattended by hostile eyes. Some mobile instinct, some ineffable power of nature, call it what you will, must warn both beast and bird when to fear and when to chide. It was the same with the wild folk of Lost Lake. They saw and understood. Up above, hunting with malignant precision, was death incarnate.

But it had passed quickly and was gone. Gradually life came back to the shore and the green forest like the fast approach of another dawn. The soil with its curling ferns, the rocks with their mossy coats, the old trees with their bearded lichens, the firs with their sap-drenched boughs, aye, the very hills—they whispered, talked, laughed and sang—sang to the muffled boom of the blue

grouse, to the vibrating drum of his ruffed cousin. A varied thrush whistled long and clearly; a nut-hatch complained in his hermit home; and then suddenly, wonderfully rich, rising in the blue zenith came the song of the russet-backed thrush.

BALDY had circled far over the water now. Twice he volplaned down on the high wind, great wings spread fanlike but motionless. With a twist of his feathered sails he soared up again, still higher, and another little puff caught them, and away he glided lightly on a level with the earth like a floating feather. His speed increased tremendously. Only the wind hummed softly through the stiff pinions. Now and again his white head turned to the left or right as he scanned the lake below. The water twinkled merrily in places, and the dark, green forest giants reaching back into the valleys poked their aged heads towards him like the thin setae of a rolling, moss lawn. A blue wisp of smoke from a cottage tucked among the hills drifted lazily upwards. It was beautiful, the world beneath. But Baldy saw none of this. He was not sailing high in the blue for mere pleasure. No, far from it. He was using one of his old tricks of hunting—playing his last card, so to speak.

Swiftly the air stream bore him towards the southern extremity of the lake, when, without



Every morning he left to play in the shallows of the sun-kissed sea—all alone.

warning, he side-slipped into an air pocket, careened suddenly with flickering, fanned tail and shifting wings, like a yacht swaying before a blustering squall, and glided in one swoop to within a hundred feet of the water. He had not intended to descend so soon, but the wind had decided it for him.

Baldy swept along the silent shore. Ahead a dark object broke the shimmering smoothness with its wake. For a few seconds Baldy paused; and half folded his wings for the earthward rush. But Musquash, the rat, was quicker. With a mocking noise like a leaping trout he plunged below the surface and swam to safety in the reeds.

On languid wings the eagle climbed higher and planed off over the lake. But he did not see the neck of a mother loon arise from the water behind like a submarine periscope when Musquash had sent his warning splash vibrating through the silent depths of Lost Lake. Nor did he see her dive suddenly and dart through the emerald surface water—feet slashing with lightning strokes, and wings, half closed, moving laboriously like the flippers of a seal.

Indifferently he sailed towards the marsh, peering into the subaqueous world on chance of seeing a trout. His deep orbs observed dim forms of sunken slimy logs and tentacle branches of floating trees reaching into the dappled gloom. Soon the waters became more illumined with uncertain shafts of sunlight. Spotted minnows sped erratically before his passing shadow and orange salamanders scooted among the sprouting lily shoots or dived deep into the bubbling ooze. Green floating lily pads, waving on their tenacious stems by the momentum of some current, cast black, bobbing shadows and pools of yellow light sheening on the studded mud. But there was nothing lurking in those dark places; he drifted over the marsh towards the nesting blackbirds.

It was then that a faint low call as of young birds seeking food caused his aged head to turn suddenly. He saw two black spots moving on the mud-flat below. Followed a momentary shifting of wings, he dropped—his taloned feet out-thrust—and clutched. Something screamed feebly.

Usually an eagle arises immediately upon striking, but Baldy was insatiable in his desire for flesh, and green overpowered his sensibility for once. For one brief instant he paused, wings still raised, with a young loon pinned beneath his talons. Out of the corner of his eye he caught sight of the other bird slipping away to a clump of reeds and quickly whirled around to intercede. But he was not aware of a silvery form rushing through the water, half-flying, half-swimming, until too late—too late to brace himself for the impact of a demon body. He leaped into the air but crashed backwards with a great buffeting of smashing wings. A hot, stabbing pain shot through his loins. Instantly his savage talons thrust upwards and unmercifully raked clotted mats of feathers from a warm breast, like a cat clawing a dog. The mother loon had returned to save her young!

No loon could long withstand the attacks of a monarch eagle. She was equipped with only a pair of webbed feet, strong to thrust her through the lower regions of Lost Lake, and a beak not made to rend flesh like a carrion-crow. But the beak was sharp, like a dagger. It could inflict a painful wound.

The loon backed from the clutching feet. Baldy bounced from the ground with the agility of a rubber ball, his wings threshing the dry cat-tails and scattering clouds of snowy down into the air. With a cackling cry, harsh and piercing, that quavered through the listless woods, he mounted quickly into the blue, like a balloon released of its guys, and circled, deliberately, round and round.

But Baldy was not finished. In fact, it was only the introduction to one of the greatest fights in the neighborhood of Lost Lake. Again he had been deprived of his prey. It lay dead on the mud. And he despised loons. He looked upon them as a mastiff looks upon a poodle—a thing that yaps and derides with a show of baby fangs. He hated the reviling call that echoed across the lakes. He hated its utter weakness. In his former precinct one bird for a month had yelled at the moon and disturbed his midnight slumbers high among the branches of his roost. Not that he ever recalled that cry, for he was old, but

something seemed to link the past with the present; something seemed to unconsciously mould facts with facts into what we would term an association, and told him that it was so—that this bird, a loon, had once mocked him in the night and now dared to defy him.

His eyes blazed with the light of the storm behind. A loon! With a twitch of his pinions he swept sideways upon the form below.

It was an unexpected manoeuvre and successful. The loon, waited with extended bill like a bittern, was suddenly smothered in giant wings and lifted from the mud. Her wings beat wildly, automatically, as her body crashed against a stump and dragged through the crackling reeds.

Baldy had not an easy task on his hands. He knew that. Twice he rose a few feet and each time came down slowly with his burden and dragged it through the mire. He felt a crying need for that absent talon. His foot slipped—slipped.

Wings pounded and clashed with a heavy, hollow sound of might; slime and mud clattered like rain against dry stems; reeds bent and snapped under the impact of bodies and blackbirds arrived in cackling crowds.

Then in one stupendous effort Baldy cleared the ground and struggled upwards—heavily—and swung over the lake, still desperately grasping the loon; but he was unsteady. As he wavered on threshing wings and half fell the loon released herself and plunged down in a cloud of feathers towards the sanctuary of water. She was wounded, but not mortally.

The yellow eyes of the killer perceived the downward rush. A scream, harsh, cruel, defiant, the cry of a hunting eagle, fell upon the morning air. He suddenly flashed under the loon—broad wings brushed the water; he wavered from the blow of her body; he turned upwards and drove her up

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Journeying in France



L'Avenue des Champs—Elysees



Eiffel Tower, Paris

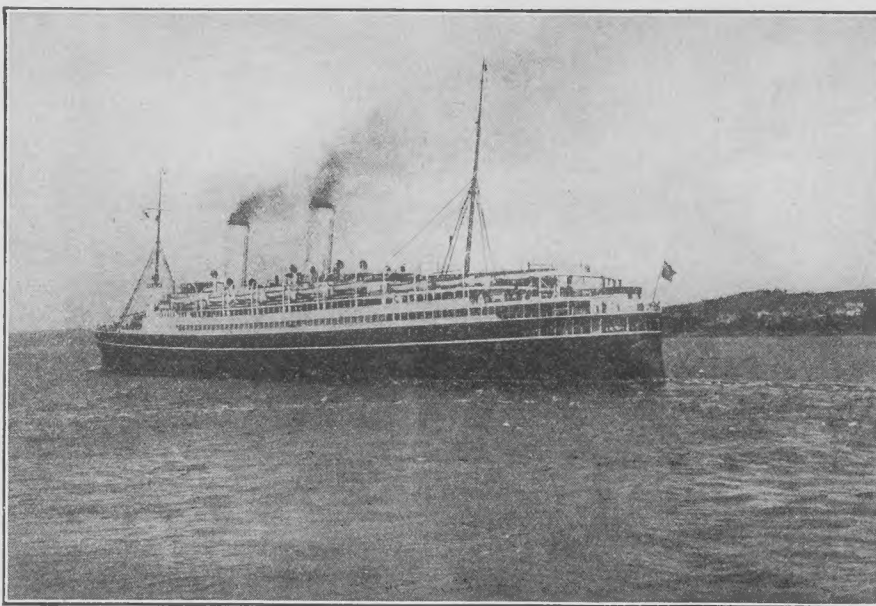
ONE of the chief delights of travel is the different people you meet, for people are always interesting if you have the ability of mixing. But that I would get the most interesting perspective of my own land of Canada on board an ocean liner while travelling from Quebec to Cherbourg, sounds ridiculous. Nevertheless it is true. And because the life stories I heard throw so many striking sidelights on our great Dominion, mirroring struggle, achievement, failure, romance and last, but greatest of all, loyalty and patriotism, I feel the most outstanding of these are well worth setting down for the perusal of any Canadian audience.

I do not know what magic influence there is in a sea voyage that causes utter strangers after a few hours acquaintance to tell you their most intimate life histories, but they do it. And the more sympathetic and understanding the listener, the greater the revelations.

Near the end of October I boarded the huge ship "Empress of France" at Quebec. Man has built so many wonderful things in recent times that most people have become *blasé*. The radio brings to us voices from thousands of miles away. Flying machines wheel above our heads, and we accept them casually. In spite of this, while walking over this vast steamer, there came to me at least a sense of wonder and respect for the minds who had planned and built such a gigantic and intricate edifice. It seemed no longer a ship; and I, while under the spell of the first impression, coined a new name for it and similar craft: "Hotels-that-go-to-sea," for in them are great elevators, wide oak staircases, huge bedrooms, gymnasiums, all the attributes of a hostelry on land. Man instinctively has always feared the ocean; but on such a "hotel-that-goes-to-sea" as "The Empress of France," this fear sinks to a minimum. One feels still in Canada.

On the particular voyage I made this feeling was heightened by the loyalty, the almost fierce patriotism I heard so often expressed by most of the passengers from Canada. Yet strangest and most striking, the majority of them were of foreign birth, though now staunch Canadians at heart, and by naturalization; but it is the heart that counts.

With the exception of one English lady in the first cabin, who had lost considerable money in Grand Trunk Pacific shares, and hated the Dominion cordially, I heard no voice raised but in praise of their native or adopted land. Even the disgruntled lady was not quite fair, for some of her farm investments in Western Canada had been profitable. But hell hath no fury like a woman scorned. "I hate Canada, and I will do all I can to harm her," she said savagely to me. However, all her malice will be of no avail, for there were sev-



S. S. "The Empress of France"

By Francis Dickie

EDITOR'S NOTE:—Mr. Francis Dickie, whose articles and stories have been entertaining readers of *The Western Home Monthly* since the first days of the magazine, is now in France writing a special series in which will be portrayed outstanding things of interest, and the humorous and varied human sidelights a Canadian sees on a foreign strand.

eral hundred vigorous boosters pitted against her, going to England and other lands of Europe.

AS AN outstanding contrast to this English lady was another, her equal in means, wide travel and culture. Belonging to the country squire type of family, she had been touring Canada in search of a location, finally deciding on the interior of British Columbia as an excellent place to do mixed farming and raise thoroughbreds. She had with her a son of sixteen who, for all he had enjoyed his journey, was a trifle sad. From the viewpoint of the average Canadian, the cause of this boy's sadness will prove highly amusing, but personally I sympathized, knowing the hurt of lost illusions.

In England the boy had for years been reading wild west stories in books and magazines—American magazines of this type, by the way, sell in tremendous quantities in England and on the continent. So he came to Western Canada fully expecting to see in every small town he visited wide-hatted cowboys, with long spurs, chaps and guns, riding in marvellous saddles. Bitterly disappointed, he finally arrived in Calgary just before the "Stampede," and hope revived. On the day of

the opening of the show he was on the ground early. Presently a Ford car arrived carrying four cowboys attired in all the habiliments of the old cow country—and mounted upon the hood of the car was the most magnificent of western saddles. It was the last blow to the boy's romantic dream-world of the romantic West born of his reading.

However, there was plenty of humor aboard ship. There was the dear little old lady from Jersey, with rosy apple cheeks and twinkling eye, returning to Jersey after a visit to Canada, her first voyaging in 60 years of placid living. I have met all kinds of souvenir collectors, but this old lady was the most unusual. Thrice daily at meal times she gathered the menu-cards, one to send to her son in Toronto, to show how well she had fared on board, the other to take home, so she could discuss with her husband in every detail all the things she had eaten. She ran a boarding house for tourists in summer, so her interest in all things edible was natural, I suppose.

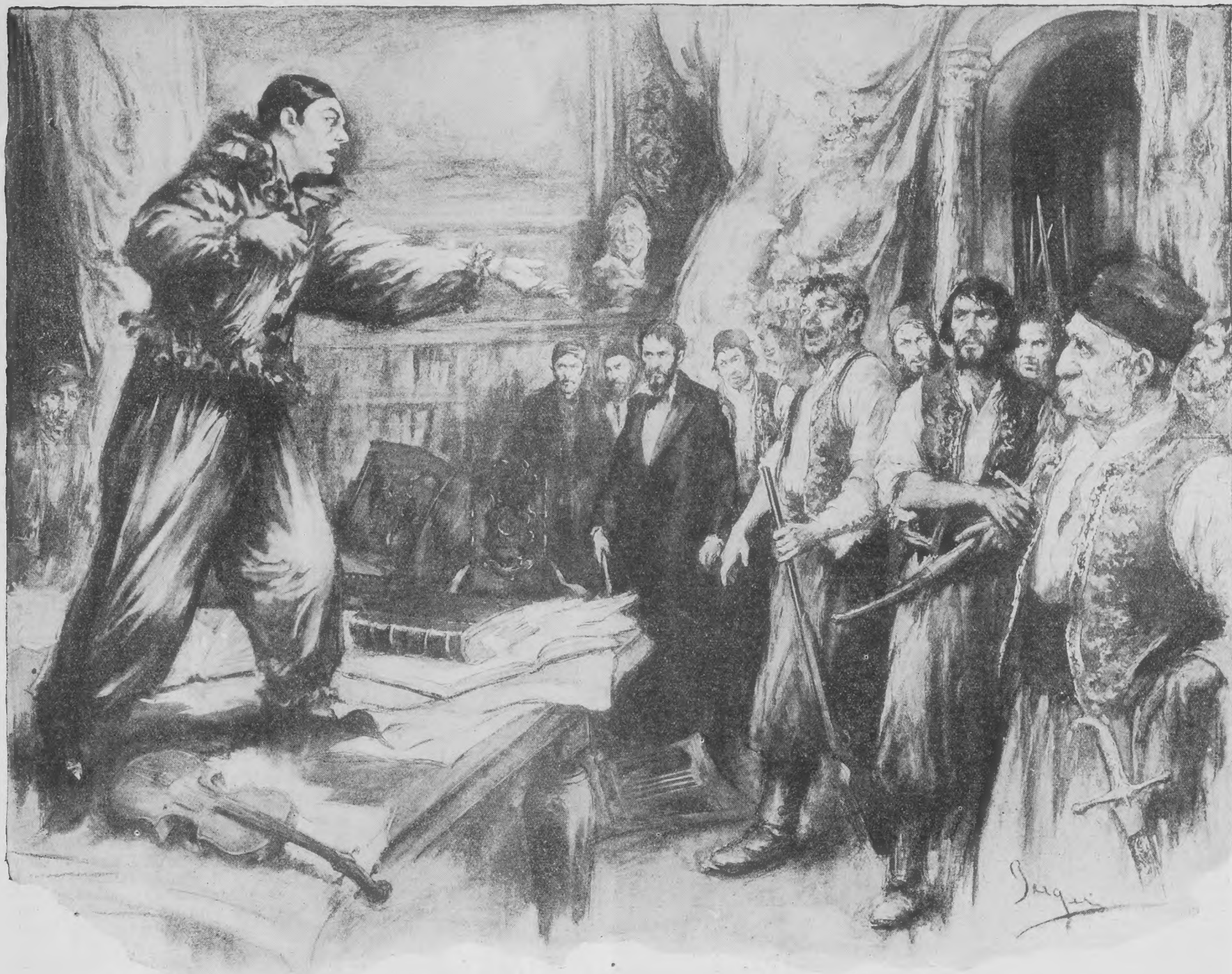
There is not space here to tell all the life stories I learned while moving about the ship, nearly all of which were tales of struggle and achievement in the Dominion, graphic things in many cases which gave me an amazing perspective on my own country.

There was the fat little Italian woman that spoke English with a Cockney accent. She had been in the fruit business in London. She and her husband had emigrated, and taken up a farm in New Ontario. In 1923 a fire had swept the bushland about them, burning all their buildings. But they had started bravely over again, and made good. She was now taking a trip back to England. She was the most patriotic Canadian I have ever seen. A big Hollander who had come out to the harvest fields, and was disappointed he had not made his fortune in one season, made some disparaging remarks about the country. She shrilled him with caustic words; I had thought for a moment she was going to hit him. There was a Danish man who had been out in Canada three years. He had gone into potato farming in New Brunswick, where men raise from 1,000 to 50,000 barrels on a single holding. He was going back to Denmark to close out his holdings there and definitely settle in Canada.

ONE of the most patriotic Canadians in all the ship was a Hungarian man of fifty, a stone mason by trade. Twenty-three years earlier he had come to Canada. At first he worked at his trade. Toiling hard and saving, he had enough money in a year to bring out his fiancée. Twenty happy successful years marked their married lives. Saving enough from his earnings at his trade in

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The Princess and the Clowns



All eyes were riveted on Michalis, who looked at this minute like a lion-tamer, holding his beasts in obedience.

By *Jean-José Frappa*

Translated from the French by Marie Louise Swinburne

Illustrations by William Berger

IN THE other wing of the palace, the Princess, crushed by emotion, had fallen asleep on the carpet in her room.

In the northern part, in the part that overlooks the cypress and sycamore wood, Pierre Ducastel, alias Michel Provinkoff, leaning on a balustrade of his partly open window, was dreaming of his simple happiness as he breathed in the night air.

AT THE end of about half an hour Michalis, (now I shall always call him this) returned to the royal study, and Partner, on seeing him, could not hold back an exclamation of surprise. The pseudo-king, completely shaved, had recovered his former face; a striking pallor had brought out the violet shade of his eyes, which seemed to be once more deeply set in their orbits. This strong man, who tyrannically commanded his brain, was not the master of his heart, and the latter, affected by the feelings of his soul, was compressed and only put into circulation the blood absolutely necessary for life.

To everyone, save his companion in misery, our man had become perfectly unrecognizable. He had put on a dark travelling suit; a large hat cast over his features a useful shadow. He held in one hand a heavy valise and in the other a violin-case of leather, which he placed on a chair. He himself went to bolt all the different doors so that no one could enter unexpectedly, consulted his watch, threw himself into an armchair, lit a cigarette, and said:

"We shall leave by the big office door. No one will see us, and the second officer of the guards

will take us, on seeing the service papers, for two police agents. You have but to disguise your face. On that score I am not worried; that is your forte. At present let us talk of the future."

"Worth while, in truth."

"We shall be at Bucharest some time tomorrow. There we can take the Orient-Express."

"Where do you expect to go?"

"To England, and without doubt to America afterward."

"Perfect, and how shall we live?"

"How shall we live?"

"Yes, for I suppose that you are not carrying off the treasures of Georgevia? Therefore what shall we do?"

"But, my poor friend, the only thing of which we are capable, outside of governing a country. We shall take up our old business."

"Bravo! On the whole, adventure does not displease me, and I have often been homesick for the circus. I shall go up and pack my bag."

"Don't be too long."

"In ten minutes I shall be at your service."

The good Partner opened the door leading into the waiting-room of the officer in charge, bowed deeply, and said in a loud voice:

"Your Majesty shall have the documents you desire in an instant."

WHEN he returned Michalis was seated behind his desk and was contemplating a photograph of Olga Alexandrowna, across which she had traced these words in her large aristocratic handwriting: "To Michel, with all my soul." He seemed to wish to burn into his memory that dear image, but his fixed eyes were not veiled by a single tear. He placed the portrait on his desk, went to take a few flowers from a vase, and set them down in front of the frame.

"You are not taking this photograph with you?" asked Partner.

"It was not given to me. The Princess wrote: 'To Michel,' and not 'To Michalis.'"

He burst suddenly into a nervous, abrupt laugh.

"Michalis! A soul in the body of a fool, is it possible? A heart under this black costume; who would have thought it? However, I have been a King. I am a King. I am still the master. Ha! Ha! What will they look like tomorrow, these imbecile aristocrats, all those besotted officers, all those bloated townsmen, on learning that they have bent their too-supple spines in front of two clowns! Let us taste of this irony, Partner, and let us laugh!

"Hold, before leaving, before going to die far away in some kind of a hospital, I want to offer myself a joy. I want to become myself again, here, where men have never penetrated except with respect and fear. The King—your King, His Majesty, the supreme head of the army, of the navy, of the magistracy, of the police, the grand master of the orders that you received from his

hands, weeping for joy—grotesque puppets, your King, here he is!"

As he spoke he had pulled his clown costume out of his valise, and slipped it over his travelling suit. He began hooking around his neck the ruffled collar of black muslin.

Partner was weeping.

Michalis announced in a loud voice:

"His Majesty, the King!"

Then he jumped over the sofa.

"I have a good mind to go thus and review my Cossacks, summoned at my call. What do you say?"

"Keep quiet, I beg of you, murmured Partner.

The clown stopped suddenly; he looked at his companion, and, as if sobered, said between his teeth:

"Yes, it's sad."

He opened the little case that was placed on the chair, and drew from it his violin.

"I am going, for the last time, to play for my love.

He turned the photograph of Olga, and, standing in front of her, after having bowed to her gravely, he began to improvise.

The bow glided over the strings, first hesitatingly, then desperately. A song of despair arose, a hurried flight of harmonious sobs, cut by languor, dull wails, and lamentations, which were followed by violent insults, cries of anger, in fact everything with which the most tragic suffering could inspire a baffled soul.

Partner, with his head in his hands, listened, transported by the grandeur of this symphony of tears, which rang forth to be lost forever, fugitive beauty scattered into space, similar to those prodigious sunsets that no painter has the time to note.

Suddenly, he got up and listened to an unusual noise coming from outside, first a confused murmur which, by degrees, became louder, approached and broke forth suddenly with the full force of a tempest spreading over the town. He ran to the window, opened it, leaned out, then abruptly closed it again, and drew in front of it heavy curtains, so as to obscure the light from the room.

There, on the square, a wild horde of mariners, porters, stevedores, sailors' daughters, and vagrants, who had joined some workmen and students whose caps and berrets could be distinguished by the light of the torches, were rushing toward the Palace, shouting death-cries.

Even before Partner could speak, the Revolutionists had smashed down the gateway, and were attacking the doors on the left wing, deceived undoubtedly by the light coming from the apartments of the Princess.

Michalis, lost in his dream, was still playing. His comrade shook him brutally:

"Let us fly! Here is the riot. It will help us, anyway."

Terrified people were knocking at the door of the royal study; Partner opened it slightly and cried out:

"His Majesty is in safety. All resistance is impossible now. Escape, all of you, through the garden."

He closed the door.

"Not a minute to lose. Let us make for the offices. Come, take off this costume. What are you doing? They will see you!"

As Michalis viewed the Bolsheviks from the window with a nervous laugh he muttered:

"Advance! Burn everything! Ransack everything! One man alone could save you, old sickly society; you repulse him. Die then! When there are no more strong individualists, speech belongs to the masses."

But, all of a sudden, his eyes filled with terror. The human tide rushed onward, howling, into the Palace.

"The Princess! They are going to kill her! Ah! no, not that! Not that! I am a miserable wretch! Olga! Dearest Olga, here I am!"

In spite of Partner, who clung to him, crying, "You are mad!" he was already dashing toward the door, when fists began desperately knocking against it, and a woman's voice, choking with fear, implored: "Open the door! Save me!"

Michalis freed himself violently and opened it.

The Princess entered, distracted with terror:

"Help! Help!"

Instinctively she had run there toward the one she looked upon as master, and the clown had a feeling of deep pride. Behind her a man had rushed into the study, pale with fear, saying:

"Here they are!" It was Pierre Ducastel.

MICHALIS, on seeing Ducastel, began to laugh. The two fugitives remained dumfounded before the transformation of the King into a clown. But they could already hear the rioters rushing into the waiting-rooms, shouting, "Death!" A voice was heard, that of the leader undoubtedly, commanding, "This way! They ran in this direction. Come quickly!"

The black clown had opened the door leading to the offices.

Michalis did not reply, and contented himself with pushing her outside with Ducastel. As Partner placed himself by his side saying: "I shall not leave you!" he crushed him with such a severe glance that he gave way.

"Do as I order!"

At that moment he had become King once more.

The Bolsheviks ran in hastily, already a little confused by their ignorance of the places where they expected to begin their work. They were not very numerous. Thirty agitators, determined to attempt everything, were dragging in their wake two hundred villians who had come there to pillage, but who were also ready to turn back at the first sight of real danger.

The leaders, sent from Moscow, and the heads of the Georgian party, counted on this bold attack in order to start a far-reaching movement. Their aim was as follows: to seize the King, the Princess, the Prime Minister, and several other high officials. Then once masters of these important hostages, they planned to establish themselves in the Palace, issue a proclamation, and await the uprising of the country, and, above all, the arrival of the relief forces that the Russian Soviets would not fail to send them, to sustain an uprising that would appear to be a popular one in the eyes of foreign countries.

It was evidently an audacious plan conceived one evening in the Oriental mirage, which, however, could succeed only if carried out rapidly and by surprise. But for the present the rioters had managed to get hold of only one officer and an unfortunate secretary, personages of no importance. They had expected to find everyone in bed and asleep, but there, before them, a gown had fled through the dark passages and they hastened in pursuit of it with rage, feeling already that the coveted prey was in the act of escaping.

A few had even turned back; others had lost themselves in that vast unknown palace; certain ones finally lingered behind to force open desks, steal knick-knacks, and slash at the tapestries.

Only a hundred of them arrived at the royal study, into which they had rushed howling, after having broken down the door.

The sight that met their eyes nailed them to the threshold with surprise.

In this large room, which was illumined by only one shaded ceiling light, they saw, instead of the terrorized people that they had expected to find, a strange clown dressed in black satin, who, perched on a corner of the desk, was quietly playing on the violin as he looked up at them with fixed, inexpressive eyes.

The first man came to a halt. Among those who followed, some, the more timorous, fearing an armed defence, fled; the boldest, not understanding what was going on, elbowed their way in. The unexpected sight stopped their death-cries. For several seconds they all remained motionless, fascinated by this impassive man, who, turning his face from left to right, and right to

left, cast over them the sombre fire of his glassy stare.

One of the leaders, finally overcoming the discomfort that was seizing him, cried out:

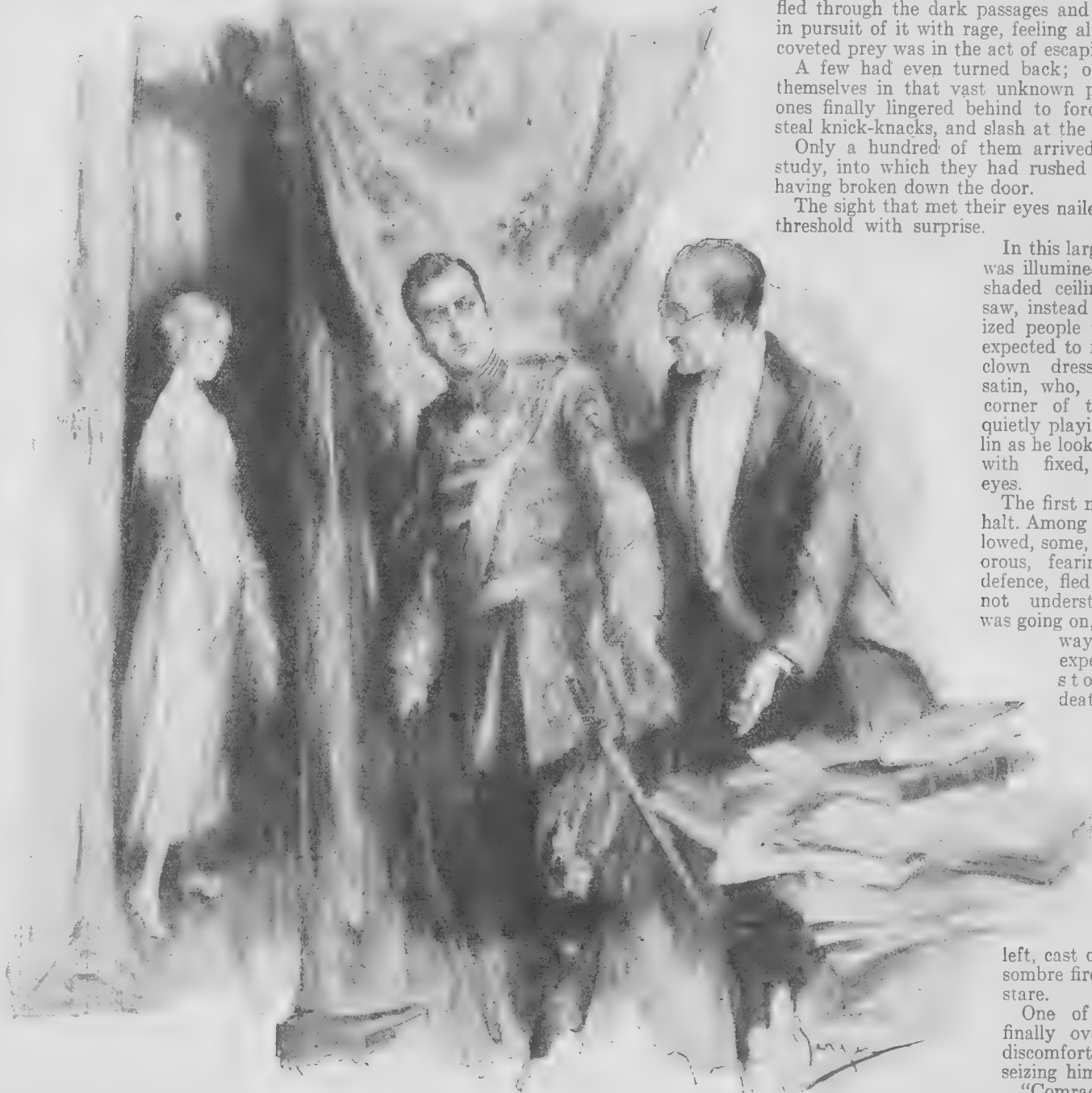
"Comrades, you have

before you the proof of the indifference of the potentates who govern us. While you grieve, while people suffer and die in misery, they think of nothing but feasts and pleasures. Concerts, balls, and theatres do not suffice them. To fill their idle hours, now they send for mountebanks. While we believe them to be occupied in resolving great social problems, they amuse themselves by watching the grimaces of fools. The hour of chastisement has struck for them." *Continued on page 24*

"What do these words that you just said imply? Departure, abdication?"

"Go in there!" he ordered. "Lead them in, Partner! The alarm must be given; telephone in any case to the Cossacks. I shall hold back these wretches."

"They will kill you!" cried Olga. "save yourself!"



The Honorable Irene Parlby

Lady of Vision and Practical Service

By C. B. Robertson

IT WAS at the Lacombe Fair, late in July, that I saw that very charming woman, the Hon. Irene Parlby, greeting, for the first time since the Alberta Provincial Elections, those loyal supporters who are sending her back to the Legislature for another five years.

A country fair! It fills one's heart with a thrill of childish excitement! Flags fly over the big wooden buildings which house the livestock exhibits. "Barkers" entice passing crowds into their side-shows. The jerky sound of the merry-go-round, with its prancing steeds and shouting youngsters. (Was there ever music more enticing to young ears?) The grandstand from which the crowds view the races on the big circular track. The judges perched in their eyrie, opposite the grandstand, shouting their momentous decisions, at the close of each horse race, through huge megaphones.

The warm Alberta sunshine bathed the fair grounds, and the surrounding green prairie in amber light, and each man greeted his brother with a grin of mighty proportions, a warm hand-clasp, and a heartfelt: "Fine day!"

Mrs. Parlby was in the grandstand when I first saw her. She was watching the races with keen interest, and talking with her good friends and neighbors, who are also her constituents. Despite the lady-member's quiet manner, there was a warm friendliness in the way in which she greeted fellow-Albertans, accepting their congratulations upon her re-election "on the first count," and expressing her appreciation of their faith in her ability and sincerity during the past five years, as an M.L.A. and Cabinet Minister.

I later saw Mrs. Parlby, with her husband and son, interestedly surveying cattle and horses, chickens and pigs, in the fair buildings. Born in England, she has lived on an Alberta farm for thirty years, and apparently gets a real thrill out of viewing Grade A livestock! She and her family, when I passed them by, were earnestly talking to a farmer-exhibitor, and negotiating for the purchase of some aristocratic porkers.

It was evident that Mrs. Parlby knows pigs as she knows politics!

Yes, she knows politics, yet one hesitates before referring to the Hon. Irene Parlby as a politician. The more dignified term, "statesman" suggests itself. As a speaker in the Legislative Halls, or in the election campaign, the lady wastes no time or breath or dignity in abusing her opponents. She lends herself to none of the emotional clap-trap of the spell-binding politician. As an orator, Mrs. Parlby gives much of the impression which Mrs. Fiske gives as an actress. They are both charming women of brilliant mentality and magnetism, and with an appeal to an audience which is mental, rather than emotional.

When, previous to the election, I had heard Mrs. Parlby speak, I found myself arguing that other politicians might, possibly, have just as fine minds, and as definite a picture of the legislative ideal to be achieved, but that one generally loses sight of these things; they are blurred by the emotionalism with which the political speaker so frequently colors them.

Mrs. Parlby makes her Alberta friends think—and think clearly—because her own mental processes are so definite; based upon a logical sequence of ideas. She expresses her thoughts in simple, clear-cut sentences, without ambiguity. There is no mistaking her meaning.

ONE would feel inclined to say that, as a public speaker, Mrs. Parlby is cold, if one did not study her audiences. One sees tired figures straighten; tired faces grow alert; tired eyes become keen. One sees people scribbling down for



The Honorable Irene Parlby

future reference, notes on what she has to say. It is evident that they want to tell the folks at home about the government's policy, and feel the importance of getting it right.

And then one senses in that audience, not only a keen interest in the subject, but a vast respect and admiration for the woman who deals with it in so masterly a fashion. One is impressed with



Mrs. Parlby's son, Humphrey, an up and coming young farmer

another thing, too: an atmosphere of affection—of warm, possessive affection for their neighbor and friend, and Member of Parliament. It is obvious that Mrs. Parlby returns that affection. How else could she inspire it? How else could she hold it through her years of service? But, as she stands before the voters, doing her job in her apparently unemotional way, she certainly does not cater to it; not this remarkable Cabinet Minister, and Canadian farmer's wife!

For many years, Mrs. Parlby lived quietly on an Alberta farm, her interests concentrated upon the daily problems of home life. She lived each day as it came, did the work that was nearest, visited among the neighbors. She and her husband were thoroughly efficient North-western farm folk, as they are today.

Then came the women's movement in Alberta, which is now active in the work of the "United Farm Women of Alberta." Keenly interested in the possibilities of co-operation among farm women, Mrs. Parlby, with others, set to work to do her bit in organizing women for the betterment of living conditions, educationally, economically, and socially, in the North-west.

Mrs. Parlby proved a tremendous force in carrying on the work of the organization and civilization in what is still a country in which certain conditions are necessarily more or less primitive. As the association gained in opportunities for service, so, too, did its individual members gain in opportunities and experience. In 1916 Mrs. Parlby was elected first president of the U.F.W.A., which office she held for four years. She did a great work, blazed a new trail, thrilled as a discoverer is thrilled who sees fresh vistas from each surmounted hill-top!

Then, in 1920, the Parliament Buildings at Edmonton entered into the picture which burst upon Mrs. Parlby's view from the achieved height of a gloriously successful presidency of the U.F.W.A. She had no political ambitions whatsoever; preferred to stick to the job in which she had proved her efficiency, but her objections were over-ruled, men and women of Alberta, alike, demanding that she accept the Progressive nomination, backed by the United Farmers and their women-folk. In 1921 she became a member of the Alberta Legislature, was appointed Cabinet Minister without portfolio and, as has been said, has just now been re-elected with a large majority, owing to her remarkable service in the past five years, and the consequent faith and admiration of her constituents.

AT THE Lacombe Fair, I met and talked to Mrs. Parlby of the beauty of her beloved prairie province, and of other things; particularly of the alert faces of men, women and children alike who crowded the fair grounds, and the harmonious spirit of neighborliness which was as evident as the sunshine of that beautiful summer day!

"We are bound to be neighborly," said Mrs. Parlby wisely, "for we live the same prairie-farm lives, we have the same problems to solve, and we solve them in co-operation. If people, the world over, could be made to realize how much they have in common, the same brotherly co-operation which we know in Alberta, might exist all over the world.

"The world is a very large place, but it is populated with men and women who are brothers and sisters, 'under the skin.'

"All normal men and women are possessed of the same emotions and needs, in varying degree. They all know the love of home, and of country; and the instinct for self-preservation, and for race-preservation as well. Yes, they all love their native land, wherever it be, if they be normal

Continued on page 39

Moon Magic

By John
Bertrand Brunswick

Illustrated By
Kathleen Allen



Perry got up slowly, circled,
and plunged on.

HE HAD kissed her! His lips were still burning and his nerves were still tingling with the thrill of it. His hands were damp and his face was hot. Perry hurried along the trail and down the incline to the cabin. He was in no particular hurry but his legs moved of their own volition and he walked with quick paces, his heavy boots clattering over the shale path. He wanted to get somewhere. To some spot where it was secluded and where he could be alone so that he could think. He sought his cabin without reasoning. For his mind was chaotic. Such is a man's passion under a new moon and when it is early Springtime.

Perry closed the cabin door gently and lighted the lamp. He moved about with a set expression and what he did was from force of habit rather than with any real intent. Soon the fire roared in the stove. He set the kettle on to boil. Then he slumped into a chair, pulled out his pipe, stuck it in his mouth, clamped it firmly between strong teeth and forgot to light it.

Bye-and-bye the kettle boiled. The fire roared. Perry added fuel occasionally, his eyes still dreamy and his mind still preoccupied. Perhaps an hour passed. And then Perry solemnly pulled out his matches and, smiling, lit his pipe. He settled back luxuriantly to inhale deep puffs and to exhale slowly a blue-gray spiral that sought the open draft of the stove.

Perhaps, he was thinking, it was because she was the only girl within thirty miles or so. Perhaps it was because she was rather pleasing to look upon. Perhaps it was the Springtime. At any rate he knew he was not serious. A kiss? What was it? Nothing but the indication of a desire, the outburst of passion ill-restrained, something to be done in quiet places where the world could not see and smile in its usual sardonic fashion.

Pretty girls were made for kisses, Perry decided. And kisses were made for the Spring. The moon had something to do with it, too, he thought, smiling. What fools humans could make of themselves when Dame Nature winked encouragement.

He got up and rummaged under his pillow and drew forth an old wallet, stained and worn. From

this he extracted three photographs, after he had seated himself in comfort again. He looked at each in turn for a long minute. Three pictures of the same girl. Perry's girl. Down in Seattle. She was standing on the verandah, in one of them, with roses, climbing roses, growing above her head and making a beautiful setting. There was another where she stood laughing, holding the head of her big collie dog towards the camera. And the last, Perry's favorite, was taken down at her uncle's farm, and there was an apple tree behind her, all in blossom. Perry kissed all of them in turn, childishly, and replaced them carefully in the wallet. He threw the wallet with precise aim upon the pillow of his cot over by the window.

Later he ate his supper. He hated his own cooking and that was what drove him to eat his meals at Gordon's farm, half a mile up the trail. That was the only reason he went there, he told himself self-confidently, stubbornly, for there was a little cry of conscience which had not been altogether silenced. Mary—oh, Mary was a nice little kid. Just a kid, though. Only twenty, she had told him. Nice little kid, too. But miles different from Gert, the girl who was waiting for him back in Seattle.

So he finished his supper and washed the few dishes and went to bed. The moon rose higher and peeped through at him as he lay in his bunk.

And there came a shadow out of the shade of the trail and stole softly down to his cabin, like a wisp, and it stopped outside his window, opposite his cot. A girl stood without, watching him. The moonlight made her hair radiant. It was soft and silky, glinting. The same moonlight shed a soft glow upon the sleeping Perry.

For long moments she looked through the window. She breathed in little short gasps, and her lips were parted as though she wished to speak. But she kept silent.

An owl hooted. The girl started.

She swiftly put her fingers to her lips, pressed them there, and blew a kiss to Perry. Still he slept and he seemed to smile at her.

The girl vanished into the silent shadows and up the trail. The moon passed over the roof of the cabin and the light no longer played on the slum-

bering Perry. The moon is a wise accomplice of the Springtime.

IT WAS near dawn. Perry stirred, awoke, dressed and built a fire. He moved with alacrity, for it was cold in the cabin and he wanted his coffee.

He worked in a fever of haste. He had made a momentous decision.

The sun rose and found him shaving carefully. He changed into clean linen and dressed in his one good suit. It was the last remnant of the old days of town business, pavement strolls and afternoons at the club.

Last night he had said goodbye to Mary. He was going to Seattle, he had said, to tell the manufacturer who had scoffed at him of the success of his experiments. He had worked three years with his new mulch system for cultivating those damned tomatoes, potatoes, cucumbers, beets and radishes. Now he could show them. And there was little Gert. He had not thought to tell Mary of Gert. She would not have been interested, of course. Little Gert! The girl under the climbing roses, the girl with the collie dog, the girl with the apple blossom setting and the apple blossom cheeks. He was going to her. She would welcome him. Then they could settle down on the little lot where he had built that bungalow three years before. It had been waiting ever since.

Thinking thus, he saddled his horse in the stable, slung his two bags across in front of him and mounted. He pressed his knee into the mare's shoulder and swung her into the trail that led up to the highway.

He was passing Gordon's farm. The new wire fence had just begun. He could see the fresh green of the crop waving on the other side of it. There was just the faintest breath of a warm wind. Perry took a lungful of it and smiled happily. He wished he could sing then. But he could not keep the key, so Mary said, so he did not try.

He passed the gate of the Gordon farm and continued his ambling gait down the road towards the station. He whistled snatches of tune which were nothing in themselves, but which signified a happy spirit and a carefree soul.

Then there were hoof-beats behind him. At first Perry heard them but did not turn about. Then as the galloping horse came nearer he turned involuntarily in his saddle to see who it was who rode in such haste and on so fine a day.

Mary was riding old Bess "hell for leather," as old Gordon, her father, would have said, down the road behind him.

Perry stopped the mare. Mary was all breathless when she stopped her horse beside him. She pulled Bess sideways until her leg bumped Perry's. She watched Perry's face intently. Her eyes were deep blue and her hair was the color of chestnuts that burst their coverings and glisten through at the sun. She was beautiful in the early day. More beautiful than in the moonlight. Perry looked at her. He was going back to Gert, but the awful thought came over him that he would like to crush this slim strip of a girl, who was a woman, into his arms, press back her head and kiss her warm, red lips as he had done last night.

Instead he tried to smile composedly and said nothing.

The horses stood quietly together. Mary reached out a little hand and caught his coat-sleeve.

"Perry," she almost whispered, with her lips trembling, "you love me, don't you?"

Perry started in spite of himself. He overcame his first impulse and thought a moment. She had never spoken of love to him. He had never spoken of it to her. They had walked and played together. They had fished in the same deep, black pool on the creek behind his cabin. They had gathered blackberries and had talked of almost intimate things. But never had they spoken of love. Last night, as he remembered it with some misgiving, he had held her hand for a moment when he said goodbye. There had been too much pathos in her face for him to resist it. He had kissed her. And his misgivings grew as he remembered the fire of that kiss. He remembered, too, the chaotic mind and the warning conscience that had driven him home to struggle with his soul and over which he had thought he had won a victory. It all flashed through his mind before he answered.

"I guess I do, Mary," he muttered, dropping his eyes. "I guess I love you." Then he bit his lip and wished he had not spoken.

The girl drew herself against him, both arms about his neck. She pulled herself out of her stirrups with her weight hanging from his neck. Foolishly he felt rather elated that he did not even bend with her weight upon him. His arms were around her somehow. Her face was lifted up to his. She wanted him to kiss her. Perry felt weak and helpless and complied in the best way he knew how. He kissed her many times. Then suddenly collecting his wits he disengaged himself carefully and gently, sat her back upon her saddle and rode on.

The girl wept bitterly when he left her.

A MAN sat in a hotel lobby reading a railroad time table. He was well dressed and prosperous looking. He was closely shaven and well-groomed. There was a flower at his button-hole. A cane rested on the seat beside his yellow gloves. He wore spats. His cigarette sent a blue wreath upwards from the end of a long amber holder. The man was Perry. A renovated Perry. It was Saturday. On Wednesday night he had telephoned to Gert's home. The maid had answered, as she always did, and had told him that Gert was not yet at home from the south.

"This is Perry—er—Mr. Marborough," he had said. "When will she be home?"

"Oh," the maid had answered. "She will be back on Saturday. They have been in Florida, sir. Mrs. Coombs is meeting them in Tampa. She left last week. I'll tell her when she comes you phoned, sir."

"Thanks," muttered Perry, and banged up the telephone. Three more days to wait for her and he had waited three years already. She might almost have stayed at home at this time of year. He had told her he was coming in the spring.

Frowning he had sought a seat in the hotel lobby. Frowning he had cogitated there. And so the next day passed. His old haunts did not appeal to him. The club was dull. There were two or three old friends there who had forgotten him. There were no common bonds. They talked of synthetic gin, prize fights and the League of

Nations. All of which was "bosh" to Jerry. He hated gin, he had seen enough of fighting in France to satisfy most men and he knew nothing of the League of Nations. Neither did they, of course. It all seemed so incongruous. Gin, prize fights and the League of Nations. The next day passed. And still no Gert.

By Saturday he was bored to distraction. He smoked steadily and persistently. Cigarettes did not satisfy him but he would not smoke a pipe.

Gert did not like a pipe, he remembered. So he stuck to the paper-rolled wisps that city chaps carried and that women made a pretence of smoking. He was nervous and twitching and unhappy. There were disturbing thoughts in his mind.

"They" had gone to Florida! "They," the maid had said. Who in hell was she with if it wasn't her mother. Perry was a little dubious. He was also a little suspicious. Why, they were engaged. He had built the bungalow. Then his imagination ran away with him. Suppose she had proved unfaithful. It would break him all up. The little bungalow that they had planned together! It would have to remain empty. He could never bring himself to live in it. She would just about kill him. Just about kill him, if she had done a thing like that.

God! Of course she wouldn't. She would come home and surprise him. She was with her brother, of course. She would throw her arms around his neck and kiss him, just as she used to do. Perry smiled in an ecstasy, slumped down in his



"He was frightfully wounded, dear. There was a bullet under his heart and it left him like this. You'd better phone a doctor."

seat and chuckled, thereby attracting the attention of those about him. But he was oblivious to smiles and raised eyebrows, the looks of concern from elderly women and muttered insults from men. Then he looked at his watch.

He got up and telephoned Gert's home. She was not there yet, the maid said. But she expected them home that evening.

"Who's them?" Perry almost said. But he checked himself. Something stopped him. He did not even like to voice his own jealous doubt. He felt a fool and a cad for doubting. Little Gert! not much—he wouldn't doubt her. He phoned her home three times that evening, but still she had not come. He had gone to changing his voice so that the maid would not recognize the persistent man who telephoned for her mistress. This, too, worried him and made him feel a fool.

Sunday passed and Monday. Still there was no sign of Gert. Perry became something nearly approaching a nervous wreck. He was angry, too. He wished he had wired or written to her. But then he had wanted to surprise her. He had not thought that she would go away. Damn it! That

was just the trouble. He had not thought at all. Tuesday came and went. And so did Wednesday. Still the maid was hopeful.

"She should be home today," or "I'm expecting her tomorrow," or "They should be in any time." Perry cursed the poor little maid to himself.

IT WAS Saturday again. Meanwhile he had felt vaguely conscious of a pain in his heart. He told himself that he was sick with loneliness and that this might be the heart-ache that so many wearisome lovers talked about. But he denied emphatically to himself that he was smoking too many cigarettes and that he was feeling the old wound below his heart that a Prussian bullet had given him in 1917.

Saturday was a bright, sunshiny day.

"Is Miss Gertie home yet?"

"Yes, sir. Please hold the line."

Not much he wouldn't hold that line. He banged up the receiver and fled for a taxi.

"And here's something for yourself if you make it in ten minutes," he said as he slammed the door of the automobile and collapsed in the rear seat. His heart was pounding and he felt weak at the knees. Just as he had done when he first came out of the hospital. Damn his heart! He would have to put on a good front to meet Gert.

They made the house in the eleventh minute.

Perry jumped for the front steps and went up in three bounds. The maid opened the door. Perry rushed in, looking about in a sort of wild delight. Old Gordon, back on the farm, would have said that Perry was "all het up." Old Gordon would have been exactly right.

Gert appeared. She was clad in something thin that shimmered and clung to her rounded, shapely little body. Perry rushed at her. He dropped hat, gloves, and cane. She laughingly held him off with what he took to be maidenly shyness at their reunion. He whispered something foolish as his strong arms held her close to him. Then he bent and smothered her face with fierce kisses. He smothered her protesting lips. Held her arms pinioned.

"Three years," he said, holding her from him momentarily and gazing into her eyes. "I'm glad I've got you, dearest."

He looked at her with a change of expression. She was hopelessly embarrassed. He was puzzled.

"Now," a quiet masculine voice was saying, when you're quite through, my friend, possibly my wife will introduce us."

Perry dropped his hands from Gert's shoulders. He went a terrific scarlet. Then his color vanished.

Gert tried desperately to rise to the occasion. She introduced the two. They shook hands. Perry was conscious only of a sickeningly pounding heart. The room was suddenly very dark. He felt himself swaying weakly. He could see nothing clearly. He turned hopelessly to Gert.

"Gert," he said, and his voice was thick and hollow, "this is a bit of a shock."

He reached for something to support him and, finding nothing, went limply to the floor. But he was quite conscious. He heard the man exclaim: "Well, I'll be damned!" Then he heard Gert's quick explanation.

"He was frightfully wounded, dear. There was a bullet under his heart. It left him like this. But I thought he was all well. You'd better phone a doctor."

Perry spoke from the floor. Things were picking up again. He was collecting himself and his head was cool and his hands were wet. There was not that awful pounding under his ribs.

"Feeling better, now," he said.

Gert bent over him.

Perry sat up. "It was a bit of a shock," he muttered. "I've been waiting for a long while here, hoping—I never dreamed—" He stopped lamely. "Well, it was a bit of a shock."

Gert's husband was addressing him.

"Have a little drop of gin, will you. It will put you on your feet."

"Thanks, no," said Perry. He half expected the man would start to talk about the League of Nations. He rose awkwardly to his feet, pushing Gert's proffered assistance to one side.

He stood erect and looked tragic, he was so pale. He picked up his hat and stick and found his gloves. He took Gert's hand, still erect, and smiled reassuringly, congratulating her the while. Then he apologized with wholly inappropriate words, to the husband, as he took the latter's proffered hand. He bowed stiffly and left them.

Continued on page 40



Three generations say: "Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha!"

Mother: (Pointing to Fels-Naptha advertisement in her favorite magazine). "Everything they say here about the extra help of Fels-Naptha is absolutely true. I've tried other soaps at different times—both old and new soaps—but none of them gave me as much real washing help as Fels-Naptha.

"Mrs. Dean—our new neighbor across the street—asked me recently how I got my clothes so white and fresh looking. She simply wouldn't believe there could be so much difference in soaps until I persuaded her to try Fels-Naptha. Now she uses Fels-Naptha for everything—all her washing and cleaning."

Grandmother: "My goodness, dear, you can't tell me anything new about Fels-Naptha! I remember when it first came out—thirty or more years ago. It proved quite a sensation.

"You see, they had found a way to combine good soap with naptha so that these two fine cleaners could work together. I used Fels-Naptha at first just for washing extra soiled pieces. I could hardly believe any soap could get out the dirt so easily and quickly without being hard on the clothes.

"When I found how really safe and helpful Fels-Naptha was, I began using it for all my cleaning, and I've used it ever since."

Granddaughter: "You and mother are certainly Fels-Naptha boosters. It is wonderful, though, isn't it? I don't know what I would do without it, especially for the children's clothes. I find it so much easier with Fels-Naptha to get them clean and sweet."

Millions of women say that for real downright washing value, making it easier to get clothes thoroughly and safely clean—for extra help that lightens the everyday cleaning jobs about the house—*nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha.*

Fels-Naptha is more than just naptha soap. It is a blending of good soap with plenty of

dirt-loosening naptha—two fine cleaners that work together and help each other. No wonder Fels-Naptha gives you extra help you would hardly expect from any other soap!

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GENERAL HERTZOG
South Africa

A Close-up View of the Imperial Conference

By D. B. Macrae



W. S. MONROE
Newfoundland

BEFORE attempting to say something about what happened at the recent Imperial Conference in London it might be of advantage to etch in briefly a few shades of the background out of which the conference emerged. Perhaps the idea has been widely held in the past that there was but one British nation. It is pretty evident that this is no longer the case. There are now seven distinct British nations, each one supreme over its own affairs whether it be a blind pig or an island in the St. Lawrence or a lit-up Canadian in jail in the centre of Czecho-Slovakia. Both of these would be problems for the Canadian government and the cost of closing the one or getting the other loose would have to be borne by the Canadian people. These seven British nations are New Zealand, Australia, Canada, Newfoundland, Great Britain and Northern Ireland, the Irish Free State and the Union of South Africa. They are all British nations but they are not all the same. The New Zealander is different from the Australian although both come of pure British stock. The Canadian is different from either of them and the difference as regards a national type will increase in all probability. Of all the British nations Canada is taking in and attempting to assimilate the most diverse elements of population as regards race. To begin with, Canada started with two races of different stocks and two different languages. In one year Canada has taken in as many as fifty different nationalities. Merging through marriage is bound to take place so that the Canadian of a hundred years hence is going to take on new racial characteristics as a result of the blood mixtures he has acquired. Just what the type will be and how it will differ from the original British stock that populated this country is impossible to say. But a combination of racial mixtures and a new environment are bound to produce an effect. The

Newfoundlanders can hardly be said to have national aspirations, at this stage at least. They are mainly of Anglo-Saxon stock and not much new blood is being taken in. While self-governing, Newfoundland, with its small population, and its slow development, is scarcely in the same class as the other British Dominions. Then there is the Irish of the Irish Free State. The people of the Irish Free State have a fairly straight idea that they are going to remain Irish. That's what makes them Irish. The South Africans will produce a new racial type. The predominant stock is Dutch—Dutch that has been in South Africa three hundred years. Growing up with these Dutch Africans

are the people of British stock. While segregated to some extent there is no religious barrier between the two peoples and inter-marriage is taking place. In the course of time there will be a distinct South African race made up of a Dutch-British cross. It will differ in its national type from all the others.

India was represented at the conference, but

India is not a self-governing Dominion. The interests of India were looked after at the conference by a couple of members of the British government and by one of the native rulers, the Maharajah of Burdwan who brought his family along with him. The Maharajah is worth millions but wore white cotton trousers. Only a Maharajah could afford to wear white cotton trousers in the centre of London.

There were seven prime ministers at the conference. Bruce of Australia, Coates of New Zealand, King of Canada, Monroe of Newfoundland, Cosgrave of the Irish Free State, Hertzog of South Africa, and Baldwin of Great Britain. Mr. Baldwin was so busy on plans to get the coal miners back to work that he was forced to miss many sessions of the conference.

All the ministers wore high hats when in London, which is the greatest city in the world for high hats. A high hat may be all right for a prime minister but the fashion is never likely to become popular among men who have to milk a cow.

Of all the prime ministers, Premier Monroe of Newfoundland was the only one to appear in whiskers. Mr. Monroe in public speeches frequently referred to the chief industries of Newfoundland, cod fishing and bootlegging. The latter was doing well and did not appear to need any support from the state.

The official delegations from each country consisted of about twenty persons and the British government paid their hotel bills and furnished them with motor cars while they were in London; that is, all but the representatives of the Irish Free State. The Irish paid their own way in England. Whether this was done on account of a streak of Irish independence or out of sympathy for the British taxpayer it is impossible to say. The Irish were about the most interesting group at the conference, their main representatives being William Cosgrave, president of the Irish Free State, Kelvin O'Higgins, minister of justice, and Desmond Fitzgerald, secretary of external affairs. All are young men and were among the ringleaders in the Irish rebellion five or six years ago. It is said that at one time orders were given that Desmond Fitzgerald was to have been shot on sight. He kept out of sight. And here, after the turn of a half dozen years the gentleman was in London representing his nation and sitting in friendly conference with representatives of the British government. Premier Hertzog was outstanding among the representatives of South Africa. Mr. Hertzog is also a general and was fighting the British in South Africa twenty-five years ago. And here Mr. Hertzog was

in London, sitting in as an equal with the other representatives of the British nations. When the heart of London ceased to beat at 11 o'clock on the morning of November 11 and an unnumbered throng had gathered before the cenotaph in Whitehall to pay their tribute to the Heroic Dead General Hertzog was one of those to step forward and place a wreath in memory of the Fallen. Those who may have the idea that the British nations are drawing apart instead of working toward a more harmonious co-operation might ponder a moment about Mr. Fitzgerald and Mr. Hertzog.

As a result of the Conference His Majesty King George finds himself with seven distinct governments on his hands, each one as good as the other, for the main decision of the representatives of these seven British nations was that each of these nations was standing on its own feet in regard to its own affairs. Whether or not this is a new position is not important; the fact is that once the decisions of the Conference have been translated into action all traces of any central government disappear. In regard to the affairs of the people in the British Isles exclusive of the Irish Free State the King can only accept advice from His Majesty's government in Great Britain. That is the name the British Government is given in the report of the Conference. In regard to the affairs of Canada, whether they be domestic or foreign affairs, the King can accept advice only from His Majesty's Government in Canada. This is also true of Australia, New Zealand and South Africa and Newfoundland. They are all free to work together and to co-operate and to come to agreements one with the other but they do not have to do it unless they wish. Someone then asks what the King is going to do if His Majesty's government in Great Britain advises him to do something about a certain matter

Continued on page 65



RT. HON. STANLEY M. BRUCE
Australia



HON. J. GORDON COATES
New Zealand



RT. HON. STANLEY BALDWIN
Great Britain



RT. HON. W. L. MACKENZIE KING
Canada

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RAISINS

fresh, fragrant

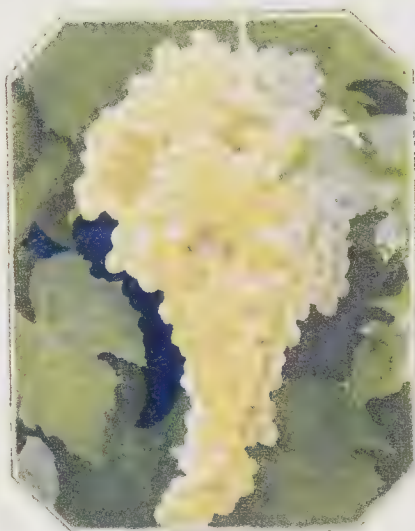


EVEN THE FRAGRANCE
of the grapes has been revealed
in Sun-Maid Nectars

—as if the juice in the ripened grapes
had suddenly jelled!



THE FRESH GRAPE
TASTE in raisins deliciously
tender and plump. Seedless
raisins were never like these



TO CEREALS they give
a transforming goodness

So much of the natural quality of the grapes was lost in seedless raisins. You never got it. And still you used raisins. Seedless Sun-Maids always gave your dishes a richness you liked.

But now there's a new kind—Sun-Maid Nectars—like no other raisins you've ever seen.

How you will love them! And what countless ways you will devise to use them!

For here is what you find when you open the carton. Plump morsels, amber in color, and glistening as fresh grapes glisten on the vine.

A familiar fragrance greets you, tempts you to the taste. How totally different from ordinary seedless raisins you find these Sun-

Maid Nectars. How superior.

Tender—your teeth barely touch them to cut through.

Not dry, but moist—as if the nectar in the grapes had suddenly jelled.

And their flavor! Rich, sweet with fruit sugar, it's the taste of grapes full ripened in the California sun. Ripened to that hour when their bulging skins take on the amber of perfection.

Here, indeed, is a transforming goodness for your cakes, pies, puddings, cookies. And for your cereals—do test it in cereals! Extra goodness that takes but a moment to add.

Ask your grocer for Sun-Maid Nectars. Be sure you get them. Perfected by an exclusive process,



they are the only seedless raisins that have these qualities of the fresh grape.

For seeded raisins equally distinctive—seeded raisins that aren't sticky, that bring you all the flavor of the Muscat grape—ask for Sun-Maid Puffed.

S U N - M A I D

NECTARS [Seedless Raisins] in the red carton

PUFFED [Seeded Raisins] in the blue carton



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Endurance

Mary Warburton, Wonder Woman of the British Columbia Trail

By Francis Dickie

AN EXAMPLE of human endurance in the pathless wilderness without parallel in the history of the North American continent is the story of Mary Warburton, a nurse of Vancouver, Canada, who wandered lost for 33 days in one of the wildest portions of the British Columbia mountains between Hope and Princeton, and yet remained clear-headed, and able to travel, though she had only twelve raisins a day to eat during 25 days of her desperate attempt to reach civilization.

Mary Warburton is an Englishwoman, 46 years of age. All her life she has loved the outdoors. So, when weary from weeks of nursing, she often went on hikes in the wilderness. Two years before her terrible experience, she went alone into the Dease River country from Telegraph Creek and staked a gold claim several hundred miles from the nearest habitation. When the claim failed to pay, she came out to Vancouver. This incident is cited merely to establish the remarkable type of wilderness woman Miss Warburton is.

During the month of August she was engaged in a "holiday" labor of picking apples. Finishing this she decided to travel across the mountainous country from Hope to Princeton, British Columbia. On August 25th, she set out from the little frontier town of Hope for the town of Princeton, 70 miles distant.

The country lying between is heavily timbered, one of the most rugged of wilderness stretches, cut up by several rivers running through deep gorges, with many high mountains towering on every side. To reach her destination she had to climb over a divide at a height of 6,000 feet.

She carried a small army knapsack, one thin woollen blanket, a small frying pan, a billycan, a half pound of butter, a half pound of bacon, a half pound of cheese, a quarter pound of chocolate, a half pound of raisins, two ounces of almonds, a small tin of Borden's condensed coffee, two pears, a lemon and four cakes of rye-crisp.

She calculated to do the trip easily in three days. Owing to a misdirection, however, when some 23 miles out from Hope she turned to the left, following a well-beaten path, when she should have turned to the right over a less marked route, which still was the correct trail.

The weather had been perfect when she started, and old-timers at Hope had predicted for her fine weather. So she had discarded her rubber ground sheet and rain coat in order to travel lightly.

On her second day out it rained heavily. She put in a miserable night at the height of the summit, but was cheered by the thought that on the following night she would be in Princeton, which place, according to the map she carried, could now be reached in an easy day of hiking.

All unknowing, she had topped the wrong summit.

THE night of crouching in the wet had chilled her stomach and liver. The thought of food nauseated her. As she started on her third day of walking, she ate the single lemon she carried. In the afternoon of the third day while crossing a small creek she slipped on a stone, fell and wet all her clothes and provisions. Giving up thought of reaching her destination that night she halted, made a fire and dried her clothes.

She was in a little ravine of burned-over timber, and many caves showed on the nearby slopes. Several times she heard bears crashing in the underbrush near her. On this night food still did not taste palatable to her. The water-soaked cheese she threw away. On the fourth morning she lit the fire with the fat bacon, so certain was she of reaching Princeton that night. Thus with

unknowing prodigal hand did she lightly toss away much of her supplies at the very beginning of what was to become one of the greatest endurance contests any human being ever entered in these far-flung mountains.

She now proceeded on through a valley of burned timber till she came to the banks of a river she thought was the Whipsaw. Had this been correct she would have reached her destination in a few hours.

Cheerily she went on. Unfortunately, the river was not the Whipsaw, but the Tulameen, running

FOR the first time she felt terror. Below, a dizzying pit. Roaring water within reach of her hand. She turned to climb back along the ledge the way she had come, but the ascent was twice as difficult as the descent. She could not face it.

The towering banks of the river were of clay imbedded with large flat stones ranging in size from a plate to a wash-boiler. Up the bank she began making her way, sometimes pulling out a stone to gain a foothold. One false step would have sent her hurtling down to the river below. Up, up she went, with infinite slowness, and at last reached the top, where a thick wood of conifers began.

Looking about her, the undaunted woman studied the situation. She decided that if she struck across the timber at an angle she might in this way reach the so-winding river below the falls. She headed into the timber. Once there, all sight of the river was of course lost.

Late that afternoon she again reached the river. She followed it until dark. In the morning she walked on in the bed of the stream. In a short time she came to the very canyon she had left the previous day. The river evidently doubled upon itself. In going through the timber she had not taken a sufficiently wide angle; hence had come out at a point below the falls as she had intended, but to a winding arm below, and so had merely covered her own tracks in returning.

Discouraged at the possibilities of an exit in this direction, she decided to back-track.

From so much walking in the water, her feet had become softened. She wore a pair of canvas shoes with crepe-rubber soles. On the fourth night out the top of

the right shoe had got badly burned. In order to keep the protecting sole in place, she had pierced the crepe with a knife, run a string through and tied it around her foot, with an extra reef in the line around her big toe. With the gradual softening of her feet exposed all day to the cold water, the string began cutting into her flesh. To ease the strain she had gathered leaves and put them under the string on the top of the foot. The leaves were of a poisonous nature and infected the soft and lacerated foot.

Thus Mary Warburton began her 10th day of this appalling struggle with the inexorable wilderness penning her in.

Her last match was exhausted. Her water-soaked watch had ceased to go on the third day. Her remaining provisions consisted of only one half pound of raisins. It was a region devoid of berries, so she put herself on a ration of 12 raisins a day.

She began back-tracking up the river, all sense of time being lost. Now, the many streams tributary to the main one confused her. Some were as large as the parent stream; a problem she had not faced when coming down-river.

Strange to say, despite the shortness of her rations, Miss Warburton said she never felt hunger. She drank copiously of the fresh cold mountain water. Now began a wide wandering in search of an outlet to the world of man, somewhere beyond.

She climbed mountain-side after mountain-side to try to catch a view of the country beyond. She covered miles of burned and green timber, but always came back to the river. The third and fourth week she spent travelling along the side of a range looking for a pass across the summit.

Always she proceeded with a cool head. Never once did she lose hope. Yet the isolation, the boom of waterfalls, and over all the vast profound hush of endless listening distances which weighs down



Nurse Warburton a few minutes after being rescued. She was in tatters without socks or coat when found. The clothes wrapped around her are those of her rescuers.

in the same direction, only much farther to the north. The river was very shallow, flowing over a boulder-strewn bed. On either side the banks of shale and stone sloped very steeply.

Realizing now that she was off the trail, but fully satisfied the stream led to her destination, as indicated by the Whipsaw on the map she carried, Miss Warburton took to the river bed, walking in shallow water, ranging in depth from her ankles to her knees.

Night came, and still the river wound ahead through steep banks, in places bare for long stretches, in others heavily clothed with conifers.

Her provision of four cakes of rye-crisp, even though dried out, had soured from the wetting on the third day. So she had to throw this precious food away on the fifth-day.

Convinced at last that she was badly off her course, Miss Warburton on the sixth day climbed the sheer bank of the river. Thick timber met her at the top. Following along this she was cheered by the sight of blazes. She followed these again and again, finding they led nowhere. These had probably been used by trappers over short lines.

Ahead of her, she could see the river winding on in a course so serpentine it doubled upon itself many times.

In her opinion the river still offered the best way out. She climbed down the sheer bank and once more waded in the shallow water up the bed. On the seventh day she reached a point where the river ran into a narrow canyon scarcely more than fifty feet across. Here the water, compressed into so small a space, became a roaring torrent over the major portion of its bed. Skirting along a ledge she was however able to descend some distance from the bed which fell with ever-increasing steepness. Then abruptly the river dropped over a sheer wall. Mary Warburton was brought to a halt by a thousand-foot abyss yawning before her.

Continued on page 38

By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

French for Canadians

UNTIL recent years, the qualifications for entrance into a Canadian university included the condition that a student must carry on the study of two languages other than English. More recently it has been possible to enter the universities on a one-foreign-language basis provided that the student elect additional work in other subjects; science, for instance.

For those who are not attracted by the classical languages, there are sympathetic considerations for the study of French which, besides being an important language of commerce, is also the language of a large and important section of the Canadian population. French is included in the courses taken by the majority of our Canadian high school students but unfortunately many of them drop the study after the completion of their courses. For those, however, who have kept some contact with this language, *La Correspondence Elementaire*, a manual of pocket size, from the press of the Gregg Publishing Company, 623-633 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, should prove of interest and practical value.

In the main, the plan of the book is to introduce a lesson by a letter representative of French commercial correspondence. The letter is followed by a vocabulary and then by a questionnaire in which questions are presented dealing with the chief points of the letter. Readers who have some knowledge of French may be interested in the following example (accents present in the original):

Messieurs:

Nous avons l'honneur de vous accuser reception de votre telegramme du 29 ec. ainsi concu:

"Upon request confirm following message to A. Brisson & Cie., 34 Chaussee d'Antin: Government purchase ready for shipment."

Conformement a votre desir, nous avons transmis le texte de votre depeche a Messieurs A. Brissons & Cie., a titre de simple indication et sans engagement de notre part.

Veuillez agreer, Messieurs, nos salutations distinguées.

Among the twenty-four questions that follow this letter are the following:

1. *Quel est le sujet de cette lettre?*
2. *Quel est le texte du telegramme?*
3. *A quelle date la lettre a-t-elle ete envoyee?*
4. *Comment dit-on en francais 'in conformity with'?*
5. *A quel titre avons-nous transmis la depeche?*

Pull

QUITE often the statement is heard from the lips of young people, that it is not possible nowadays to secure a good position without "pull," by which, presumably, is meant the influence of someone high up in the affairs of life. I have little hesitation in branding such a statement as untrue. In my own experience of some twenty years in Western Canada, I can recall scores of cases of young men who have succeeded through patient and honest industry, and but one case of a position secured through influence.

This latter case I watched with some interest. It occurred in an office employing some fifty clerical workers. Several of them were in line for promotion and some resentment was expressed when it was learned that an "outsider" was coming to the office with the recommendation from a high official that a position should be "made" for him. So far the information was correct. The newcomer arrived and, in accordance with instructions, the position was provided at a salary somewhat in excess of that received by employees of some years' standing. Naturally there was some resentment, but consider the sequel. Not a long time after, the "high official" died, and his influence died with him. When times became slack, the man with "pull" was among the first to go, and during a subsequent period of some ten years, I learned that he had the greatest difficulty in securing and holding a place. On the other hand, I had knowledge that those workers who had felt themselves unfairly displaced had, during the same period, made steady progress as a result of their attention to duty and the development of their self-reliance.

Of all sections of the world, Western Canada is a land where the young men can get along well

without so-called "pull." What is needed and what will work best is the will to succeed.

Don't depend upon the influence of somebody else rather than upon your own efforts. Remember rather the words of Dr. Marden, who says that "If the youth should start out with the fixed determination that every statement he makes shall be the exact truth; that every promise he makes shall be redeemed to the letter; that every appointment shall be kept with the strictest faithfulness and with full regard for other men's time; if he should hold his reputation as a priceless treasure, feel that the eyes of the world are upon him; that he must not deviate a hair's breadth from the truth and right; if he should take such a stand at the outset, he would, like George Peabody, come to have almost unlimited credit and the confidence of everybody who knows him."

"It is not every calamity that is a curse," says Sharpe, and early adversity is often a blessing. Surmounted difficulties not only teach, but hearten us in our future struggles."

"The secret of success in life," said Disraeli, "is for a man to be ready for his opportunity when it comes."

For the man who expects to get ahead by influence, Beecher offers a clear warning: "Victories that are easy are cheap. Those only are worth having which come as the result of hard fighting."

One Hundred Years Ago

SUNDAY, December 5th, 1926, marked the opening of the new St. John's Anglican Cathedral in Winnipeg, on the spot that was the birthplace of the Church of England in Western Canada in 1820. The first church was erected in 1822; the second in 1833 in the reign of William IV.; the third, the old cathedral, in 1862; and the new cathedral in 1926.

For this special occasion, the Venerable Archdeacon Cody, of Toronto, came to Winnipeg to preach at the opening services and his evening sermon especially was a challenge to young men. He mentioned the custom of a great Scottish university of calling upon some outstanding man to give the rectoral address and said that within recent years the men selected had been Sir James M. Barrie, who spoke on Courage; Rudyard Kipling, who spoke on Independence; and Dr. Nansen, who spoke on Adventure. In connection with the last address, Archdeacon Cody quoted General Gordon, who declared that England was never made by her statesmen, but by her adventurers. After mentioning one by one some of the great adventurers of history, the preacher reminded his listeners of the sacrifices made by the pioneers of the West and remarked that it was the so-called impractical men, who did not go by chart, or rather who made their own charts, who discovered the islands of the world. To the qualities mentioned, the speaker added Faith; "the life of faith, he said, 'is the life that succeeds. Faith is a venture over an unknown sea.'"

The Higher Life

THE well known publishers, Messrs. Pickering & Inglis, of 229 Bothwell Street, Glasgow, Scotland, announce the publication of a series of calendars, for desk and wall, that are worth consideration from both practical and inspirational points of view. As calendars, they contain much more information than that in those usually distributed and, in addition, they are replete with texts that help and with quotations from the works of great writers. A handsome pocket diary is included in the series and in this connection it may be said that young men might do well to cultivate the habit of keeping a diary. Some years ago, I met a Manitoba farmer who had kept a desk diary for many years and who was able to tell you the state of the weather and of agricultural conditions on selected dates for years past. It need hardly be added that he was a successful farmer. When men are energetic and ambitious enough to go beyond the requirements of ordinary routine they usually belong to the class of men called successful.

J. Q. Adams wrote that a man's diary was a record in youth of his sentiments, in middle age of his actions and in old age of his achievements; but a young man's diary might easily record his observations, his ambitions, sometimes his failures and, more often, it is to be hoped, his achievements.

Impromptu Speaking

"IMPROMPTU Speaking" may be briefly defined as "remarks made without previous study." While, as a rule, an address, long or short, should not be given without some previous study, it is a good thing for young men to be able to express an opinion, in public, upon a subject which may be presented to them for discussion, and to which they have not been able to give much previous thought or preparation.

Recently, I was asked to prepare for a men's society a list of topics for an evening devoted to impromptu speaking. The topics were prepared and numbered, and each member was expected to speak for at least three minutes upon the topic that he drew. Following the speeches, the members were given an opportunity to speak on any of the other topics that were drawn, in which they felt especial interest.

Young men who are looking for material for discussion in study circles and clubs, may be interested in some of the topics that were discussed:

1. Should the Hudson's Bay Railway be completed?
2. Should all medical services be administered by the State?
3. Should appeals to the Privy Council be abolished?
4. Should voting be made compulsory?
5. Should the criminal or the community be blamed?
6. Should unemployment be accepted as inevitable?
7. Should the League of Nations be supported?
8. Should people make wills?
9. Should capital punishment be abolished?
10. Should a man read at least one book a month?

It might be added that pamphlets containing material for study groups interested in discussions similar to those mentioned, may be obtained from the Secretary of the United Farmers of Manitoba, Winnipeg, and from the Manitoba Agricultural College, Winnipeg.

Current Opinions

THE following current opinions, which include a number of good thoughts for young men, are taken from the Journal of Commercial Education, published by Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, 70 Bond Street, Toronto. It is possible that a specimen number can be obtained upon application:

Habitual over-eating is a nearly universal human practice.—Dr. James Ewing.

I dare to express the opinion that there is no finer school of history than Scott's novels.—Lord Eustace Percy.

Human civilization is built on an instinctive striving for goodness and truth.—The Bishop of Birmingham.

The mob has a mysterious sort of power of hitting the right nail with the wrong hammer.—Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

Our national character is the greatest asset of the Empire; at the same time, we can trade too much upon it.—Lord Burnham.

As long as you have a good varied diet you need not bother your heads too much about vitamins.—Sir James Crichton-Browne

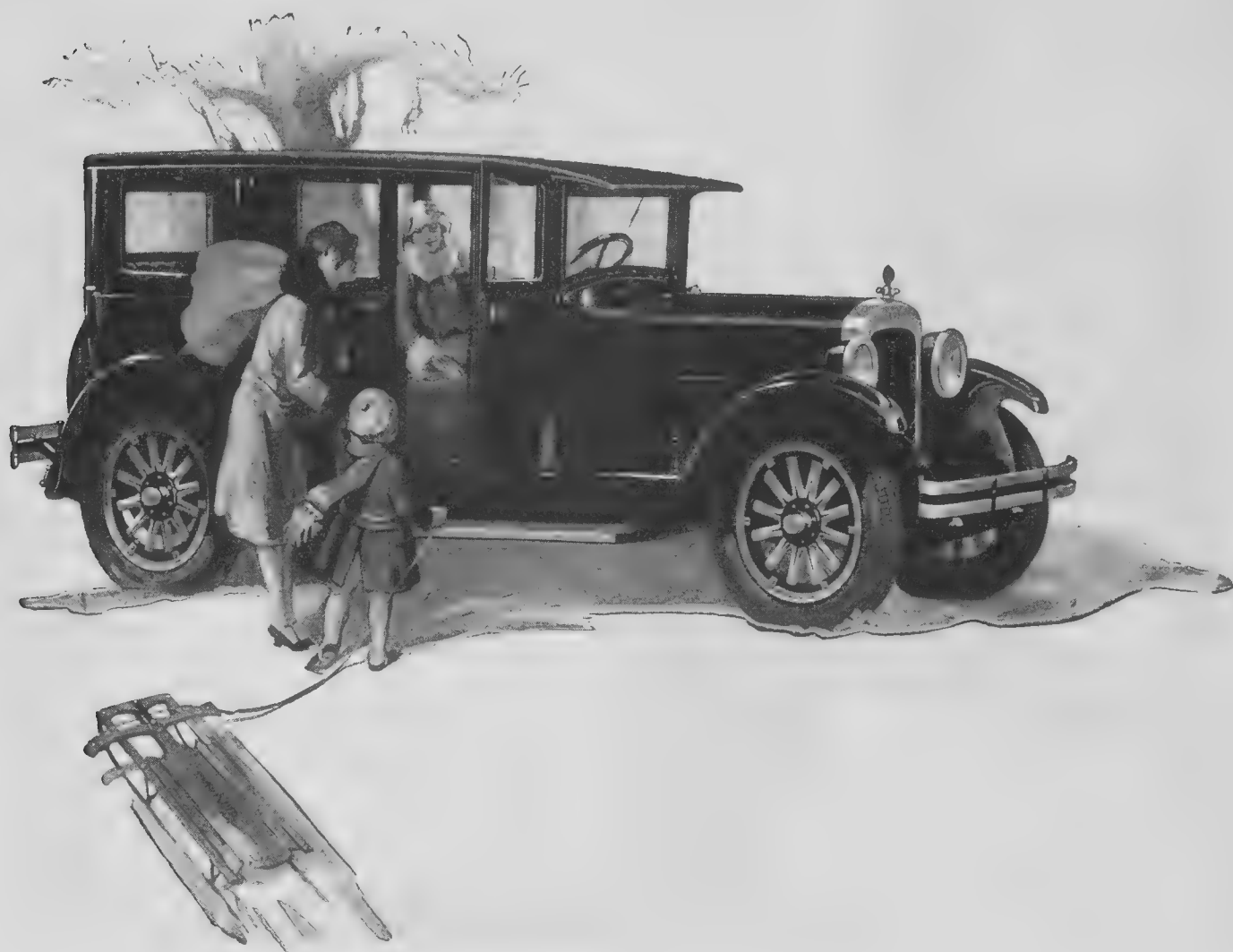
A business that does not make a profit for the buyer of the commodity, as well as for the seller, is not a good business.—Henry Ford.

People are much alive to the expenditure upon education; I wish they were alive to the expenditure which is due to lack of education.—Mr. E. Salter Davies.

We are all pulling long faces and saying we cannot afford this or that, and yet collectively we are pouring a thousand millions down the sink annually in little personal extravagances.—Dr. R. F. Rattray.

The Journal of Commercial Education contains many articles of value to young men, particularly to those who may be contemplating business careers. A recent number includes articles on The World of Business; Law in the Commercial World; Methods of Study; sections on French, Spanish and German; Insurance; The World of Books; The Financial Page of a Daily Newspaper; Peculiarities of Speech; Tests of Commercial Knowledge; Bookkeeping; and Personal Assurance.

New body lines

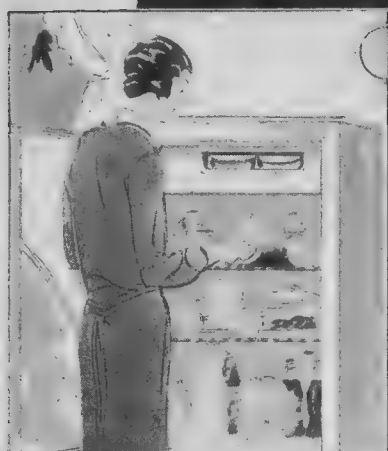


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The latest member of the Kelvinator family. Beautiful in design—all-metal exterior—built like a bridge—finished in Kelvinator gray enamel.

Cannot warp. Good for a lifetime. Corkboard insulation—Kelvinator exclusive "Sealtite" construction—impervious to moisture. Every proved device to keep warm air out and cold air in.

Compact — $56\frac{1}{8}$ inches high — $26\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide—wonderful amount of food storage space—nearly 5 cubic feet— $22\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep (exterior) so that you can reach in easily for anything. And it gives you Kelvination—"cold that keeps"—the finest type of electric refrigeration. The Zone of Kelvination (40 to 50 degrees) is the Zone of Health.

A source of continual pride to you—and comfort—and convenience—and health—and economy. Ideal for small homes and apartments. Light—easy to move about—to take with you when you move.

Never was so attractive, spacious and useful a cabinet, with electric refrigeration of so high a standard, offered at such a low price. A truly wonderful present for wedding, birthday or anniversary.

A practical saver of money, labor and food. Makes delicious frozen salads and

desserts—and plenty of those dainty ice cubes.

Kelvination costs little more to operate than burning an ordinary electric light continuously in your home. And you can get it for a small down payment and easy monthly installments.

* * *

See the Kelvinator Dealer nearest you about this newest model. You'll find his address in the telephone book. Drop in for a demonstration; learn how easily you can buy one on our Household Budget Plan, or put a Kelvinator in your present refrigerator. If you investigate—you'll Kelvinate.

Kelvinator of Canada, Limited, is represented throughout Canada by a competent sales and service organization. Note the type of responsible local organizations which sponsor this equipment in your city.

Don't forget—you can have the Kelvinator freezing unit installed in your present refrigerator and get all the advantages of unsurpassed electric refrigeration at lowest possible cost.

Get a New "Sealtite" Model Cabinet Kelvinator *free* In Celebration of Startling Low Prices



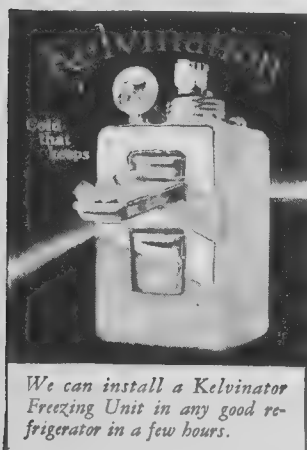
Unusually compact. The most refrigeration area for its size you can buy. Fits in anywhere. Easily moved around.

Already announced on all Kelvinator models—the lowest prices for Kelvinator in the history of the industry

You can win one by just writing us the best letter telling what you know about Kelvination—the wonder of modern refrigeration. The most interesting subject you can imagine when you think of how important refrigeration has been since the very beginning of man and how many centuries he has worked to provide it.

And now—Kelvination—the precious gift to humanity from Lord Kelvin, one of the greatest scientists who ever lived. Named after him who first discovered the laws of temperature and developed the means of controlling it at will.

Here is your opportunity to own a Kelvinator—wonderfully efficient electric refrigeration—without cost—and little time or effort. Delivered free to the winner's home and installed without charge. Ready to "plug in" for polar cold. "Cold that keeps."



We can install a Kelvinator Freezing Unit in any good refrigerator in a few hours.

Husbands—this is your chance to give your wife the present she

wants most. Housewives—a letter may bring you this longed-for comfort. Young men and women—think what a wonderful start it means for that new home of yours. For all—a joy-giving thing in its convenience, healthfulness, economy—ease of living.

Try It ~ Everybody

Kelvination is the oldest domestic electric refrigeration—the system of longest proved efficiency. Remarkably successful in its perfect automatic control of temperature. Remarkably low in current consumption—costs little more than burning an extra electric light continuously. So absolutely reliable that service calls average less than one per year.

And all for writing the best letter on Kelvination—its advantages in the home—what it means to life and health and comfort. You'll be fascinated with the subject. And the prize is well worth winning, for you'll enjoy your Kelvinator for a long, long time.

So get busy quickly. We want the lucky person to have this Kelvinator as soon as possible.

The Kelvinator Dealer Will Help You
Go to his showroom for an entry blank

and catalog. He will show you many cabinet models and also demonstrate the wonders of Kelvination to you. Then spend an evening or two at home telling us what you know about Kelvinator and the Zone of Kelvination—which is the Zone of Health. Read the Rules below—easy to follow—and do your best.

Rules of Contest

1. Open to any resident of an electrically wired home, not in any way connected with Kelvinator factory, sales or dealer organization.
2. Letters limited to 500 words in length.
3. As many letters as desired may be submitted by any one person.
4. Each letter must be accompanied by a completely filled-in Entry Blank to be secured from local Kelvinator Dealer.
5. Contest will close March 31, 1927, and all letters must be received at the address given below before that date, to obtain consideration.
6. Prize winners will be announced not later than June 15, 1927.
7. Address all letters to "Contest," Kelvinator of Canada, Ltd., London, Ont.

KELVINATOR of Canada, Ltd.
1121 Dundas Street, East, London, Ontario

KELVINATOR

NIZER

LEONARD

Kelvinator

© K. C. 1927

The Oldest Domestic Electric Refrigeration



He took a step forward and addressed the black clown.

"Come, you, tell us quickly where the King is."

Michalis, without answering, looked straight at him with his sombre eyes, which suddenly seemed to sparkle.

"Will you answer? I ask you where the King is."

As if coming out of a dream, Michalis stopped playing and said:

"The King? You are asking for the King?"

"Yes, which way did he go?"

"He did not go anywhere. I am the King!"

A tremendous burst of laughter shook all the Bolsheviks. But he who had spoken first became furious.

"Enough joking, imbecile; answer us, or if you don't look out for the consequences."

The clown, without taking his eyes off him, slipped off the table, placed his violin behind him, and, advancing toward the speaker, said to him in a thundering voice:

"The King? And why should you think that I am not he, imbecile?"

The man drew back. Michalis turned on his heel, sprang on the table, and, still impassive, cried out, addressing them all:

"I ask you, citizens, are there not enough kings in the world who make clowns of themselves, for a clown to make a king of himself just once?"

"Well spoken," said a student, laughing.

A workman interrupted:

"Let us not stay here amusing ourselves. Forward!"

But now Michalis was wagging his wan head like a serpent fascinating its prey, and no one made a step.

The clown continued:

"Is it not today in all the spheres of human activity that the fools govern? What difference is there, in your opinion, between clowns and kings? Have they not both the same function, that of putting the people to sleep with stories and shows, of checking their boredom by buffoonery some accomplish by laughter and others by gravity? Clowns sometimes throw balloons into the crowd, and one sees not only children, but also women, men and even old people jostling each other to make them bounce, and to play with them joyously.

"The leaders of the people also throw into the crowd, to attract their attention, ideas which are like the balloons of the circus, gold-beaters' skin puffed out with air.

"When a clown asks the audience, pointing to Auguste, who has just played a trick on him, 'Shall I give him a kick in the rear?' everyone cries out, applauding heartily, 'Yes, yes, and a good hard one.' When a king asks his subjects, pointing to a neighboring people, 'Shall we thrash them?' they reply in the same manner, throwing their hats into the air. 'Yes, yes, and very hard.' Only in this case there is quite a marked difference between the two men, to which no one pays any attention: the clown goes himself to give the promised kick, for which he may get a good drubbing; the King, however, sends others to settle his quarrels.

"Fool's play, either farcical or bloody. The clown is King; the clown is King on this earth. A clown is this once Revolutionist minister, who kisses with emotion the same flag with which he formerly wished to adorn the refuse-heap! A clown, this deputy, making promises to his electors that he knows he cannot keep! A clown, this diplomat, laden with decorations and gold braid, gravely discussing questions of which he does not understand the first word, and who, puffed out with importance, regulates the destiny of nations! A clown, this lawyer, who sheds tears while defending the worst rake! A clown, this magistrate, who acquits the profiteers and condemns all the unfortunate wretches!

"The clown is King, I tell you; the clown is King."

All eyes were riveted on Michalis, who looked at this minute like a lion-tamer, holding his beasts in abeyance. Without giving his audience time to reflect, he continued:

"And you, my friends, are you not also clowns without knowing it, whom the ringleaders push into the arena to make you perform dangerous tricks, of which all the success will come back to them? What are you doing here? What result can you draw from this frolic? Don't you perceive that, at this moment, you are bounding and rebounding those gold-beaters' skin balloons of empty phrases and utopias? But take care, for they

The Princess and the Clowns

Continued from page 11

contain pernicious gases from which one dies when they burst. Get along with you!

"Violence never engenders anything but violence. Do not try to impose the reign of your minority on this peaceful country. Enjoy life. You, fishermen, return to your boats which are rocking in the harbor. In a few hours the adorable daybreak will appear on the horizon. Let the town awake singing; do not fill it with silence and fright."

He had taken up his violin, and, still keeping his eyes on the revolutionists, he commenced to play.

"Listen to the song of the town; the women are chattering as they sweep the thresholds of their houses, the sailors are turning their creaking capstans, the merchants are calling out through the streets, the bells of the churches are loudly pealing forth, the sun is already making the sands shimmer. This evening the lads and lasses will dance on the squares. Life is good!



A great desire came to her to fold in her arms the loved one whom she had made suffer

"And you, peasants, what are you doing here when the birds will soon begin their concerts in the branches? Go and open the gates of the folds so that your sheep may wander about bleating over the steppes. As you lie flat on the grass watching over them you will look at the golden scarab rolling its ball among the stones. After refreshing yourself with pure water from the spring, you will sleep under the ancient olive trees, lulled by the far-off song of the women washing the linen in the river. Life is good!

As he spoke, he played, turn by turn, blending them in cleverly one with the other, all the most beautiful songs of Georgevia. A few of the revolutionists walked slowly out of the room, as if compelled to do so by the look in his eyes; others lowered their heads; two or three even wept; several, at last, recaptured by their daily habits, chanted under their breath the three notes which to every Oriental are the lullaby of his innermost dream.

SUDDENLY a great tumult sounded on the square and in the courtyard of the Palace: the gallop of horses, nervous commands, and clanking of arms.

"The dream is over! Fly!" cried Michalis, jumping from the table. "Fly quickly, or you will be seized. Every man for himself, my friends; every man for himself!"

It was a sudden and bewildered disbanding, all the more rapid because of Partner, who had just then come in, crying, "The Cossacks! Here are the Cossacks!" less to frighten the rioters than to warn his companion, who had slipped quickly into the royal apartments.

Chased through the hallways, the drawing-rooms and the park, jumping out of the windows, but surrounded on all sides, the revolutionists were nearly all arrested. A few only succeeded in escaping, and hurried rapidly beyond the frontier in the fear of reprisals which they thought would be terrible.

Partner, aided by the Chief of Police and the colonel of the Cossacks, having taken all wise precautions, calm was soon restored in the Palace, which was surrounded for additional safety by a relay of troops.

It was exactly in this manner that the skirmish took place on the 15th of April, 1921. The report of it was hushed up carefully, and the newspapers of Tcharkowla, under compulsion, reduced it to a news item of ten lines.

When everyone had gone, Michalis, who had been notified and had changed his clown costume, came himself to open the door of the offices, behind which crouched the Princess Olga, trembling.

"Madame," he said to her, as he bowed respectfully, "you can return to your apartments. All danger is over. I apologize for not having, as yet, carried out your orders. As you may judge by looking at the present condition of my face, I was preparing to do so when the riot broke out. It is no longer possible for me to disappear just now, and I see myself forced to await tomorrow night before putting my plans into execution. Are you willing to grant me this delay?"

"I shall profit by the happenings of today to take different and useful measures for the good of the country, and I shall issue a proclamation announcing my decision of retiring into a monastery, and I shall sign a total abdication in your favor. I believe it would be preferable for Georgevia and yourself, Madame, not to reveal my identity. You will, however, be free to act according to your conscience. Naturally, no one will see me during these eighteen hours."

The poor little Princess was touched to the point of not being able to speak. She managed, however, to master herself by a supreme effort of will-power.

"I thank you, Sir," she murmured in a choked voice, "I thank you for the composure and courage that you have just shown. You have saved my life; I shall never forget it."

Michalis bent one knee to the ground.

"I have but done my duty, Madame. But since Your Highness is willing to express approbation, I take the liberty, on account of the service that I have had the happiness of rendering you to solicit your pardon before my definite departure."

A flood of tears filled the eyes of Olga Alexandrowna. She held out a trembling hand to the clown, which he kissed devoutly, and said in a low voice, "I forgive you," and fled.

On the way she met her mother, the Grand Duchess Marie, who was just returning, quivering with retrospective fear, agitated but triumphant also, for the event of the night justified her predictions.

"Ah, dearest, my own darling," she cried, clinging to Olga, who was running, her handkerchief to her mouth to stifle her sobs: "my little girl—what an abomination! When I think of it!—the bandits—to have dared! It's terrible! How frightened you must have been, you poor, sweet child. If only I had been there! But I could not have been of any use to you. I should have died first. You will tell me about it, of course. For goodness sake, don't walk so quickly; my legs are aching horribly.

"Didn't I foresee this? But no one would listen to me, and I am sure that your Michel thought I was crazy. He sees at last where his theories and methods are leading us all! What does he say now! I hope he is going to hang all those miserable wretches, those assassins, those—"

But the Princess, without listening to her, had gone to her room, and had very disrespectfully shut the door in her face, which at first choked her with astonishment and indignation. She cried

Continued on page 61

1867 — 1927
DIAMOND JUBILEE SERIES

PAGES FROM CANADIAN HISTORY



LIKE the Elizabethan age in England, the era of Confederation in Canada was a time of giants of constructive imagination. Confederation itself expressed the magnificent vision of great minds and fine characters. Of these the Canadian Pacific Railway had its share.

British Columbia had made the construction of a trans-continental railway a specific condition of her joining Confederation. The Fathers of Confederation promised that it should be done. A brave promise—to lay steel rails over plains and rivers, threading mountain passes, across two thousand five hundred miles of unmapped wilderness.

Both political parties, honestly intent, tried to construct the railway. Twelve years of effort found their plan a failure.

Then there appeared upon the scene the man—George Stephen.

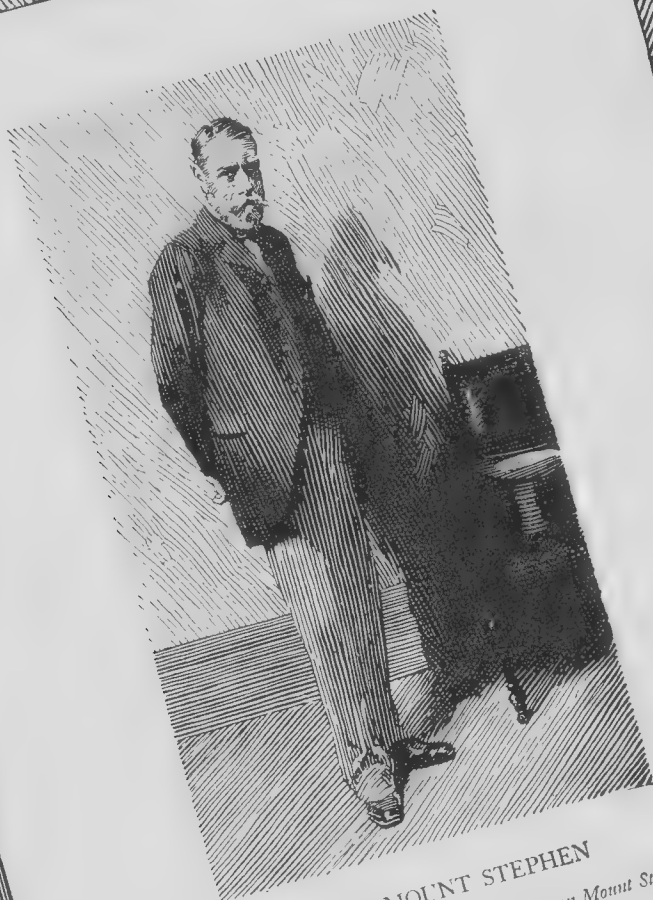
What had this "hare-brained scheme" to offer him? Riches? He was even then a wealthy man. Prominence? He was already one of the young Dominion's outstanding business men. Yet, for the vision that became the Canadian Pacific Railway, he gave up his own financial safety, risked the reputation he had won, staked everything he had so far achieved.

Spurred by faith, George Stephen, with the group he gathered around him—which included Donald Smith, afterwards Lord Strathcona, and R. B. Angus—fought the fight against nature, fought against bitter scepticism and public indifference . . . fought and won!

The word of the country, its honor, were in the keeping of these men. How well the trust was kept is a matter of history. The fulfilment of that trust, the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, made concrete the vision of binding the loosely-held provinces into one nation.

George Stephen, afterwards made Lord Mount Stephen, the first President of the Canadian Pacific, stands in the front rank of those giants who were the founders of the Canada of today.

[1]



LORD MOUNT STEPHEN

George Stephen, Bart., G.C.P.O., First Baron Mount Stephen
President of the Canadian Pacific until 1888

CANADIAN



PACIFIC

IT SPANS THE WORLD

The Friendly Home



IN Spring Cleaning or artistic Home decoration at any time, there is nothing comparable to the finished effect of walls and ceilings treated with

"EMPIRE" KALSOMINE WALL PAINT

Even an extensive scheme may readily become a delightful pastime for the women of the home—so clean and so easily handled is "EMPIRE."



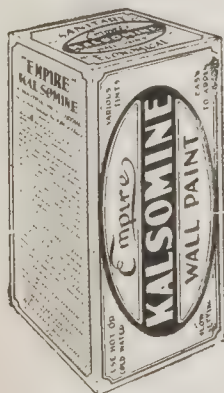
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COLOR CARD

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WINNIPEG

WHEN an architect plans a home he is always haunted by what may be called the first impression. Back of all plans is or should be the reflected personality, either of the owner or the architect, and to a great extent this personality depends upon the first impression received by both. Examine the plan shown and it is readily seen that the arrangement such as it is, has been carefully thought out, and it must be said that the problem of planning is one on which there is a great

By V. W. Horwood
Registered Architect

depths, the design outlined in brown with a touch of silver stain.

The history of the hall is practically that of house planning. In the earliest times it for all practical purposes was really the house. The owner not only lived in it but ate and slept there, and

tion between the dining room and the living room. It is effectively concealed by the columned screen which serves to break up what would become a long passage, and yet which gives glimpses of the flowers and excites the interest of the occasional guest. The conveniences in the hall are well planned. A small closet is provided for the family outdoor clothes, and the telephone is in such a position that it can be answered from the service portion conveniently. The position of the kitchen is of im-



divergence of opinion. There may have been a perfect plan evolved, but so far no two persons have been found to agree upon its perfection. The entrance hall even in the smallest house has possibilities of design which no other portion of the house possesses. Not only is it the means of communication between the chief rooms; it either contains the principal staircase or leads to it, and in the staircase is found one of the principal motives of decoration in the house.

The hall and staircase shown is a rather unusual but happy one. The vestibule leads into a square hall which at first appears to be the usual hall and nothing more, but a second glance reveals a charming view of the alcove separated by a columned screen and a pleasant surprise awaits when entering farther into the house to come upon the large stair hall with its broad stairs leading to a broader landing with the exquisite glimmer of a stained glass window, translucent, throwing strange soft subdued colors into the depths of the hall alcove.

Rupert Brooke says:

"Red darkness of the heart of roses—
Blue brilliant from dead starless skies
And gold—"

A stained glass window should express all this, and it is rather a regret that the architect of today has received an unfortunate idea of stained and colored windows for domestic use, from the cheap, crude rubbish that masquerades under the name of stained glass. So this window should be designed by an artist and if the use of much color is taboo, use the antique white with its mysterious bubbles and

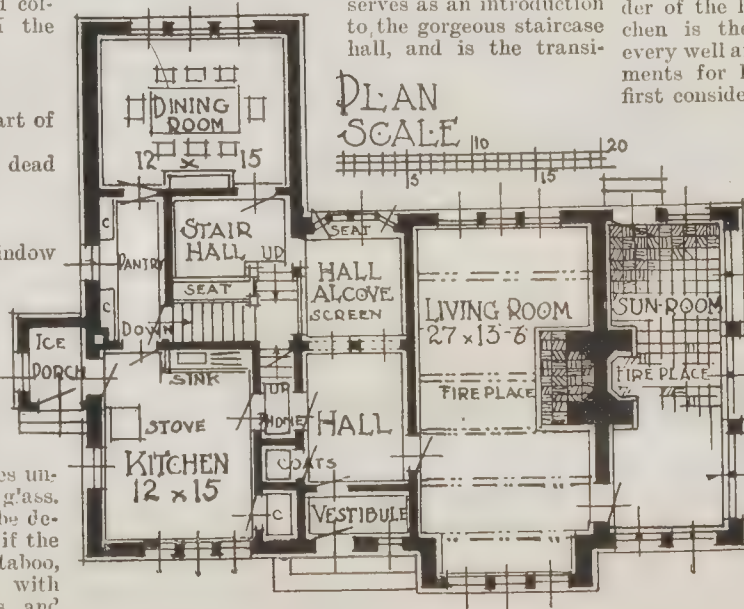
it took centuries to evolve the present planning to which we are accustomed. To Inigo Jones we owe the true house plan, the plan which has come down to our own times, and in the Southern States this plan is still very much used as Jones evolved it from the French and Italian, the central hall with rooms on each side of it. The hall in this plan as in most others gives the keynote which is struck for the whole house.

DURING recent years there is more a disposition to live all over the house, one reason for this being the improved heating arrangements, so that especially in the rooms opening directly from the hall there should not be sudden transitions from one style to another or extreme color contrasts. The alcove would make a very dainty tea room with the small bay built in the recesses of the brick wall, and which could be used for a broad seat or for plants and flowers. This little alcove serves as an introduction to the gorgeous staircase hall, and is the transi-

portance. It must not be far from the dining room, and yet even in the smallest house the secrets of the menu should be kept within the kitchen. A little buffer hall is planned from which the combination stairs lead to the common landing out of sight of the main hall. This combination stairs makes a great saving in space both upstairs and down, and does away with a network of small halls which become necessary when back stairs are built. This is not to be taken as advice to do away with back stairs, but in this particular instance it seemed a happy idea to arrive at a certain result. It is sometimes very difficult in a home of this size to respect the privacy of the main stairs and hall in such a way that visitors are not all the time bumping into the help. The servants dislike it and so do the visitors. So, in this plan the kitchen serves all portions of the household, quite privately, from a central point, and yet is absolutely isolated by small halls from the remainder of the house. The work of the kitchen is the preparation of food, and every well arranged kitchen has arrangements for lightening this burden. The first consideration is the location of the

utensils, and the table and sink where meats and vegetables, etc., are prepared. All should be near enough to the range so that there are no unnecessary steps to be taken. A kitchen cabinet would prove of great assistance in a kitchen of this size as it can be placed to the best advantage. There are many devices manufactured now to lighten the kitchen work. For the preparation of bread, pastry, the pantry is provided. In it are places for everything which can be used for such work. You can go

Continued on page 32



WAX Your Floors to Gleaming Beauty

this new, easy, Electric way

EVERY floor surface in your house can be brought instantly to lustrous, deep-toned beauty at trifling expense. Even those shabby worn spots at the foot of the stairs and in door-ways. And those dull looking "edges" around the rugs. *HOW?* With Johnson's Liquid Wax and Electric Floor Polisher.

All you do is to spread on a thin film of Johnson's Liquid Wax. This cleans as it waxes. Then run the Johnson Electric Polisher over the floors. You will be amazed at their charm and beauty and at the ease and speed of their transformation.

It's so easy *anyone* can do it. Takes but a few minutes—there is no stooping or kneeling—no messy rags and pails. And your dainty hands do not touch the floors or the wax.

Any floor—old or new—of wood, linoleum, tile, marble or composition—regardless of how finished (whether with varnish, shellac, wax or paint) all respond equally well to this rejuvenating Johnson's Wax *Electric* treatment.

And when "traffic spots" begin to show you can re-wax them quickly without going over the entire floor. The new coating of wax will blend in perfectly with the old—leaving not the slightest suggestion of a patch.

This Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher is much easier to operate than a vacuum cleaner. You don't need to push it or bear down on it. In fact it runs itself—you merely walk along and GUIDE it with the finger-tips of one hand.



You Can
RENT this wonderful
Electric Floor Polisher

For \$2⁰⁰ a day your neighborhood merchant or your painter will rent you a Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher. With it you can beautify *all* your floors in just a few hours. The brush, whizzing 2100 times a minute, drives the wax into the very heart of the floor and brings up a burnished, wear-resisting polish such as could never be attained by hand.

Telephone your nearest dealer now and make an appointment to RENT a Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher for any day you wish. If you should have any difficulty getting this Rental Service in your neighborhood, please let us know.

or Buy One outright for your own exclusive use. It will save you many hours—much work and a lot of money on floor refinishing. Its use will protect and increase your home investment!

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, LTD., BRANTFORD
"The Floor Finishing Authorities"

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JOHNSON'S POLISHING WAX

PASTE or LIQUID ~ CLEANS, POLISHES, PRESERVES ALL FLOORS



HERE'S just a bit of a catch in that sentence to the right. For we believe that after the month is over, you will be so delighted with the beneficial effects and the delicious taste of Ipana, that, like thousands of others you will continue to use it—and like it—for a long, long time.

Ipana's fresh flavor will win you instantly; you will be delighted with its power to keep your teeth clean. And, if you follow our advice in the way you should use it, you will discover how valuable it is in keeping your gums in perfect condition.

How Ipana and massage offset the damage soft food does

Our food today, with its savory sauces and its creamy coverings, is devoid of the fibre and roughage that once kept gums in health. It denies to the gums the healthful exercise and stimulation they require to keep them firm and sound.

Under this daily regime of soft food,

gums become tender and weak. They soften, and "pink tooth brush" warns of more serious troubles to come.

But, with the aid of Ipana and massage, you can keep your gums as they were meant to be—firm, healthy and sound. Simply brush your gums gently with Ipana after the usual cleaning with Ipana and the brush. If at first they are too tender, begin by massaging them with a little Ipana on the fingers. Later as the tissues grow firmer the tooth brush should be used for this gentle twice-a-day frictionizing.

The massage will rouse the circulation within the gum walls

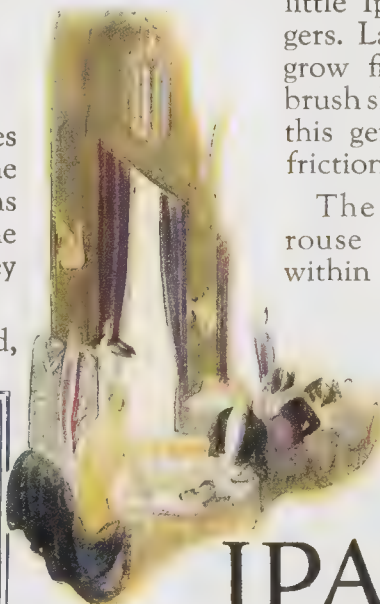
and bring a suffusion of fresh blood to this stagnant area. And Ipana itself, because of its ziratal content, will strengthen and tone the gum tissue, rendering it more resistant to disease. Ziratal is a hemostatic and antiseptic, used for years by dentists in their work, to allay bleeding and to strengthen weakened gums.

Ask your own dentist about Ipana, if you like. He knows it and can attest its virtues. For our professional men have demonstrated Ipana's benefits to hundreds and hundreds of Canadian dentists. In fact, it was by professional recommendation that Ipana was first made known to the public.

Ask your druggist today for a full-size tube

Of course, we will gladly send a ten-day trial if you care to return the coupon in the corner. But a full-size tube from your nearest drug store, used faithfully for thirty days, is a fairer test of all Ipana can do in caring for your teeth and in restoring your gums to normal soundness and health.

Dentists agree that modern food—the soft, creamy things we eat every day of our lives—is the cause of nine-tenths of all the tooth and gum troubles so widely prevalent today.



IPANA Tooth Paste

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

STENHOUSE LTD.
36 St. Francois Xavier St.
Montreal, Que.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE, without charge or obligation.

Name

Address

City..... Prov.....

MADE IN CANADA

COME LET US READ A WHILE

BY W.H.M. LIBRARIAN

A Depressing Family

PAUL and Jenny are the children of Brookfield, a schoolmaster. When this story opens the mother of Paul and Jenny is dead. The house is "run" by Agnes, who is a courtesan by nature. I really do not know why John Carruthers wrote this book called "Adam's Daughter" (Jonathan Cape). I borrowed it to read because I had seen many startling advertisements and one or two appreciative reviews. But honestly, how can anyone find enjoyment in reading about so miserable a creature as Brookfield? A failure as a scientist, as a father, as a citizen. Dr. Stronach, the family doctor, drinks too much. Jenny is an unbalanced creature. There is nothing pleasant about this story, nothing fine; in fact I was glad when Brookfield shot his housekeeper Agnes and John Carruthers was forced to bring his story to an end.

The Mother-in-law Again

A READER of The Western Home Monthly, who lives in the States, advised me to read Dorothy Canfield's "Her Son's Wife" (Jonathan Cape). As I knew her literary taste coincided with mine, I lost no time in securing a copy of this novel. It is a much more powerful book than Dorothy Canfield has hitherto achieved. I enjoyed "The Home Maker" very much, but this novel needed filling out. It took but an hour to read, I remember. "Her Son's Wife" is far more robust: a longer, stronger story teeming with detail, a heart-breaking story. Think of it! Mrs. Bascombe, a widow, had for 20 years and more worked as a teacher to support herself and son. She had denied herself much to give him an education that would fit him for the professional life she thought he desired to enter. She had denied herself in order to give him a pleasant home. It would have been much easier for her after the day's drudgery (for what is teaching but drudgery) had she lived in one room and had placed the boy as a boarder in some school. But no! She thought it was her duty to give him the benefits of home life, and therefore when the last book had been corrected she hurried home to cook the evening meal, and after the meal there were dishes to be washed and ironing to be done and mending to be attended to. But she did not look upon it as a hardship. Would not her son Ralph fully repay her in later life? Of course she had to rise a little earlier in order to prepare their breakfast and leave the house in perfect order. For she was houseproud, was Mrs. Bascombe, and loved her shining up-to-date home with its new equipment but precious old china. And then one day a casual letter just to tell the dear mother "who always understood" that this son of hers, this boy who should have been working hard at university in order to equip himself thoroughly for his profession, had married, and now awaited his mother's blessing, and her invitation to bring his wife, Lottie, into the beautiful little home she had worked so hard to maintain.

Lottie was "not her sort," Ralph had written, and warned her of this. That sentence in his letter wriggled like some poisonous snake. She read and re-read it until she felt that the poison had entered her brain and was permeating her whole being. But she is a wonderful woman is Mrs. Bascombe, strongminded and broadminded, and Ralph is her son. She sends a wire to welcome them. They come, and from that day her home is defiled. Lottie is as dirty, as careless, as crude, as unthinking as her mother-in-law is clean, careful, fastidious and thoughtful. It twists one's heart to read of Mrs. Bascombe's struggle to keep the peace. Dorothy Canfield has done a marvellous piece of work. She has made us see the mother, the son and the daughter-in-law, and so justly and truly does she hold the balance that we can view the situation through three pairs of eyes. I am not going to tell

you how Mrs. Bascombe attempts to solve the terrible problem that confronts her. I know you will enjoy this book, and therefore I but bring it to your notice and say as my Milwaukee correspondent said: "Be sure and read 'Her Son's Wife.'"

Thy Kingdom Come

IT IS not so very long ago that I was telling you about Robert Hichens' new novel, "The God Within Him." You will remember that I pointed out how much the plot of this book was like that of "The Third Floor Back." Strangely enough another novel has come to hand that is reminiscent of Jarome K. Jerome's play and Robert Hichens' novel. "The Kingdom" by Frank H. Shaw (Cassell & Co., Canada) is frankly a religious book. The dominant character passing through the chapters under various names and in various guises is obviously meant for Jesus. Curiously enough although the machinery creaks so badly, although one knows exactly what is going to happen as each new problem arises, I found it impossible to put aside this book until I had read it from cover to cover. I think it must be the absolute sincerity of the author that makes it impossible to accuse Mr. Shaw of mawkishness or sentimentality. I know that were thousands to read this novel a large percentage would pronounce upon it unfavorably, and speak of it even with scorn. I did not enjoy it, but I felt its strength. The chief character drew me like a magnet. The author, so far as I am concerned, had accomplished what he set out to do. He intended that this "stranger" should be a magnet to the casual passer-by.

Stepping Along

I HAVE had a very interesting little book sent to me by Capt. H. H. C. Baird, D.S.O., called "Progress and Achievement." It is not, however, an essay on these two abstract virtues, but a very practical treatise on the very best kind of artificial limb, and he is very anxious that the Dominions should know of it.

Captain Baird, who has himself had a distinguished Army career, tells me of the terrible two years he spent after losing his own leg—while he used the now obsolete wooden artificial limb. He then told me of what the advent of the Desoulter Duralium leg had meant to him, and how his pamphlet was intended to spread the gospel far and wide—not only to ex-service men—but to all who have had the misfortunes to their limbs in civil life.

It is a convincing little book and can be had, free of charge, on application to Capt. Baird at his home: Whitelocks, Kingston, nr. Canterbury.

Up in the Air

"MARAZAN," by Neville Shute (Cassell & Co.), is an excellent combination of realisms of vastly different kinds. Aviation, crime and love, with crime detected and aviation and love triumphant.

Capt. Philip Stenning has the same problem to face as in John Galsworthy's "Escape." When Mr. Shute's hero aided and abetted Compton—the fugitive convict—he little anticipated the adventures which would entangle him in the biggest conspiracy of dope smuggling in Europe—nor did he know that he would be the means eventually of unmasking the international gang and of winning for himself the prize of his lifetime. But so it is, and the realistic descriptions of aeroplane flights and fights, of yachting in the choppy seas of the Scillies, claim the reader's attention from beginning to end. A detective story, with new settings and with a human interest unusual in such stories—and above all with a love interest that should appeal to a much wider circle than is usually found in stories of this kind. Joan is a reality from the beginning—not a technical necessity of the story-teller's art. There

is action enough to please the most exacting. Give us another, Mr. Shute!

Add to your List

I DEFY anybody to find a story that so mirrors the truth, and does it so beautifully and so artistically, as "The House by the Windmill" (A. E. Rothery). This is not a new book, but being wise and listening to the advice of a friend, I borrowed it. It is a book I should like to have in my own library. A poignant, pulsing story of a mother, a father and their children. I have thought about this family over and over again since reading the book. The mother was such a magnificent character, and yet she was not rewarded with great happiness in her children. I wonder if the author wished to drive home this truth: that we parents have no right to think that our children can be moulded just to our own desire. This mother was a high-spirited, clever, tireless woman with great ambitions. As a matter of fact, she was "too much"—to put it vulgarly—for her family. They had neither her intellect nor her ambitions. Her path to happiness was not theirs, and she had not enough wisdom to see that she was wrong in trying to force them along it. Only one of her children found real happiness; the little weak, dependent daughter who had never acted or thought for herself; who married a man "much too old for her, much too poor for her"; a man whom this mother scorned, because he was content to drift. She did not see that what her little daughter longed for more than anything on earth was to be permitted to drift. This daughter did not wish to keep up a perpetual fight against the waves of life. The mother drew fresh strength and courage each time a storm lashed her, but not so the daughter. And then consider the inarticulate son. I can quite understand what an irritation he must have been to his gifted mother, so ready to express herself and competent always to find the right word. But it happened that her son had not these gifts, and he too found life with his mother difficult. A beautiful, moving story, and one that parents may well ponder upon. I think I shall buy it for keeps.

Eyes That Lure

CANADIANS will be interested to hear of a new novel by John Murray Gibbon, the well-known Publicity Manager of the C.P.R. "Eyes of a Gipsy" is its bewitching title (Methuen & Co., Ltd.).

My readers should first cross my hand with silver before I tell them anything about the plot of this story! We'll consider it done. Frankly, when I opened this novel I was apprehensive lest Mr. Gibbon had permitted his allegiance to the C.P.R. to run away with him! I feared a story of a hero dashing across the Dominion of Canada in a Pullman de Luxe. Nothing of the sort. The story opens with a boat, a fog, a wreck and a most exciting account of the rescue of the passengers, one of whom immediately claims our sympathy because she remains on the sinking liner until she has collected herself a dozen trunks and persuaded a sailor to carry them for her to the lifeboat! We are all the more intrigued when she works black magic in the pitch-black fog. By this time Maurice, our hero, has fallen victim to the "eyes of a gipsy," but if you think he marries her you are very much mistaken. But read this story for yourself. It is racy, unusual and full of color, and certainly adds distinction to Mr. Gibbon's career as a novelist.

Briefs

I have to acknowledge for review next month "Poteen," by William Arthur Deacon, the brilliant and combative literary editor of the "Toronto Saturday Night."

This volume is a hotch-potch, or should we say, a "cocktail," of Canadian essays. As I have not yet read them I really cannot review the book!



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CFAC...Calgary Herald Calgary
CJCA...Edmonton Journal Edmonton
CKCD...Vancouver Daily Province Vancouver
CJGC...London Free Press .. London, Ont.
KHJ...Times Los Angeles
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..... San Francisco
KGW...Oregonian Portland
KFOA...Times Seattle

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The Royal Bank of Canada

General Statement



30th November, 1926

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock Paid up.....		\$24,400,000.00
Reserve Fund.....	\$24,400,000.00	
Balance of Profits carried forward.....	1,409,674.58	
	\$25,809,674.58	
Dividends Unclaimed.....	13,142.66	
Dividend No. 157 (at 12% per annum), payable 1st December, 1926.....	732,000.00	
Bonus of 2%, payable 1st December, 1926.....	488,000.00	
		27,042,817.24
		\$51,442,817.24
Deposits not bearing interest.....	\$161,170,458.50	
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date of Statement.....	451,689,830.13	
Total Deposits.....	\$612,860,288.63	
Notes of the Bank in circulation.....	39,171,262.94	
Balances due to other Banks in Canada.....	1,390,944.68	
Balances due to Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada.....	16,764,934.43	
Bills Payable.....	6,103,180.05	
Liabilities not included in the foregoing.....	40,666.64	
		676,331,277.37
		\$38,602,848.65

ASSETS

Gold on Subsidiary Coin on hand.....	\$21,604,504.74	
Gold deposited in Central Gold Reserves.....	8,400,000.00	\$30,004,504.74
Dominion Notes on hand.....	\$33,401,580.50	
Dominion Notes deposited in Central Gold Reserves.....	9,600,000.00	
United States and other Foreign Currencies.....		43,001,580.50
		26,862,177.19
Notes of other Canadian Banks.....	\$99,868,262.43	
Cheques on other Banks.....	3,705,579.55	
Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada.....	27,214,300.90	
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities, (not exceeding market value).....	26,779,991.26	
Canadian Municipal Securities and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian, (not exceeding market value).....	64,733,057.88	
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks (not exceeding market value).....	26,880,492.34	
Call and Short (not exceeding thirty days) Loans in Canada on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks and other Securities of a sufficient marketable value to cover.....	16,380,953.48	
Call and Short (not exceeding thirty days) Loans elsewhere than in Canada on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks and other Securities of a sufficient marketable value to cover.....	29,719,561.79	
	71,997,883.89	
		\$367,280,083.52
Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less rebate of interest) after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts.....	\$197,759,230.24	
Current Loans and Discounts elsewhere than in Canada (less rebate of interest after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts).....	138,384,822.96	
Non-Current Loans, estimated loss provided for.....	2,583,639.41	
		338,727,692.61
Bank Premises at not more than cost, less amounts written off.....	14,401,556.21	
Real Estate other than Bank Premises.....	2,141,979.64	
Mortgages on Real Estate sold by the Bank.....	1,387,555.48	
Liabilities of Customers under Letters of Credit as per contra.....	38,602,848.65	
Shares of and Loans to Controlled Companies.....	2,047,372.21	
Deposit with the Minister for the purposes of the Circulation Fund.....	1,245,000.00	
Other Assets not included in the foregoing.....	542,854.94	
		\$766,376,943.26

AUDITORS' CERTIFICATE

TO THE SHAREHOLDERS OF THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA:
We have examined the above statement of Liabilities and Assets at 30th November, 1926 with the books and accounts of The Royal Bank of Canada at Head Office and with the certified returns from the branches. We have verified the cash and securities at Head Office at the close of the Bank's fiscal year, and during the year we counted the cash and examined the securities at several of the important branches.
We have obtained all the information and explanations that we have required, and in our opinion the transactions of the Bank, which have come under our notice, have been within the powers of the Bank. The above statement is in our opinion properly drawn up so as to disclose the true condition of the Bank as at 30th November, 1926, and it is as shown by the books of the Bank.

A. B. BRODIE, C.A.,
of Price, Waterhouse & Co.
JAS. G. ROSS, C.A.,
of P. S. Ross & Sons

Auditors.

Montreal, Canada, 27th December, 1926.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 30th November, 1925.....	\$ 1,249,435.32
Profits for the year, after deducting charges of management, accrued interest on deposits, full provision for all bad and doubtful debts and rebate of interest on unmatured bills.....	4,516,239.26
	\$5,765,674.58
APPROPRIATED AS FOLLOWS:	
Dividends Nos. 154, 155, 156 and 157 at 12% per annum.....	\$2,928,000.00
Bonus of 2% to Shareholders.....	488,000.00
Transferred to Officers' Pension Fund.....	100,000.00
Appropriation for Bank Premises.....	400,000.00
Reserve for Dominion Government Taxes, including Tax on Bank Note Circulation.....	440,000.00
Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward.....	1,409,674.58
	\$5,765,674.58

H. S. HOLT,
President

Montreal, 27th December, 1926.

C. E. NEILL,
General Manager

When answering advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly



IN studying the financial papers during the past month nothing has struck us so forcibly as the unbounded confidence and faith in the future of Canada as shown in the speeches and reports of leaders of finance. All the leading financiers seem to vie with one another in expressing laudatory opinions as to the undoubted realm of prosperity which lies before us. It is a far cry from 1920 when the period of deflation brought distress to so many, but as we look back for a moment we realize that the experience has been a valuable one and that the stability existent particularly in the manufacturing industries is largely based upon these lessons, bitterly learned, but tenaciously retained. A word of warning may be appropriate at this moment. It is a trite economic law that over production brings about a collapse of the industrial structure if the consuming public is unable to use up all that is manufactured, and manufacturers will do well to keep in mind this obvious, yet oft times overlooked law.

There is no barometer more indicative of the condition of a country than that of railways. As the "Investment Securities" points out in its December issue the conduct of a transportation system with widely extended lines, and its intimate connection with every phase of commercial activity both at home and abroad, make its executives exceptionally alive to the trend of general conditions. Both the President of the Canadian Pacific Railway and of the Canadian National Railways speak in very satisfactory tones of the future. Mr. E.W. Beatty says that he is one of those who believes that this improvement should continue for some time to come and that agricultural and industrial prosperity with the greater buying power which that involves should show a gratifying result in carloadings and consequent earnings; and Sir Henry Thornton reports that there is no boom under way, but that a healthy expansion in trade and agriculture is going on, and that this should gather momentum during the next twelve months instead of slowing up. He has returned from an extended tour of the road with a "renewed feeling that Canada is proceeding in an orderly, sane and sure manner toward a great future."

Many factors have contributed to the present prosperous condition of Canada. Though at one time the safely garnering in of the grain crops was imperilled by adverse weather we find that eventually the yield was a little below that of last year, although the same high grades were not produced. Prices have remained very steady, a state of affairs which has tended largely to stability in trades and industries depending upon a successful crop. The implement, boot and shoe, steel, motor car, and mining industries all have contributed to the building up of a strong industrial fabric and increasing production with consequent distribution of wealth amongst many will likely follow.

GREAT developments have taken place in the pulp and paper and mining industries. In New Brunswick, Quebec and Manitoba many large mills have been erected, and the American Aluminium Company is constructing an extremely large plant in Quebec. It is needless to point out the many millions of dollars which have been subscribed for mining developments in Quebec, Ontario and Manitoba.

Hopes have been held out that during the coming session of parliament material reductions will be made in taxes. This is a step in the right direction, particularly with reference to the income tax. Nothing imperils the development of the industries of a young country more than heavy and burdensome imposts. Capital will flow only to those countries where taxation is lowest. Canada is a young country and is in need of capital to develop conservatively her tremendous natural

resources. If, then, our premises are correct, nothing will tend to bring in that desired capital more than the lowering or even abolition of taxes. It is realized that the demands of Federal administration prevent any wholesale reduction of taxes, but it is respectfully submitted that the Minister of Finance will be well advised to keep this in mind in the next Budget.

During the past year a Royal Commission has been enquiring into the grievances of the Maritime Provinces and the report of the Commission has been tabled in the House of Commons. Many important and novel recommendations were made in hope that the discontent of the Maritimes would be alleviated. Some of the chief recommendations are as follows:-

- (1) A 20% decrease in railway freight rates on all traffic originating and terminating within the Atlantic division of the Canadian National Railways.
- (2) Pending revision of Federal money grants, payments of \$875,000 to Nova Scotia; \$600,000 to New Brunswick; and \$125,000 to Prince Edward Island.
- (3) An additional car ferry between Prince Edward Island and Mainland; the placing of the ports of Halifax and St. John under a harbour commission.
- (5) A bonus on steel when Canadian coal is used in its manufacture.

These items involving large expenditures by the Federal Government will be closely scanned by other members of the Dominion, and it looks as if the recommendations will have to be somewhat curtailed. The hope is expressed that the debates whether in parliament or outside will be conducted with the sole end in view of the welfare of the Dominion as a whole.

THE annual statement of the Royal Bank of Canada issued on December 27th, 1926 must indeed be gratifying to the shareholders inasmuch as it represents marked progress during the past year. The net profits for the year after deducting charges of management, the accrued interest on deposit and full provision for all bad and doubtful debts, etc. amounted to \$4,516,239.26 which is the largest in the history of the Bank. A substantial proof of what we have said as to the prosperity of Canada is evidenced in the fact that there has been a substantial gain in current loans to take care of increasing requirements of industry and trade. The bank now possesses 750 branches throughout Canada besides having large interests in practically every foreign country. In view of the banking conditions of other countries it is a source of a great pride that we have in our midst such an institution which is ever ready to build up industries on a sound and conservative basis. Canada has not much to fear from any banking disaster when such institutions are in our midst. The total assets of the bank have now reached the very large sum of \$766,376,943.26. A summary of the general statement as at November 30th, 1926 is included in this issue and will well repay perusal.

We have received a communication from a subscriber in Saskatchewan asking as to the standing of a certain investment company. To answer such a query is the function of a rating house and does not fall within the scope of this article. However, as funds are becoming more plentiful it is safe to prophesy that many doubtful schemes will be dressed in alluring garb and presented for the delectation and approval of the unsuspecting. If doubt is felt it is better to "bide a wee" and consult your local banker or lawyer, or if they are unable to assist to consult some of the better known and older financial companies. It is distinctly understood that the last sentence has not reference to the company about whom the subscriber was enquiring.

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This department is conducted by one of the best known of Winnipeg's legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all the Western Provinces. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases a sum of one dollar should be enclosed with their questions.

LAST month we dealt with the question of offer and acceptance as constituting one of the elements in the formation of a contract and we showed how both of these might arise. From either express words or from such conduct by the parties as to justify the courts in assuming that a definite contract had been contemplated by both. In this article we propose dealing first with the difference between the communication of an offer and the communication of an acceptance, secondly with the nature of an offer and thirdly with the nature of an acceptance.

We have already pointed out that an offer to do something only becomes effective when it is actually communicated to the other party. If for instance I mail an offer to a party but through some defect in the postal system the letter is never received there is no offer in existence because it has not been communicated. On the other hand acceptance of an offer is communicated when it is made in the manner prescribed by the offeror. A farmer once offered to buy some flour from a miller, and requested the miller to send his answer back by the wagon which brought the offer. The miller thought it would be quicker to send the reply by post and did so, but it was held that he was not entitled to compel the farmer to buy the flour because he had not sent back the answer in the manner prescribed. Similarly whenever an offer is made by post or in such a way that the mail would be the usual mode in which to reply then the contract becomes absolutely completed as soon as the letter of acceptance is posted, even though it never reaches the offeror. As Lord Herschell remarked in a celebrated case "I should prefer to state the rule thus; where the circumstances are such that, according to the ordinary usages of mankind, the post might be used as a means of communicating the acceptance of an offer, the acceptance is complete as soon as posted".

Another striking illustration of this rule is afforded in a case decided upon the following facts: "A" offered to sell wool to "B" by letter dated September 2nd, "receiving your answer in course of post". The letter was misdirected and did not reach "B" until the 5th and his acceptance posted on the same day was not received by "A" until the 9th. On the 8th "A" sold wool to others. "B" sued for breach of contract and the courts upheld his contention that the contract had come into existence on the 5th being the date on which the letter of acceptance was posted. The result of this case establishes fully the rule that if a letter of acceptance is put in the post office the contract is completed from that moment.

An offer must be intended to create and must be capable of creating legal relations. An instance of the first part of this proposition is found in an offer made by a father to give \$100.00 to whatever person married his daughter with his consent. A marriage did ensue and the husband attempted to recover the money but it was held that the father was not liable because it was not reasonable that he should be bound by general words made to excite suitors. In the second place terms which are indefinite or illusory do not create legal relations. For instance if bargains are made with such provisos as "if my horse is lucky I will give you \$5.00 more", or "if satisfied with you as a customer", or as far as the law allows, no contract is in existence.

An offer does not create any legal rights until it has been accepted and in the meantime it may lapse or be revoked. If the offeror should die, or if the offer be accepted, as prescribed or if it is accepted in a different manner or if the offeree fails to communicate his acceptance within the time arranged for or within a reasonable time, the offer fails and can only be renewed by the making of a fresh offer. An offer can always be revoked before it is accepted unless there has been some consideration given to hold the offer open

until a certain time. It should be noted, however, that the notice of revocation must be actually communicated to the offeree. "A" offered to sell goods to "B" on October 1st and asked for a reply by cable. "B" received the letter on the 11th and immediately cabled that he would purchase the goods. In the meantime on the 8th "A" had posted a letter revoking his offer. It was held that as the notice of revocation had not been communicated to "B" before he had accepted, a valid contract had come into existence and "A" was held liable for breach of contract.

An acceptance must be absolute and must correspond with the terms of the offer. There may be a refusal of the offer and a counter offer such as where "A" offered to sell a house to "B" for \$1000.00 but "B" would only give \$950.00. "A" refused and "B" then stated that he would pay the original amount. It was held that an offer once refused is dead and could not be accepted unless it was renewed. There may be an acceptance of the offer coupled with some condition or variation of terms such as the case where "A" offered \$1000. for property belonging to "B". "B" accepted but wished a certain contract signed containing terms, references to payment of a deposit, date of completion and requirements of title, but these conditions had not been stated in the original offer, and it was held that this did not constitute an acceptance of the original offer but was a conditional acceptance only, and "A" was not bound to carry out the contract.

Arnaud, Man.

Q. I own the land on both sides of the Rosseau River. In the summer time there is usually not much water in it. Could I put a fence across it to keep my cattle from straying?—R.S.V.P.

A. Your rights are governed largely by the terms of the patent from the Crown conveying the land which you now own. In the case of small streams the Patent usually does not except the lands covered by the stream. In the case of navigable waters the Crown grant usually excepts the lands covered by the water at the time of survey. We believe you may carry your fences across a small stream like the Rosseau River, but be careful not to dam the water back so as to flood the land of the other persons.

Kenora, Ont.

Q. When my father died we could not find any will and thought he did not have one and my brother got appointed the Administrator. Now we have found father's will and what should we do?—V.S.

A. Your brother has no longer any right to deal with the estate once the will is found unless the will names him as Executor. In any case you should have the will probated as soon as possible and the grant of administration to your brother revoked. Legislation in Ontario, unlike some Provinces, protects the Administrator and all persons dealing with him before the will is found, as long as they have acted fairly and honestly.

Boissevain, Man.

Q. I sold my farm last fall. The man who bought it asked me for the Patent but I have not got it and I do not know where it is. Can he make me get the Patent for him I do not know where to find it? The man I bought the farm from died long ago and none of his family know where it is.—ANXIOUS.

A. A sale of land includes delivery of all the documents of title thereto. You should deliver the Crown Grant or a certified copy of it. We presume the patent has not been registered in the Land Titles Office, because if registered there, no further delivery by you would be necessary. You may obtain a certified copy of the Patent from Land Patents Branch, Department of the Interior, Ottawa, Ont. Of course if you have Torrens Title to your farm you need produce no deeds made prior to your certificate of title except encumbrances shown on the certificate.



"How about it, Daddy?"

I shall be all right, but what about Mother till I can be her man?"

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A Gripping Detective Story

Commences in the

MARCH ISSUE

"The Heart of Alix"

BY

VALENTINE WILLIAMS



"Nujol method is better than laxatives"—say the Medical Men

Suppose you could have gone with us when we consulted hundreds of reputable physicians about the best treatment for constipation—

Suppose you could have listened with us while 8 out of 10 of these advised the Nujol type of treatment—

Wouldn't you feel you had advice it would pay you to act on at once?

EVERY person who suffers from constipation—either occasionally or all the time—will be vitally interested in the following brief summary of a recent investigation among physicians:

The investigators were impartial—sent out only to find out the truth. They interviewed representative doctors all over the United States—hundreds of them.

They questioned them about the best remedy for constipation. Of the Nujol type of treatment one doctor said: "It is the most natural aid to normal activity of the bowels." Another said: "In chronic constipation the Nujol type of treatment is especially successful." "Laxatives bring on the laxative habit," said the vast majority of doctors. "A lubricant is better than a laxative in both chronic and temporary cases."

Seven doctors out of ten condemned the continued use of laxatives and cathartics as injurious, habit-forming, irritating, and inflaming to the intestinal tract, weakening its natural functions.

Eight doctors out of ten advised the Nujol type of treatment. Why? Because:

1. Nujol is not habit-forming.
2. It's a more natural method.
3. A lubricant is better than a laxative.
4. Nujol does not cause distress.
5. It is non-irritating.
6. Nujol gives lasting relief.

Laxatives and cathartics act by irritating the intestinal tract. Nujol acts entirely differently. It contains no drugs, no medicine. Its action is mechanical.

It merely softens and lubricates the waste matter in the intestines so that elimination is regular, natural and thorough.

Nujol appeals to the medical man because it is a simple, scientific and safe remedy for constipation, no matter how severe the case may be. It is gentle in its action and pleasant to take. Children love it!

Get a bottle of Nujol from your druggist today. Doctors advise it for constipation whether chronic or temporary.

Nujol

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For Constipation

Accept This TRIAL Offer

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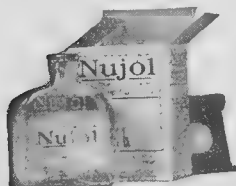
Send me 4-day trial bottle of Nujol, the drugless remover of hidden constipation. Enclosed is 10 cents to pay shipping costs. Send also 24-page, illustrated booklet, "Outwitting Constipation." (For booklet alone, draw a line through 10 cents above, and send no money.)

NAME _____

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"Regular as Clockwork"

The Friendly Home

Continued from page 26

from this kitchen into this pantry and there get ready those foods which take the most time and care. Cupboards are on each side of the window which gives a direct light on the work table. Many housekeepers prefer to keep the refrigerator in the cellar on account of the waste of ice. This waste is really a small matter in comparison with the time spent in going to the basement, and in the plan it is shown in the entry which is convenient both for delivery and to the kitchen. Refrigerators are now manufactured which do away with ice, mechanically making the temperature to suit the requirements. It must always be remembered that no receptacle which contains food should be drained directly into any pipes connecting with a sewer. If the refrigerator is in the basement, the drip pipe should be broken or left open, not connected to any plumbing pipes.

The ventilation of the kitchen is an important matter. It would be well even if gas is used to have a hood over the range with a pipe carried into the flue, but never pipe a gas range ventillator into any smoke flue, as it is exceedingly dangerous. Build the kitchen so that it will not readily accumulate dirt. The floor should have a linoleum covering. Hardwood floors are very tiring to stand on for long periods, and the linoleum has a resiliency which materially assists in keeping away that tired feeling. As for the walls, a wainscoting of wood may be used, but avoid any mouldings. Tile, of course, makes a sanitary wall, and there are various kinds of waterproof plaster finishes which are used in finishing the walls and ceilings of a kitchen.

THE cellar was originally a hole in the ground. In this as in all modern houses it is well lighted, provided with a smooth cement floor treated on top with one of the good finishes that keeps dust down; the walls are white-washed, and it has the different apartments for its different uses, one for laundry, drying room, fuel, furnace, cistern, and for general storage of supplies. To gain the proper height for the cellar windows, the joists are trimmed around the windows giving at least twelve inches more space for the opening, and the windows are hinged at the top and swing up. Wire screens should be provided to keep out vermin and flies.

The term "Blue Monday" probably originated on account of its being wash day, a day in which everybody about the house undertook to do an impossible amount of work with limited resources. The washing boiler was on the kitchen stove! The kitchen was wet, steamy, slippery, and there was a fussiness about everything pertaining to the day which created an atmosphere of blueness which was proverbial. The basement laundry does away with all of this. The soft water cistern is convenient, washing machines are installed, and hot and cold water connections made. A drying room is built in which a few radiators are put. The walls are plastered and with electric light and a stove, Blue Monday vanishes.

If desired a dumb-waiter or clothes chute could be built running from basement through closet in the kitchen to the bedroom floor.

The dining room is of ample size and is finished very simply. This room would look well panelled, the panels to be merely sunk some one quarter of an inch without any mouldings around the panel, and the cap a square, projecting some half inch with a square one quarter inch under it. The base to project one half inch, with a square top against the lower rail of the panelling. This could be carried out in flat grained fir if oak is too expensive. The flat grain of fir gives one of the most beautiful effects when treated with a coat of stain and waxed and polished. The windows are on one side and are of plate glass, which preserves the original beauty of nature without distortion. As for the artificial lighting, this should be of the reflected type, throwing a pleasant glow about the room and upon the table

without unpleasant glare to tire the eyes, and giving added charm and lustre to the table appointments.

All the doors are designed in two panels, a small panel above a long one, with the door knobs rather higher up than is generally the custom. In the hardware there is no excuse in these times to have poor or imitation hardware. Whatever finish you have, be sure it is good. Nothing cheapens a house so much as door knobs or escutcheons with the finish wearing off. The pleasure which well designed hardware gives may not be apparent, but it is nevertheless there.

NOW we come to the living room, which has been designed to give long wall spaces without doors or windows cutting into every decent space a picture or a bit of tapestry could be hung. It is not so long ago that the architect was styled in derision by the artist as "The man who makes the box," and he generally deserved the term, for unfortunately he worked without any consideration for the planning of the furniture or decorative effect, expending most of his energies on designing the exterior. Now the architect is educated to realize his limitations and is only too eager to have the co-operation of the brother artists who are experts in the design of furniture and the decorative arts.

Color in decoration is understood by few. Only the gifted few have any knowledge of the general principles which should guide in use of color for the adornment of their home. There are some simple rules which if heeded would still many a decorative scheme in its beginning. Some colors should never be used in the decoration of dwelling rooms simply because they disturb the harmony of others. Emerald green is one. A brick red and terra cotta which if used in masses fight every other color brought into contact with them. Simply stated, color schemes are of two kinds, those of harmony and those of contrast, and whatever scheme of decoration is chosen be a musician and keep to the key. So that it all amounts to this: that the essential of all good decorative work must be harmony in color and form in the whole and in every detail with the contrasting colors so skillfully applied that they contrast and do not clash. A counsel of perfection perhaps unattainable, but none the less to be sought for.

The fireplace is naturally the most important object in the living room. So much romance attaches to the phrase "Hearth and Home." So deep is the sentiment connected with it and all that it conjures up. The traveller in far lands, the soldier, the beggar, all look back to that shrine where the hearth fires burn. Historically, fireplaces are comparatively new as we know them, the truth is that they possess no great antiquity as measured by the long strides of human progress. It is doubtful whether either the Greeks or Romans had even a rudimentary chimney until quite a late period. Fireplaces are now designed not so much for warmth as for their cheery companionship, which they gather about them. How comfortable a retreat a fireplace, may be imagined if you have an hour or so to while away on front of this one, sitting on a broad settee with books close at hand, listening to the wind grumble in the chimney, and about you a pleasant glow from the fire, and the flickering lights of a few candles falling direct upon the printed page. The dull clay tile would make an ideal facing for it, a square tile for preference, and the mantle shelf over it designed simply with a few substantial brackets to support it. Over the opening put a frankly designed support. Too often we see square tiles or brick running over an opening seemingly suspended in the air. The frame is of copper and all the fittings of this fireplace should be in the same material. It ages well and is easily kept clean, withal being very delightful in its depths of coloring. The

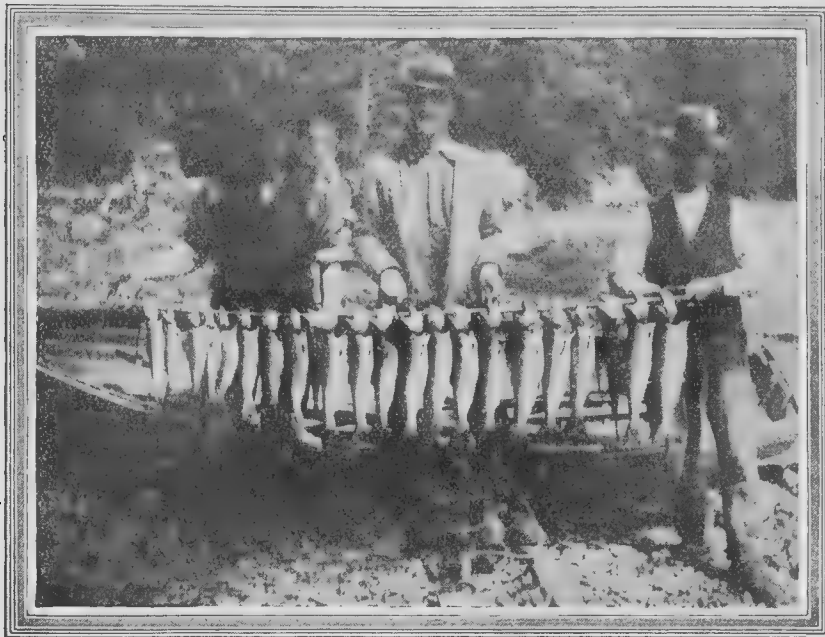
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Grilse Fishing Round Victoria An Excellent Winter Sport for Anglers

VANCOUVER Island is one of the very few places where the angler can fish every day throughout the year, a glance at the following calendar will fully bear this statement out.

Jan.—For the Fisherman: Grilse in salt water with a good chance for a Spring Salmon. Steelhead in non-tidal waters.
Feb.—Grilse, Spring Salmon and Steelheads.

Island he of course knows where to go. If not, he comes to Victoria and, making that city his headquarters, obtains the necessary local information and settles down to enjoy himself, and grilse will certainly give all the sport his heart can desire. Grilse are young salmon on their first return to salt water. They vary in size from a foot and a half to three feet in length and in weight from three to



Grilse vary in size from a foot and a half to three feet in length and in weight from three to five pounds

Mar.—Grilse and Spring Salmon, Trout, Steelheads; Trout fishing opens and Steelhead fishing closes March.

April—Trout, Grilse, Spring Salmon.

May—Trout, Grilse, small run of Coho Salmon.

June—Trout, Grilse, Coho Salmon (best month for Sea Trout).

July—Some trout, Spring and Coho.

Aug.—Spring Salmon, Coho and some Trout.

four or five pounds, according to the season of the year. They are a lively fish and good fighters, and grilse fishing ranks with those who have followed it, as one of the best forms of the angler's art.

In the waters round Vancouver Island, grilse fishing is popular chiefly from October to April or May. Many people troll with a brass, silver or nickel spoon or spinner on a light line with a few ounce sinker. Others use worms behind a four



Grilse fight with all the vigor and persistency of the full grown salmon

Sept.—Trout, Spring Salmon, Coho Salmon.

Oct.—Trout, Spring Salmon, Coho Salmon.

Nov.—Trout until November 15th, Coho in November. Trout fishing closes and Steelhead fishing opens 15th.

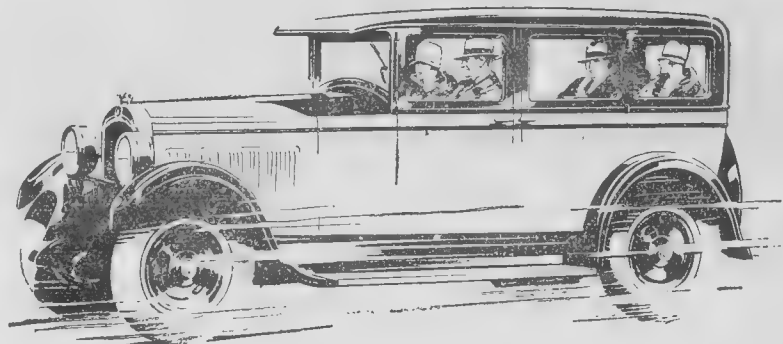
Note—Grilse are young salmon, usually running from 2 to 5 lbs. and give excellent sport.

DURING the close season for trout the wise fisherman turns his attention to grilse. If he is a resident of Vancouver

or five inch Cowichan Spoon and some get the best of sport with a light rod and fly. Grilse fight with all the vigor and persistency of the full grown salmon. Whilst they are occasionally caught in all parts of the sea lying between Vancouver Island and the Mainland, unquestionably one of the best localities for this sport lies between Cowichan Bay on the North, and Saanich Arm on the South, including Cowichan Bay, Mill Bay and Brentwood, and Brentwood is only eleven miles from Victoria. This water is bounded on the

Continued on page 69

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A car now as outstanding for luxury and refinement of detail as for the stauncher qualities and long life for which all Hupmobiles are famous.

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Yet you actually pay less in price for the Hupmobile Six, in proportion to quality; and you pay less in after costs, because of that quality.

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The more you know about sixes, the more emphatically you will class Hupmobile value alone and unapproached in the entire six market.

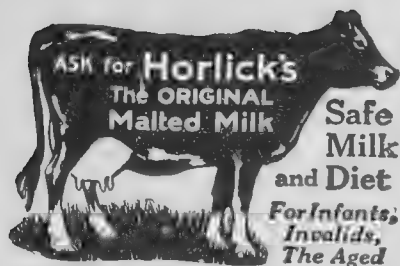
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For Infants,
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The Aged

Rich Milk—Extract of Grain. Prepare it at home, for all members of the family, by briskly stirring the powder in hot or cold water, no cooking. Use any time, when faint or hungry. A hot cupful, on retiring, induces refreshing sleep.

How to— Avoid Colds



When a child is "always catching cold," or "always catching" anything,

it's a sign that the body's powers of resistance have been broken down. It is pitiful to see children who should be well and happy, playing and romping, "laid up" with colds and similar complaints.

Give them **Virol**. It builds up and strengthens the body. It enriches the blood, giving it resisting power to combat successfully the attacks of disease germs.

Build up your children by giving them **Virol**. They'll like it—and they will thrive on it.

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DR. A.W. Chase's Every-Day Mouth Wash

Keeps the Breath Sweet

50 Cents, all dealers

Penalty Post

Continued from page 6

"Isle à la Crosse."

The brigade leader spoke an order in Iroquois. The canoe bows swerved, the paddle strokes quickened and the brigade vanished up the mouth of the Ottawa River bound for the *Pays d'en Haut*.

IN THE X. Y. headquarters McKenzie waited a full hour and more, fuming every minute because Chavignaud did not put in an appearance with the Northwest shares. His patience finally exhausted, he flung out of headquarters in an ugly temper with the intention of going across to the warehouse of De Bernay and Chavignaud. Chavignaud would not play him for a fool, he vowed. Either the former Northwest would refund the record price the X. Y. influence had obtained for his furs or he, McKenzie, would expose him before his partner. But just as McKenzie turned into the narrow street that ran by the warehouse, he saw Andrew Valmorin, Chavignaud's brigade leader, coming out.

"Valmorin, where is Chavignaud?" he demanded.

"He be go into de office wan long taim ago," answered Andrew civilly. "I ain't see him since. I'm baggin' supplies, me, in de freight house, and dusty work she be. Why, w'at you want to see Chavignaud, for?"

"Never mind, I want to see him," blustered McKenzie.

"Then, my friend, you will have to go a long way to set eyes on him," spoke a suave voice in French.

At the sound of the voice they wheeled in their tracks to glimpse a laden fur cart driven by a red-capped voyageur. He had halted unheard at their backs, waiting momentarily till the two so deep in conversation should make way for his beast in the narrow street.

"Eh, how's that?" demanded McKenzie. "What do you know of Chavignaud?"

"I know that I just gave him a ride to Lachine. I know that he has left Lachine for the West with a brigade of X. Y. canoeemen. I saw them start with my own eyes."

"X. Y. canoeemen?" roared Andrew Valmorin. "An' w'at canoes?"

"The same he came down from the West in, I take it—Northwest craft, weren't they?"

Old Andrew glared into McKenzie's face.

"Ba gar, der's treachery here," he snarled. "Your X. Y. Company he have wan hand in it. Now w'at you be know of Chavignaud's doings?"

"Too much, since he is gone," growled McKenzie, shaking off the heavy grip of Andrew's hand on his arm. "The more fool I to trust him."

"What be your bargain?" thundered old Andrew. "Chavignaud be go ovaire to de X. Y. in secret. I see dat all right. But w'at be de terms?"

"They may as well be published now that Chavignaud has thrown everything to the winds. The X. Y. got him a record price of sixty thousand dollars for his furs. In return he was to deliver the Northwest shares of his firm to the X. Y. treasury. The hound has fooled both De Bernay and me. He has the money. He has the shares. Also he has the Northwest fleet of canoes and as fine a brigade of X. Y. canoeemen as ever bent paddle shafts. More than that, he'll have the most strategic post in the *Pays d'en Haut* to run under his independent hand if somebody doesn't stop him."

"Ba gar, we'll be stop heem or know de reason why," declared Andrew. "I'm off to tell De Bernay."

Halfway through his dinner, De Bernay arose in consternation as Andrew Valmorin rushed in with the news.

"Gone? You say so, Andrew?" he stammered. "Turned X. Y. or Independent or something worse? By the saints, I confess I was getting suspicious of him at the last, although I had too much dignity to play the spy on my own partner. Sixty thousand he got for the furs? And he paid in only ten thousand and that was a blind. Our Northwest shares, too? The thief has ruined me. Come on to the office."

They raced down to the warehouse and made their way into the office. De Bernay felt the handle of the wall safe.

"Locked!" he cried. "The key's gone. Bring a bar, Andrew."

Valmorin came on the run with a heavy iron bar from the freight house, and together they pried open the oak door of the safe, De Bernay ran his fingers over empty shelves, swept clean of money and Northwest shares.

"He has everything, Andrew," he announced bitterly, "but I will get it back. I will get it back, I say, or else twist his worthless neck from his shoulders. Out brigades and after him. Rush down the supplies to Lachine. Assemble your canoeemen. Launch fresh canoes. There are plenty in the Northwest Fur Company's canoe yard. I'll speak to the other Northwest partners about the loan of them and meet you there hot-foot. Lose not a moment."

"Ba gosh, not wan burning second," vowed old Andrew.

HE TORE about the warehouse like a wild man, gathering together the supplies he had been bagging, hurling them into the waiting carts and sending the drivers galloping to Lachine. He swung to the tail of the hindmost himself and swung off again amid the bustle on the Lachine shore, darting here and there, summoning his Caughnawaga bowsmen, steersmen, middlemen, all his hardy canoeemen of the brigade, and leading them into the Northwest Company's canoe yard. The canoe yard was littered with chips and bark, lined with huge yellow Rabiscaw canoes. Here the famous craft were built, repaired or stored. Some rested on their keelless bottoms. Others lay bottom-up with fresh, pitch-smeared patches laid over rents in the bark. Still others stood staked unfinished in the staking frames, their ribs being bent to place, their thwarts fitted, their birch envelopes laced with fibrous roots. With swift judgment old Andrew chose the soundest of the canoes, and the Iroquois launched them, skilfully trimming the packs. Hardly had the last hull splashed when Louis De Bernay himself stepped out of a cart that whirled down the Lachine road to the landing.

"All aboard, Andrew?" he cried as he took his position amidships in the brigade leader's craft. "Goodbye, Lachine. Goodbye Montreal. The role changes. I am forced to the West. A wintering partner I become, and many a snow may fall on me at Isle à la Crosse before I see yonder blue mountain again."

With a shout the Caughnawagas drove the great Rabiscaw canoes through the water and, a few hours behind Chavignaud, trailed him swiftly up the Ottawa River. Like demons they paddled till dark put an end to the work among the rapids and camp was made till the first streak of dawn showed them the tumultuous riverway. Then they were off, driving their blades unceasingly, striving not so much to overtake the X. Y. brigade ahead by a desperate spurt as to slowly but surely cut down its lead. But try as they might they soon learned the might

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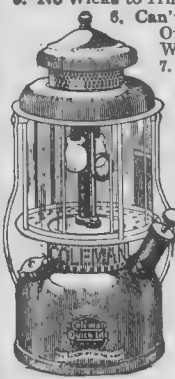


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Name

Address

Age.....How long have you used

glasses, if ever?

How many of the numbered lines can you

read at 12 inches from your eyes without

glasses?

The Friendly Home

Continued from page 32

hearth is tile and a fender some two feet high in copper and brown leather is about it. A fire screen in copper should always be ready to place before the fire when leaving the room.

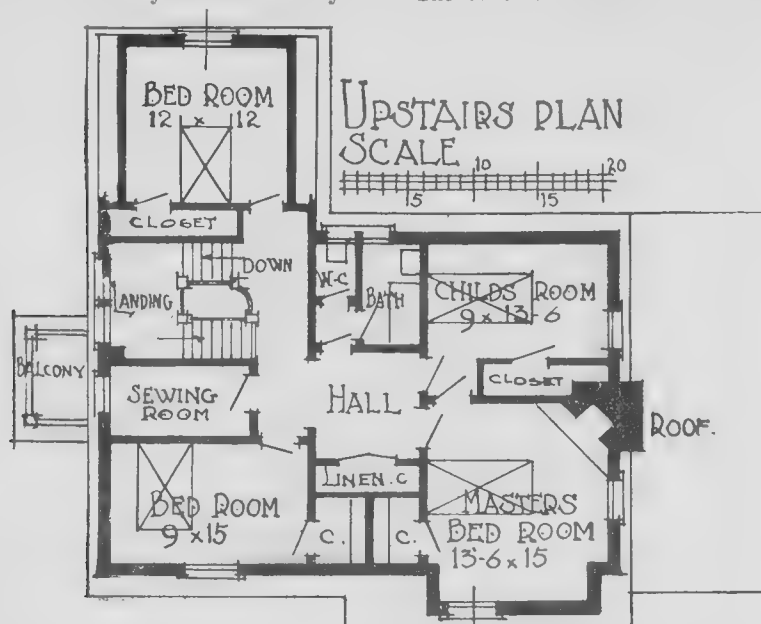
NEXT to the fireplace in importance is the bay window with its casement sash filled with what artists call "leaded quarries," small lozenge-shaped panes of glass leaded together. This window was designed to be in keeping with the quaint gable on the exterior, and in the room the windows at the other end should be of the same character. It is a bay window worthy of

corner of the room and not in the centre of any wall. It is a part of their utility to act as screens when they are opened. When one is lying in bed and the door open it is not desirable to be seen by everyone that may pass outside. This plan has been laid out on these principles.

The master's room has a tiled fireplace and is directly connected to the child's room. All rooms have closets, with the usual boot and hat racks and clothes hanging appliances.

The linen closet is wide with drawers in from the floor and shelves above.

The toilet and bathroom are entered



the name, broad enough for a seat, or gives room for an easy chair. In building casement windows great care must be used to fit them so that they will be weather proof. Metal casements can be got which are practical and weather proof.

A low dado runs about the room, with the mouldings of the casing forming its top moulding, and making a continuous low line about the entire room. The ceiling could be panelled or beamed. The walls throughout the entire house are smooth plaster and the decorations should be planned before the plastering is commenced. On the wall opposite the fireplace a tapestry could be hung. It would be an ideal place to show off the exquisite harmony of an old tapestry with a ground of subdued golden yellow covered with the subject, with a conventional border design formed of a running scroll of leaves and flowers. The whole piece being simply a subject for the display of beautiful subdued tints and of strong chord-plots of color, varying from hues of lake black to ruby red, and pale silver and gray green.

The sun-room is heated and the floor is tiled. A fireplace backing on the living room is built, and the windows are casement.

The main stairs lead to a broad landing and from it a short flight leads to the hall above from which all the rooms are entered. There cannot be many differences of opinion as to the best aspect for a bedroom, for we all feel happier when we awake and dress in a sunny room, but it is impossible to plan all the rooms to have a southeasterly aspect so the next best thing is to plan the important bedrooms on that side.

WHAT should a bedroom be?

The room space at your disposal is generally small, hence the chief aim will be to make the utmost of the room's dimensions so as to produce an impression of airiness. The room must be one in which it is pleasant to sleep and awaken in, and it should be remembered that a bedroom is not only a sleeping room but a room in which possibly a sick person may have to lie. Therefore there must be nothing excessive in its decoration, nothing to force itself upon the eye with a tiresome and annoying persistence. In the placing of doors, bedroom doors should be in the

from a small vestibule making for privacy, while the bath is in its own compartment. It is fitted up with softly gleaming snowy fixtures, with walls and floors of spotless tile, and a small toilet cupboard with a plate glass mirror over the basin. On each side of the basin are electric lights. A sewing-room is provided opening on to a small balcony.

The aim of the interior finish is to attain a distinction between that which is bizarre and the simple dignity of good form. The woodwork should be good. Everyone with a keen appreciation of interior arrangements recognize in hardwood floors beauty spots enhanced by the charm of properly designed rugs. But it is not always possible to have hardwood floors. The quality built into the interior woodwork often determines its after-years value, besides giving the home an atmosphere which suggests your pride of possession, and it is always well to remember that a simple wax or varnish finish brings out unsuspected color tones and permits light to penetrate beneath the surface, making for a rich mellow beauty that adds to the natural attractiveness of the home as the years go by.

In the heating, hot water or steam should be installed, and caution should be used in selecting a furnace with a fire-grate of capacity to overheat the house rather than to have to force it in cold weather. This will contribute more to winter comfort than anything else.

CONSIDERING its importance both from a practical and decorative point, it is curious how little care is still devoted to the problem of house lighting, and how often the position of light and switches and even the choice of fittings is left to persons whose taste in the matter of furnishing or hanging would be thought beneath consideration. A badly wired house is a constant source of trouble and risk, and when installing the wiring in this house have the contractor live up to the underwriters' regulations. Nothing is so dangerous as a hidden night fire risk. A house in which the lighting fixtures are placed at random is a miserable place to live in. The proper lighting of any particular room is determined not only by size but by its proportions, arrangement and decoration as well, and by the nature of its use. The number, power,

Continued on page 66



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Let us prove that the claims millions of men make for this unique shaving cream are justified

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That's why we make no claims for Palmolive Shaving Cream other than the fact that millions of men, once wedded to rival preparations, have shifted to this new creation.

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2. Softens the beard in one minute.
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4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Just send coupon

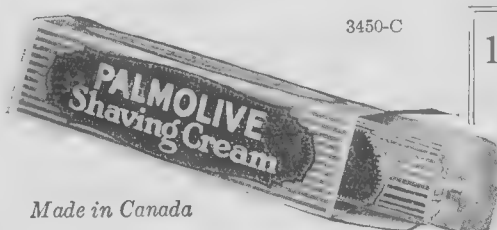
Your present method may suit you well. But still there may be a better one. This test may mean much to you in comfort. Send the coupon before you forget.

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Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1285, The Palmolive Company, of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ontario.

(Please print your name and address)

What is - Inside Frosted?

"Inside Frosting" is a method of applying frosting on the inside of a bulb instead of outside as previously done. This has the effect of screening the filament from the eye and diffusing the light without reducing its strength.

The new inside frosted LACO MAZDA LAMP gives as much light as the clear-glass lamp, with none of its glare and harshness. It gives much more light than the outside frosted lamp, and retains its efficiency longer.

It is more easily cleaned.

Ask your dealer to let you see it

LACO MAZDA INSIDE FROSTED LAMPS

49

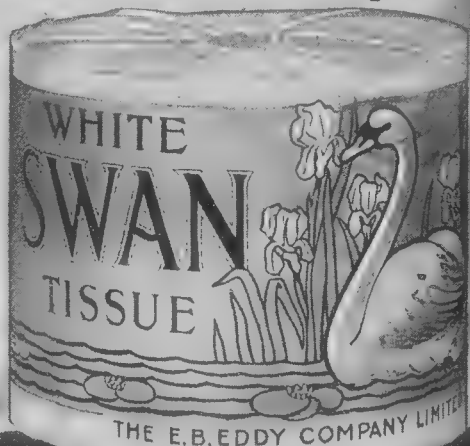
EDDY'S WHITE SWAN Toilet Roll

Snow-white, velvety soft and very absorbent. Each roll of White Swan is completely wrapped, assuring a perfectly sanitary tissue.

This Eddy Toilet Roll will add distinction to your bathroom. Each roll contains 8oz.—full weight.

Make sure of the White Swan label when buying. Look for the name EDDY on the package.

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Federated Women's Institutes

MANITOBA NEWS

The Women's Institute Room at Solsgirth, Man.

THE Women's Institute of Solsgirth has the distinction of being the first in Manitoba to own a plot of ground and to build a Rest Room, indeed perhaps it might not be going too far to say the first Women's Institute to do this.

The organization took place in June 1915, but it was not until the spring of 1921 that plans were made to buy a lot and have a permanent place of abode.

A very commodious room 20 ft. x 30 ft. was built on a cement foundation, with the interior finished in beaver board. A small kitchen and cloak room were formed by a temporary wood partition across one end, the remaining 20x24 ft. making a delightful room, having three charming double windows facing east, west and north.

It is well furnished with piano, tables, chairs and bookcases, while cream curtains with orange over curtains give a cheery note on the dullest day.

The total cost of the rest room including the lot was \$1,024.55, this covering building materials, paint and workmanship.

The opening took place in January 1922, Mrs David Watt, the then provincial president of Women's Institutes honoring the occasion with her presence. A year later the mortgage of \$245.00 had all been paid off and an "at home" was held to celebrate the burning of the mortgage.

The rest room is free to any W.I. member or group of people of the community who wish to use it for meetings or entertainments. The library of 400 volumes is open on Saturdays and is free to members, non-members pay an annual fee. Tea is served every Saturday by a member of the club. The accompanying picture hardly does justice to the room, which is the center of much pleasure and activity.

organize the hot noon lunch. One. Institute provided all the children with tooth brushes. Another Institute presented the school with valuable reference books and pictures. One planted trees and shrubs around the school and enlisted successfully the support of nearly all concerned to work together until the school grounds are made a lovely spot. Many donated cups and shields to encourage various activities among the school children. Several Institutes gave, at the beginning of the year, a reception for the teachers and the parents. One Institute has furnished a small vacant room in the school as a study for the teachers and the older pupils, but this is not all they are doing for the school, and only space forbids a fuller summary.

Sixty-two Institutes have Libraries

About half the Institutes have libraries. Twenty have the travelling library sent out by the Department of Education while forty-two Institutes have developed a community library. Some of these little community libraries contain a surprisingly large number of books—150, 200, 350, 400 and 680 books. The reader will agree that this is splendid. The libraries, which consist mainly of light fiction, will be developed, and the simpler classics will be added, as people grow weary of "fiction" and want truth. The desire for better books will come as conditions of life improve. The light novel which paints life in rich purple hues may be the best for those who wrestle with the brutal and defiant realities of life, but this book will not satisfy, when the obstacles have been surmounted, when life is organized and established on a more secure and comfortable basis. The mind will then be free to grow and a desire for better books will follow. Many community libraries developed by Institutes contain already many of the classics and a goodly number of non-fiction for children and adults.



Solsgirth Women's Institute Rest Room

The Welfare of Children is the First Interest of Manitoba Institutes

THESE notes are gleaned from the 1926 annual reports, which reveal what the Women's Institutes are most interested in. It is very clear that the welfare of children is their first concern. Twenty Health Conferences and Clinics were held in the past year, under the auspices of Institutes. The interest which supports this work is growing, and it is hoped that the day is not far off when each community will hold a Health Conference annually, that all the children may be examined; that the parents may be informed about the condition of their children, and that the health of children may be guarded and promoted by the sanest care.

The reports reveal that the school child and the school are continually before the Institutes. Many have assisted to equip the school and the playground by buying and installing equipment, or providing money to purchase what was needed. Others have organized or assisted to

Institutes Again Ready to Build Club Rooms

Fifteen Institutes have club rooms. For a time interest in club rooms seemed entirely lost, and those which had club rooms found it difficult to maintain them. Something must have happened to relieve conditions, in spite of the fact that Manitoba did not have a good crop, for the interest in the club room is evident again. One Institute has as its 1927 objective, the building of a club room. Other Institutes are beginning "to talk" about the need of such a room, while a few have decided to start a club room fund, and the raising of money for this fund will be one of their 1927 objectives.

SASKATCHEWAN NEWS

Aldingly-Fortsberg, a newly organized Club is assisting the Junior Red Cross. They have a large number of Associate members. One of them gave an address on the League of Nations which is to be

Continued on page 41

A Successful Insurance Underwriter

CONSIDERABLE space has been consumed in the printed page about the Modern Woman—infinity more has been said, and the amazing part of it all is that all this appears to have been devoted to one phase of the Modern Woman, forgetting the sisters who have worked hard and earnestly to achieve an independence all their own.

It is the purpose, therefore, of this article to tell of one who has successfully accomplished the conquest of dependency: Mrs. G. L. Reid, of Winnipeg.

Finding herself a widow with three kiddies approximately two years ago, Mrs. Reid took her life insurance policies to a manager of a well known insurance company, and asked for suggestions as to the best application she could make of her available funds. In stating her position, Mrs. Reid voiced the thought that she had been convinced through her own experience of the absolute necessity of adequate insurance for every married man.

That remark brought to the manager's mind the suggestion that, if so well convinced, Mrs. Reid, would be able to convince others—to her financial advantage while acting in the capacity of a life insurance underwriter.

How sound was the manager's reasoning may be inferred from the fact that in her first twelve months as an underwriter, Mrs. Reid was successful in persuading life insurance applicants to place their signature on the "dotted line" of more than an aggregate of \$250,000 life insurance applications.

Mental pictures of the able, capable—possibly semi-masculine woman usually found associated with the successful business woman simply do not fit Mrs. Reid at all. Success on the part of a woman in business all too often suggests that she will become a trifle "hard-boiled" or sophisticated. Many become case-hardened through contact with the world. And, possibly this might be expected to apply in the hardest of professions—life insurance.

Mrs. Reid, however, is a pleasing contrast. Not only is she young and vivacious but she has a charming personality that at once wins confidence.

Success attained by Mrs. Reid in her chosen profession almost automatically suggests that she should be a willing conversationalist—but she is decidedly diffident when it comes to providing information concerning herself. There is, instead, a disposition to give no small portion of the credit to the encouragement supplied by the said manager, and others.

While considering acceptance of the opportunity offered Mrs. Reid consulted her father, Charles Heath, superintendent of insurance for Manitoba.

Père Heath pointed out the difficulties, discouragements and inevitable series of defeats awaiting even the strongest to enter the profession, or vocation, of selling life insurance.

"But," said Mrs. Reid, "I simply had to do something and I accepted the offer."

When asked whether she specialized in any form of policy: straight life, 20-payment life, or endowment, Mrs. Reid explained that she attempted to fit the policy to each case, with the object of conquering dependency the paramount issue.

Asked for a further explanation, Mrs. Reid said her mission was to overcome the dependency that comes from the death of the bread-winner, from the decline of his earning power in old age, from the paralyzing hand of disability.

WHEN requested for a summing up of her interpretation of the purpose of life insurance, Mrs. Reid said: "The purpose of life insurance is to create an asset against the hazard of premature death which every individual faces. It is the most certain means of building up a fund to take care of dependents. Death may come before a man has a large accumulation in the bank, or before he has built up a sizable reserve in stocks and bonds, but if he has made provision for sufficient insurance he can be certain that the requirements of his dependents will be taken care of after his departure. For the average man life insurance fills a place that no other investment can satisfy. It is thoroughly safe, requires little attention, cultivates habits of thrift, and pays high in family protection."

"The kind and amount of life insurance an individual should buy can be best determined only after a careful analysis of his needs in this respect. There are numerous forms and varieties of life insurance to meet almost every conceivable requirement, and it is not difficult, ordinarily, to select the most advantageous. If in doubt, the prospective purchaser should buy ordinary life, since once he has been accepted into a

company, he can usually convert such policies into more luxurious ones, if he so desires. The amount of insurance he should carry can be determined by the nature and extent of present and future business and family responsibilities. It should be large enough to create a fund which, if invested at 5 or 6 per cent., would take care of the requirements of his family.

"Besides building up a certain reserve against future contingencies, life insurance offers several other advantages. Most insurance policies have a collateral value, and this fact gives the holder a valuable credit asset. Further, after the individual has built up a strong reserve in insurance he is in a better position financially to assume the risks of those investments which give a better monetary return. Adequate life insurance should always be numbered among the gainfully employed person's first investments. It is safe and dependable, and too good an investment for any man to ignore."

When the suggestion was made that her own success might be construed as an argument against the general acceptance of life insurance and its need, she replied "But one fortunate exception does not establish a rule. For every case where insurance can be replaced or is not needed, there are thousands to whom insurance is the one and only refuge."

"What was your largest application?" "\$25,000. It also came on the biggest day in my experience. I had only two applications, but the other one was for \$14,000 and that, so far, was the greatest day in my life. But I am hoping and striving to augment that record at no very distant date."

"Will you give just one hint as to the

Continued on page 71



Mrs. G. L. Reid



Pyorrhea's victims are 4 out of 5

A ruthless enemy that gives no quarter is Pyorrhea. Its poisons sweep through the system undermining health and often causing such serious diseases as rheumatism and neuritis, appendicitis, ulcers, stomach troubles and facial disfigurement.

Four out of five past 40, and thousands younger, pay heavy toll to this foe of beauty and health. But you need not fear these uneven odds. For you can protect teeth and gums against the attack of Pyorrhea and so safeguard health.

Go to your dentist at least twice a year. And start using Forhan's for the Gums, today. This dentifrice, the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., thwarts Pyorrhea or checks its course.

Forhan's keeps gum tissue firm and healthy. It protects teeth against acids that cause decay. It keeps them a lustrous white.

Use Forhan's regularly, morning and night. Teach your children this good habit. They will thank you in later years.

Forhan's is not an ordinary tooth paste. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. It is health insurance. At all druggists, 35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan's Ltd., Montreal

Forhan's for the gums

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Absolutely Harmless—No Opiates. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

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Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoacetic-acidester of Salicylicacid (Acetyl Salicylic Acid, "A. S. A."). While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

Endurance

Continued from page 19

and makes its silence felt in spite of Nature's noises, filled her with appalling loneliness.

To fight against this as she walked by day she sang snatches of songs. In her knapsack she had a pack of playing cards. At night, as long as she had campfires, she played endless games of solitaire, or told her own fortune.

Over and over she told her fortune, and always the eight-card of spades, the disaster card, came up. But never once did the death-card show. And, such is the strangeness of the human mind, this fact immensely cheered her, buoyed up her spirits in spite of the repeated appearance of the disaster card. Also her wish card always turned up as being granted; and as she wished for only one thing: to win through to civilization, she was further cheered.

Clear-headed, suffering no pangs of hunger, no aching head, she wandered on and on.

ON THE fourteenth of September (the date is based on weather information from men in the town of Hope) a blizzard swooped down upon the lost woman. For three days she huddled in the shelter of a thick clump of firs.

With great ingenuity she made the most of her scanty covering. She carried an extra pair of thick woollen stockings. She donned these after making camp at night. Then she put her feet in the knapsack, the end of the blanket wrapped around them, binding the straps of the knapsack around her legs to get the most of the blanket's warmth. The remainder of the blanket wound around her body and over her head, she practised stomach breathing. Hours at a time she massaged her legs.

During the three days the blizzard blew, the lacerations in her legs, caused by the softening by the water and later bruising on rocks and logs, heated up surprisingly, showing strikingly the splendid state of health the woman was in.

The blizzard was followed by a spell of warm weather. Mary Warburton now changed the direction of her search to the westward. She climbed very high, looking for a pass back to Hope, the point of her departure.

As she went through a patch of fallen timber, she caught her leg on the point of a broken branch, and fell.

She howled with the pain, a howl she realized was weirdly wolf-like. As she got to her feet she saw a huge timber-wolf not twenty yards away staring curiously at her. She yelled at him, and waved her arms feebly. The wolf fled.

On the thirtieth day after leaving civilization, Mary Warburton came upon a roofless log cabin on the mountain-side. It had no doorway, only a small square hole in one side several feet from the ground. She feared it was a bear-trap. She examined it carefully, finally crawling through the entrance.

The weather had changed from bright to cloudy. Snow began to fall. Gathering old broken branches, and such green boughs as she had the strength to break off, the nurse roughly roofed over one corner of the cabin.

For two days the blizzard blew. When fair weather returned, Mary Warburton was so weak and stiff she crawled across the cabin floor. In doing so her hand came in contact with a closed tin can. She picked it up. It gave off a faint rattle. She opened it to find a dozen matches.

To her, chilled and weak, without fire for many days, the find brought new hope. She cleared away the snow from the cabin floor, and gathered dry twigs. One by one she tried the matches. The first eight would not ignite. The ninth lit the fire. Crouching at full length the woman lay basking in the reviving warmth of the flames. She presently dozed.

She awoke to find her blanket afire, and one wall of the cabin ablaze. The split logs of the floor, old and dry, upon which she had built her fire, had burned like tinder. Just in time she crawled out of the narrow opening in the cabin wall.

That night she slept beside a fallen log on a hillside with a southern exposure. She had tried to light a fire, but two of the matches had failed to light, and the last had slipped down into the snow from her unsteady fingers.

Lying where she was, however, she caught the first rays of the rising sun. The weather again turned fine. Late in the morning and in the afternoon the sun had almost the heat of summer even at this high altitude.

With the arrival of the fifth week of her wandering, she grew weaker. She was more tired in the morning than at night, strange as this may sound to the average person. Before getting started on each new day of travelling she now had to creep for some distance to get limbered up. She helped herself rise to a standing position by aid of a stick. As she forged ahead, her legs were shaky, and she swayed as she walked. She never slept soundly, but dozed and dreamed a great deal. Always she dreamed the same: of finding houses and asking of the occupants the way out.

On the 31st and 32nd days she remained lying in the lee of a big log high on a mountain-side. The sun shone warm here. Instinctively she sought its aid. At the end of the two days she felt rested, and stronger. The snow had all gone from around her. But from quenching her thirst by eating snow, she was now tortured by an overwhelming desire for a drink.

She had never feared death. It was just another adventure—like travelling. So now, weak, suffering from intolerable thirst, and with hope fled of reaching safety, she faced the possibility of death, and was determined she should not lie here and die a slow and agonized passing.

She took her pen-knife and sharpened it on a stone, having decided to open up a radial artery. But this mode of death causes intense suffering from thirst. Below her, hundreds of feet, a little stream ran down the mountain-side. She determined to go this far, cut the artery and lie with her face close to the cooling stream.

She began to crawl; then, by aid of her stick, got to her feet. She rose and fell, rose and fell. Holding her feet at the third attempt, she went down the mountain-side.

Suddenly ahead of her she saw what had not been visible to her while lying down: smoke rising from a clump of willow.

"Hula!" she cried, a queer, inhuman call.

Two rifle shots answered her. From the willows a man came running, an old man with white whiskers, Podunk Davis, famous woodsman of the region.

She threw her arms around him: "You look like an angel from heaven," she cried, ecstatically.

Continued on page 39

Honorable Irene Parlby

Continued from page 12



For a quick recovery from illness

Delicious "Ovaltine" is the ideal beverage for anyone whose system has become run down through illness. Prepared from ripe barley malt, creamy milk and fresh eggs, it supplies the health and strength-giving essentials the body needs, in a form that makes no tax on the digestion. A single cup contains 12 times as much nourishment as a cup of beef tea, or 3 eggs.

"Ovaltine" has a delicious flavour, pleasing to all, and is quickly and easily prepared by mixing with warm milk or milk and water.

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Dept. H568 Windsor, Ontario

human beings, and men of all colors and races will suffer and die for their home land; and their women, in agony and tears, will sacrifice their husbands and sons on the altar of patriotism.

"So, surely, our common interests and ideals should, some day, when we have achieved a greater understanding and consequent sympathy between humans of different nations, be a bond of brotherhood between us. Even patriotism should draw us closer, instead of making us, ever so often, fly, like animals, at each other's throats!

"Some day we may realize that the man who loves his own individual home most dearly is the greater citizen in love of country, and so shall we recognize the fact that those who have the greatest devotion to their country, their greatest pride in its place among the nations, should logically, if they understand, be most strongly imbued with that ideal of the brotherhood of man. You see the thing expressed about you today at this fair, in the neighborliness of people who understand each other. Understanding and world-wide neighborliness will some day bring about a universal brotherhood and peace."

"The brotherhood of man?" I questioned. "That seems a thing apart from the 'class-consciousness' of which your farmer-government is accused so often—the government and the farmer-voters who have created it."

"I tell you from my heart," said Mrs. Parlby earnestly, "that we North-western farmers are probably less class conscious than any other class in the Dominion. A class is conscious of itself as a thing apart only when dependent upon another class or classes in some social or economic way, or in having another class dependent upon it. It is true of the individual; it is true of the industry; it is true of the nation."

"The powerful nation, strong in its independence, is free to preach and practise brotherhood. It is a constructive factor in world politics, by virtue of its strong independence. It is gloriously free to serve in brotherhood. It is when a nation or class or an individual is so weakly placed in the general scheme that it must ask for rights, as if they were favors; for justice by the name of mercy, that destructive thing, resentful egotism, enters into the individual, the class, or the nation."

"So I cannot say too strongly that we farmers of the North-west grow less and less conscious of ourselves as the farmer class, insofar as we gain strength to stand upon our own economic, social, and political rights. We are better Canadians now than we were when governed by party politicians whose ignorance of our problems we resented bitterly. And we are better Imperialists."

"Do you know," she added, "that our President of the United Farmers, Henry Wise Wood, is now sailing the

broad Pacific, on his way to New Zealand, invited by the government of that other country within the British Empire, to go there to teach them the co-operative industrial system of the Alberta farmers? There's brotherhood for you!

"Mr. Wood is delivering an educational message to our sister commonwealth. Perhaps he or other men will, some day not far distant, become messengers of neighborliness to yet other lands. Such education given and received is bound to be a strong force, urging the world toward universal peace."

"Those are wonderful words: 'education' and 'peace.' To bring about, in the course of evolution, a lasting peace between nations, we must learn that the education of all is the concern of each of us, and the education of each of us is the concern of all of us. But we must never forget that evolution is a movement in thought, not a swing of an axe. And education must teach us to solve our problems by sane, constructive thinking, rather than by the destructive annihilation of war."

"Education brings to people, as they gain in intelligence, a communication with other people all over the world; a thoughtful, harmonious, 'knowledgeable' communication—presaging peace. Education will bring to us an understanding of the problems, so like our own problems, which confront our brother in far parts of the earth—and so will ultimately serve toward brotherhood, and peace."

"Education for all brings about a mingling of the thoughts and the ideals of one nation, with the thoughts and ideals of other nations—another step toward peace."

"When humanity shall have achieved education for all, it will bring about the destruction of that devouring thing, war-mindedness, and have created in its stead the inspiring ideal of brotherhood, and we shall have peace. Education for all, in neighborly service, will bring us about no less a love of home, of neighbor, of country; will not have lessened our loyalty to those of our own class, be it that of labor, or agriculture, or any other industry, profession, or science, with whom we shall work in economic co-operation. But it will develop a higher patriotism, a broader brotherhood yet, which was once expressed in the words: 'Peace on earth, good will to men.'"

It was then that a pretty little farm woman and her tall husband came up, enthusiastically greeted Mrs. Parlby, and begged her to go and view their prize chickens. The subject turned to eggs and poultry in general, and, in particular, to the white-washing of hen houses.

The Hon. Irene Parlby is a lady of many parts; of far, clear vision; and practical withal!

Endurance

Continued from page 38

Thus on September 27th, thirty-three days after her starting out, was Mary Warburton found by a hunting party which days before had given up any hope of finding her alive.

Such was the remarkable stamina of this woman, she was able to ride a pack-horse back to the town of Hope, 27 miles away, within a few hours of her finding.

In those weeks of wandering in the valley of the Tulameen she had covered

ed many hundred miles, and established a record for human endurance, pluck and clear-headedness that probably never has been surpassed. It is a record of which any man might be proud.

Officer: Your honor, the bull-pup has gone and chewed up the Bible.

Judge: Well, have the prisoner kiss the bull-pup; we can't wait around here a week for a Bible.



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Guaranteed
SHOES for CHILDREN

All Hewetson Shoes are built on scientifically fashioned lasts; lasts that comply with the specifications of orthopedic specialists.

The workmanship on Hewetson Shoes is of the highest order, and nothing but the best grade of materials is used.

There are scores of styles to choose from, for school, for dress and play, from Baby First Steps right through to the adult stage.

Dealers in all parts of Canada carry Hewetson Shoes. If your dealer does not happen to have them in stock, he can secure them from his wholesaler or from us direct.

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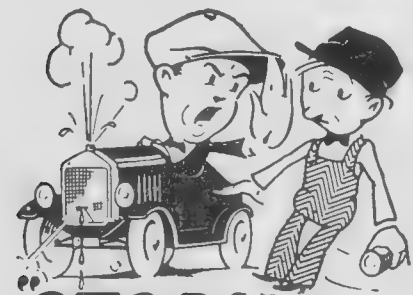
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Apply Minard's every day and rub it in well with the finger tips. It penetrates and heals. Removes inflammation.

A remedy for every pain.



STOP! I said RADIATOR NEVERLEAK

I don't want to take any chances; George Radiator Neverleak did such a wonderful job on my last car you couldn't pay me to use anything else! Every user feels that way about Radiator Neverleak. It's the sure quick permanent hole plugger. Works in water, alcohol or glycerine. Prevents scale and rust. No effect on rubber or metal. Does not clog. Money back if it doesn't stop any leak for good. Look for the name — there is only one Radiator Neverleak. If your dealer tries to sell you something else send 50c for Ford size, 75c for larger car or \$1.00 for truck, postpaid. Keep a can on hand for emergencies.



LIQUID VENEER CORPORATION
1912 Liquid Veneer Bldg.,
Buffalo, N. Y.

Permanent as the Pyramids!

RADIATOR NEVERLEAK



Moon Magic

Continued from page 14

ON THE following Saturday he was back at the cabin, quiet, thoughtful, and a little morose. He had not smoked for a week, and he felt much better.

Perry moved along in a dim daze. He had done so ever since the meeting with Gert—and her husband. His heart had been bad for two days. Now it was better. But there came to his mind mingled shame and disappointment which almost choked him at times. He would suddenly curse fluently as he moved about his cabin. He went back to his vegetables in the afternoon of his first day home and worked half-heartedly amongst them. Then he went and tried to cook his supper. He had neither tea nor coffee left and he sought the trail to Gordon's farm. He did not want to see Mary, much. She thought he loved her. He had almost thought he had himself. He had not intended coming back. But here he was. Something had compelled him. He would have written and explained to her. He felt ashamed again. He cursed bitterly as he opened the gate of Gordon's farm and plodded up the pathway.

Then his mind flew back to Gert. Why had she not written to him? Why had she gone on, telling him nothing of her intentions? She had accepted his love. He had taken hers for granted. She had even encouraged him. He was becoming embittered, he told himself. As soon as his heart was better he would drown his sorrow in rum or gin. He could never forget his hurt, although, of course, he could forgive it.

He suddenly knitted his brows. Had she not done to him exactly what he had planned to do to Mary?

He stopped and was about to turn back. But it was too late.

"Lo, Perry," said Old Gordon from the open door of the barn. "Comin' in for supper?"

Perry muttered "yes," waved his hand and marched on into the kitchen. Mrs. Gordon greeted him affectionately, with her motherly manner.

"Set right down, Mr. Perry," she said, "and eat hearty. No use waitin' for Mary. She's out with her beau. May not be back for an hour. They went to the station for some flour and they're drivin' old Bess. You'd better tuck in before the old man gets around or he won't give you no show. You know what a talker he is. There was a fire down at Raymond's while you was away. They lost two cows when the barn burned. It's goin' to be a hard summer for the folks down that way. So little rain and all. But we've been lucky what with the paper stuff you give the old man. He's got berries ripe a'ready." And so she rambled on while Perry ate, heedless of her chatter.

"Mary with her beau." At first the thought comforted him. She didn't care, then, after all. Then he began to feel himself slighted. After all, he had told her that he loved her. What right had she taking another beau so soon? Indeed, he had only written once, and then in a very impersonal and general fashion, preparing the way for his confession, but there was no reason for her to treat his avowed affection thus. He began to get gloomy. In fact he worked himself into something approaching a rage.

Mrs. Gordon chattered on. But she watched him slyly and smiled knowingly as she saw his frown deepening. At length he arose, his meal half finished.

"I think I'll stroll down home, Mrs. Gordon," he said quietly. And he went

out of the door and down the path towards the road. But he stopped by the fence in the shade of the plum trees and as the sun went down he watched the ribbon of road for signs of the wagon and old Bess plodding homeward from the station.

Half an hour passed and Perry caught the sounds of hoofs "clopping" wearily. Old Bess was coming home.

THE wagon came nearer. Perry crouched in the shadow, tense. The hoof-beats stopped at the gate. Someone lifted the latch and opened it. Then the wagon moved on again, came into view opposite him. Mary's head nestled on the driver's shoulder. Bess stopped again inside the gate. The man would have to get out and shut it. Perry's rage almost smothered him. His heart beat wildly in his suppressed excitement. But the driver did not get down from the wagon. He was smoothing Mary's hair and her head was on his shoulder.

"There, there, little girl," he was saying, "you mustn't cry about it. Put your face up here and let me kiss those bright little eyes."

It was too much for Perry.

"Damn you!" he shouted as he plunged out of cover. "Damn your eyes!" He reached up into the wagon, caught the man by the coat and yanked with all his strength. The driver lurched and came upon him, too surprised even to fight. Perry belted him twice across the face with his closed hand, and his fist tore the man's lips. The other whirled and broke from him. Then he shook his head and flung off his coat and in a trice had advanced again, fists moving slowly as he closed with Perry.

Now Perry was an experienced fighter. He had been the best man in his weight, both at Yale and at the law school. This man's stance warned him that he was up against no ordinary hulking country lad, but one who knew the use of his hands and was about to avenge stinging blows, the hurt of which he must still be feeling. For a moment Perry had a feeling that he had done something foolish, something wrong—but only for a moment.

Mary had jumped to her feet at the first scuffle, had smothered a cry and was now watching with interest.

The driver of the wagon suddenly led with his left hand and Perry ducked and punched, but hit nothing. The light was bad, he told himself. But it was not sufficiently bad to keep the other man from driving a smashing right into his face and rocking him back on his heels. Not slow to take advantage of his momentary gain, the other came in with both fists flying. The first blow had not hurt him. But the second did. It was directly over his heart. Perry grunted, and dropped to one knee. The other stood back, sparring.

"Git up, stranger," he said with a drawling accent, "and walk into this one." He shook a threatening fist.

Perry got up slowly, circled, and plunged in. He locked with the other man and they swayed and fought desperately. A dog was barking madly from the barn and then Mary began to call for help. Perry cursed the tenacious person who struggled in his grasp. Cursed his heart, which was pounding. Cursed his temper, and cursed the failing light.

Then something caught him a crack over the head and everything went black.

He came to his senses in his own cot. The door of the cabin was open. The

Continued on page 69



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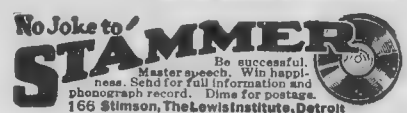
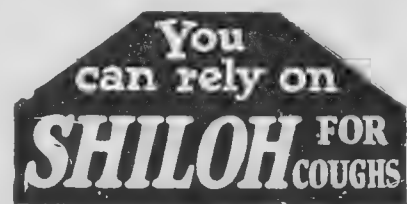
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Federated Women's Institutes

Continued from page 36

continued. This Club is constantly adding to its membership.

Aylesbury is providing public facilities for the using of the Government Libraries. A chair was presented by one of their members sojourning in Montreal. They are looking after the needy, working through the Salvation Army.

Colleston Club had papers on vegetable dyeing, nutrition and the League of Nations.

Devon Club members have arranged for a class in Home Nursing.

Dysart—a new Club, sent a delegate to the District Convention. For the raising of money they held a bazaar and tea in December. They hold meetings twice a month.

Great West, Wapella, recently gave a dinner to friends and neighbours; at which games, community singing and dancing for the young people were provided. The Club made two quilts—one of which was donated along with a hamper to a needy family.

Halbrite had a program chiefly devoted to questions concerning music. The members exchanged Christmas gifts. There was also a sale of basketry.

Henribourg held a Christmas Tree with a present for every child in the community under 15 years of age. They are providing the means for a mother to get medical attention for her afflicted little girl. They assisted the teacher of their school with prize money.

Leslie H.M.C. had a very busy December meeting, giving out sewing for a bazaar, making arrangements for a Christmas Tree for the children, and planning for other community Christmas entertainment. They are encouraging the making of wool quilts.

Maymont Club is preparing for a Play and planning for the winter's educational and recreational activities.

Punnichy is looking after the needy in the district. Their Fruit and Flower Committee has been very busy during the month sending gifts to babies, and shut-in invalids. At their last meeting a contest in trimming Christmas baskets was held. A Christmas gift exchange was also carried on. They held an afternoon in the interests of the Christmas Star Fund. Pleasantville Club, Shellbrook, has made arrangements for holding a St. John's Ambulance Course. The inducements offered by the St. John's Association for holding such classes are very great indeed, and their Courses are most valuable and comprehensive. The classes for Juniors also should be taken advantage of. They are helping the Agricultural Society with their Fair Building and Fair activities.

Redvers Club had a paper on Child Welfare and are studying the League of Nations. They will hold their meetings during the winter at the homes of country members.

Town members will be taken out in sleighs by the country members. Summerberry Club realized \$256 from their December bazaar. They packed a Christmas box for an invalid at their last meeting.

United H.M.C., Macoun, at their December meeting served a dinner for the Club members and guests to the number of fifty. Christmas gifts were prepared for the children in QU'Appelle Sanatorium. They had a talk by the Rev. Mr. Haggett on "Odds and Ends"; also a debate and a lot of singing.

Welwyn Club held a Home Industries and Ancient Handicrafts exhibit on Armistice Day. They gave two prizes to school students for essays on the League of Nations and Responsible Government, the results were very gratifying to them. White Heather Club had the book "The Glass Window" reviewed at their last meeting.

British Columbia

Topics of current interest which have been discussed or subjects of addresses at B.C. Institute meetings include: Home Industries at Cranbrook W.I., when Mrs. A. H. Brown demonstrated rug making, Mrs. Hewson flowermaking and Mrs. Cooper cutwork embroidery; English Literature at Cowston, paper by Mrs. Prentice; Immigration, Robson, paper by Mrs. Mitchell; Girl Guide Movement, speaker Mrs. Kinlock at Langford, also

District Builders Plan, Mrs. Frank Campbell; Home Nursing, demonstration and lecture, Miss L. Bawtenheimer, Midway; Victorian Order Work, Mrs. E. D. Calhoun at Mt. Lehman; "Do we save on size of package in buying household supplies?", discussion at Mackenzie, also Foods for Growing Children in Relation to Teeth; Millinery demonstration, by Mrs. A. Bevy, New Denver; Dressmaking demonstration, by Mrs. Slader, Nelson; Community Betterment, paper, Mrs. J. J. Young, South Saanich, and a discussion on Recreation of the Young People of the District; Bulb Growing, discussion led by Mrs. H. E. Thomson, at Silver Creek; Necessity of Quarantine, Dr. Connelly at Valley, also demonstration on embroidery and crocheting, Mesdames H. Donnelly and Freeland; The Farmer's Institute Movement, by C. E. Whitney Griffiths at Winfield.

A HOLIDAY IN WINTER

THOUSANDS of women in rural Manitoba worked hard last summer, have been working hard all winter, have been working hard for years. How about a little holiday in the city in ideal surroundings at low cost, at the same time combining education and pleasure. It sounds too good to be true, but it can be done.

We spend far too much time on the question of how to make a living, how to make a good living, how to make a better living. Let us spend more time in 1927 on the more important question of how to make life more worth while.

There are many answers to the question of how to make life worth while, but with most thinking people the following interests and activities will have some bearing on the question: A greater appreciation of good literature, good community activities in the form of debating, public speaking, dramatics, community games, community singing; a better knowledge of the wonders of plant and animal life around us called Nature Study; the making of the home more beautiful. Not a word anywhere as to how to make more money, but a great deal on how to make home and community life more enjoyable.

A little of all this can be had by enrolling for the Rural Women's short course at the M.A.C., February 17th to February 25th. Last year it was the most popular and best attended short course held at the college. Send in your application now. An ideal holiday in the city, in first class environment, at very low cost.

Winnipeg in Winter

By A. V. Thomas

Give me the sun's "Good Morning,"

On a jolly old February day,
When he greets me over the housetops,
And sings me a frosty lay,

And sings me a frosty lay, snip, snap,
And I lose no time on my way, clip, clap.

Give me the keen caresses
That wait outside my door,
Those sharp mercurial kisses,
That thrill me to the core.

That thrill me to the core, snick, snack,
And tingle every pore, prick, prack.

Keep your old Broadway blizzard,
With its deadly slush and sleet;
Your spirits depressed by the dampness,
And the mush mounting over your feet,

And the mush mounting over your feet,
slish, slosh,
And you'd rather be anywhere else, plish, plosh.

Why should I long for London,
Where the fogs come down to stay,
And you dodge and grope in the darkness?

Oh, boy! Give me a Winnipeg day,

Give me a Winnipeg day, tra la,
In winter? Sure thing, or in May, tra la.



This wasn't the girl he'd married

HE WOULDN'T have believed so short a time could make such a shocking difference. What had happened to break her health—to steal that glorious vitality? Gone was all her old-time charm. . . . Why, she was old! She who had every right to be young!

Many a man and woman worries as youth and freshness fade. What a different story if they but realized how constipation wrecks health and vigor. Steals charm. Speeds the aging years! For no one need suffer from constipation. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is guaranteed to relieve every case—safely, permanently, promptly!

Why part-bran can't do the work

Doctors recommend ALL-BRAN because they know it takes ALL-BRAN—not a part-bran product—to produce results.

Here's what happens: ALL-BRAN absorbs moisture and carries it through the digestive system. And it gently distends the intestines—removing poisonous wastes **naturally!** ALL-BRAN is all bulk—which is why it produces complete results. In a part-bran product the quantity of bulk is so small that there is seldom enough to be effective.

Good-bye to dangerous pills

How different from habit-forming pills and drugs that become worthless unless the dose is constantly increased—and often cause serious injury!

ALL-BRAN is delicious with milk or cream—and add fruits or honey, if you like. Let it soak a few moments to bring out all its nut-like flavor. Use it in cooking. With other cereals. Try the recipes on every package. Eat two tablespoonfuls daily—in chronic cases, with every meal.

Be sure to get genuine Kellogg's—the original ALL-BRAN. Don't take chances with a part-bran substitute. Sold by all grocers. Served at hotels, restaurants. On dining-cars. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.

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Give Child Cod Liver Oil, Mother, If You Want a Strong, Healthy, Robust Body—Full of "Pep"!

McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets
Help to Make Pale, Thin, Nervous
Boys and Girls 100% Stronger in Two
Week's Time in Many Instances.

Many parents are greatly worried concerning the physical condition of their growing boys and girls. They are pale, sickly, nervous, fretful, aren't gaining weight as they should, lack proper appetite at meal time. They wonder what to do.

In such conditions, Cod Liver Oil will seldom, if ever, fail. Not, however, the old-fashioned Cod Liver Oil they dosed you with in your childhood days and that was so evil smelling and nasty tasting it used to upset your stomach. The new and better way to give a child Cod Liver medication is through the use of McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets. They are tiny, tasteless, sugar-

coated—as easy to take as candy and children like them.

If you have a boy or girl who needs attention, make this test without delay. Go to the nearest drug store. Demand and get McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets, and give them as directed. Then watch for improvement as, in even two weeks' time, in many cases, rich red blood goes galloping through their veins, nourishing their tissues, feeding their nerves, making them strong, ambitious and energetic, building up healthy flesh and weight, and giving them the reserve vitality their bodies so badly need. Satisfactory results or money back is McCoy's motto, and druggists everywhere—your druggist—are authorized to make good on this guarantee. No wonder McCoy's Tablets have been called the world's greatest body builders for growing girls and boys.

The Taloned Monarch

Continued from page 8

up, up into the sky, away from her home, her sanctuary in the cool fathoms of Lost Lake, while he, silent, floated below, always below—always between her and the sparkling water.

Fear seemed to banish the temporary disablement and drive the loon's body through the air with remarkable speed. Twice Baldy taunted her, like a cat playing with a mouse, and let her swerve toward the lake; but both times he swept under her and drove the poor bird far above the jabbing spars of the forest giants. It was all so silent and deliberate, so intimidating in appearances that the loon seemed to reject any attempt to escape and merely flew on, on, on, away to the distant valley.

The killer understood. Every fibre in his body became tense with the old thrill of the hunt. But he did not rush to the finish. Instead he rode at the same laborious speed. Only his wings beat on heavier, rhythmical strokes and his taut pinions hummed a louder tune. Soon he noticed a gradual change in the speed of his prey. Occasionally it faltered, dropped and recovered again. Time, and time only, would decide the fate.

THE farm houses on the fertile shores lay just ahead but far below. Two birds quietly winged across the sky. It looked so peaceful; nothing seemed at all unusual; the world laughed, almost, yet the first flew on by the spur of impending doom. Willingly, perhaps, would she have dashed ahead like a skimming swallow. But she was handicapped. Once having arisen from the water a loon must fly on with the same incredulous speed. It cannot change or rest on its wings. It is heavy, like a hydroplane, and velocity is essential to establish buoyancy. In landing it cannot deter its flight but must plunge to the surface of the lake and ride for many yards in flashing foam. Thus the situation was incongruous: Baldy, king of the air, against a loon, one of the most handicapped of flying birds.

The strain began to tell on the wounded bird for suddenly she seemed to weaken and swept on a steep incline towards the earth. Baldy sensed the change and quickly gained on the fleeting form—the hunter after the hunted. He screamed ominously. The terrified loon dropped, down, down, and he plunged after her, struck, slipped past, checked himself and turned on his back, with feet out-thrust and hooked talons fatally spread, to grapple the falling prey.

In the corner of a large field close to the lake a new cedar shake barn stood out clearly against the dark green of the forest, as conspicuous as a city sign. From within the building came the muffled thud of hoofs, the regular monotone of champing jaws and the persistent musical note, now high, now low, that told of early milking operations. Swarms of red flies swirled about a misty heap of dung, and clouds of vapor rolled in billowy waves from the sloping roof and wafted away in the rays of the sun. A black dog lay at peace with the world just inside the wide, swinging door, and on a nail above his head a headless chicken hung. Now and then invisible horns scraped the wall followed by a rustling of hay in the crib. Sometimes a slight cough disturbed the drowsy morn; sometimes a heavy voice bellowed angrily, "git back there, damn you," as if the owner were stooped under the flank of a cow and wheezing through a spumed beard. A stinging slap to enforce the order always resulted in a

general movement of hoofs and clattering of milk pails.

After awhile, when the mist had vanished from the roof and the flies had plucked up courage to doze on its heated shakes, the dog awoke from his slumbers to stretch and yawn, and from the dingy opening Ben MacGregor emerged with his milk pails. He placed them on the ground and mopped his wet brow with a large bandanna rag. He was about to pick up the pails again when suddenly a scream, unlike anything he had heard before, came from the sky above. Ben straightened— with difficulty — and shaded his eyes to gaze inquiringly into the blue.

"Fightin' eagles, or I'm damned," he gasped, and watched the birds in wonder. With his soiled hands he rolled the remnants of a tobacco plug into a tight ball and thrust it down a burnt, corncob bowl. Unconsciously he groped to strike a match when he saw that the two birds were falling. For a minute he stared open-mouthed, then dashed into the shack.

The two birds were acting queerly. Only one feebly flapped to keep afloat now; then, with one wing expanded, it came slowly down with its burden, spinning round like a wounded moth, and, as if losing its buoyancy, suddenly shot heavily earthwards.

Ben came out with his shotgun, called his dog and hopped off across the fields just as the two great birds crashed against the hedge-covered fence and toppled over behind. The dog bounded forward with a growl and cleared the railing. There seemed to be a slight scuffle; the dog howled. The old man, flushed with excitement, clambered after him and saw the eagle, feet out-thrust, talons opening and closing, lying on his side, and his dog circling around it and whining softly in agony of suspense. Quietly he cursed the mongrel for his cowardice; but he realized the danger of the eagle's talons—they could blind—they would. He raised his gun to fire when he caught sight of another form six feet away. Yes, he remembered; there was another eagle. It was limp—a mangled corpse, but it looked partially white.

He uttered an exclamation of surprise as he recognized the striped neck of the dead loon, and glanced questioningly at Baldy. The bird squatted on the ground like a mass of inanimate feathers. A wing hung awkwardly at his side, and from a new wound where his head had struck some obstacle, blood slowly welled and trickled down the grey hood.

"So she dragged yer carcass with her—couldn't get yer ugly talons out of her neck in time, p'raps, es Mister? An' say, if you've killed that mother what's bred in them marshes for many a year I'll break every bone in yer body."

But he did not know the facts of Baldy's case. Usually he loved eagles and alluded to them as "them fine noble birds," but now, with this one before him, he loathed it and gloated in its suffering.

When he reached out his hand the eagle remained motionless, so he went a little closer and nearly touched its beak. Instantly a pair of powerful mandibles closed like a trap on his finger and cut deep. Ben recoiled with an agonized yell that drew a response from a dog on the farther side of Lost Lake.

He clasped his finger with the huge bandanna rag and pursed his lips to better stand the pain. "You'll pay for this," he coldly drawled as if address-

ing a human foe. "I'm tellin' you now."

The old man picked up his gun. But his finger was bound with the clumsy rag and he could not grip the trigger quickly. He swore under his breath and tried another way. It was rather difficult to aim steadily and the cloth obstructed his view. Then something happened. Ben stared along the barrel for two minutes, incredulously, and slowly lowered the weapon, inch by inch. A part of a toe was missing from one of those taloned feet.

"Hell!" he whispered, and stared again. "Hell! Say . . . you look kind of old and tattered, pard, damned if you don't."

"Say!" His eyes swept across the lake, the woods and the mountains and then became fixed upon a cleft in the shrouded hills far up the valley. His mind stumbled back over the mile-stones of his life.

* * *

HE WAS a young man again, toiling through the rank jungle of salal and windfalls under the canopy of the giant firs. His breath came in gasps and his garments clung to him like wet rags. A loaded pack stooped his shoulders. Jerry, the black mongrel, crawled ahead of him.

He was lost. He had no compass. Just a cup of flour remained to make biscuits with that night. How those massive peaks that hemmed him in had frowned upon his pitiful struggles for the last two days—silent in their mightiness. Lord he was weary. Thorns plucked at his heavy shirt; twigs lashed his face. Why didn't those towering peaks fall upon him—crush out his life? They had taunted him enough, anyway.

But there must be a lake beyond that ridge yonder. Fish! He had a line. If he could only find a gap there—hunted all day for one. Hell! He was too tired to climb over the mountains.

A few minutes later he stumbled out of the dark cathedral aisles of the forest into a park-like area. The sun acted like a tonic on his nerves. For the first time he noticed a big bird, a young Bald-headed eagle, circling low over him. Probably it had been attracted by the noise. Curious, aye! Well . . .

weakly he raised his rifle and pressed the trigger. The giant bird flinched and seemed to shake its foot. Something black fell into the glade. Ben searched among the grass, and found it—a talon. He was sorry now that he had fired, but he needed the eagle for food.

The wounded monarch had spiralled into the blue and was soaring off towards the mountains. The speck crept along the wall of trees and suddenly, magically disappeared in the face of the ridge.

Ben gaped like one in a trance until the truth dawned upon him. His nails dug deeply into the palms of his hands. Merciful God! What was that faint line on yonder trees?

"Ben . . . Old Ben—darned if it ain't a pass. Jerry Boy, . . . we've found it!" Man and dog plunged into the timber again.

* * *

FROM that misty past Ben slowly emerged.

"Say!" He stooped and peered again. "Ain't I seen you somewhere afore? Ain't you that same bird?"

He pulled out his old cornucop and sucked hard at the stem. The eagle had not moved. "Well, maybe you ain't. Probably you lost part of yer toe in a trap—but you certainly look familer-like."

All the anger had faded out of

MacGregor's dried old hulk as he recollected those venerable days of antiquity. He pulled a few shreds of tobacco from his pipe and started to chew vigorously.

"P'raps I ain't quite fair, he admitted aloud. You're sufferin' more'n I know—pain an' pride an' everythin'! Maybe you're hungry and needs to get somethin' to keep that heart fluttrin' in old age, same as me and me dog. You've got to have meat raw—God made you that way, same as he made the cats to kill the sparras an' the seals to nab the sammin. Damn it, you have as much right as me to this valley, an' you may have that chicken an' welcome. Well, I think I'll take you home. It ain't just fair to shoot you. Somethin' tells me I've seen you afore now."

So Baldy, smothered in the moth-eaten jacket, was carried lightly under the arm of his new guardian to the home of Ben MacGregor.

That evening as twilight settled its purple shroud upon Lost Lake a lonely cry rang across the silent waters and a long-bodied bird swept over the trees, circled on beating wings and slid to the surface in a cloud of foam and spray. It was Stripeneck, the mate of the mother-loon, returning from the laughing sea to rest in the grand solemnity of the sleeping waters. Every day, season upon season, he arrived with the falling of the shadows as punctually as a clock to this placid lake, and every morning left to play in the shallows of the sea—all alone.

"Oh love dear, where are you, where are you?" he cried—sadly, plaintively, almost appealingly. Yet he did not know—he never would know that in the North a bird, his mate, lay dead, and in the South a baby loon, called helplessly for its mother. Another dawn would come, and again he would fly to his burnished haven beyond the hills, but always calling, calling:

"O love dear, where are you, where are you?"—he knew not why.

WHEN the sun had chased away the shadows of another night the feeble light found Old Baldy, once Lord of the Air and King of a Kingdom—robbed of his freedom and pride, chained to a post near the shanty wall. There was a naked scar on the side of his head. He seemed to stare far away, over Lost Lake, perhaps into another land.

The door of the shack opened and out walked Ben MacGregor with a bandaged finger. He stood for a few moments and then bent down to examine the wounds that yesterday he had so carefully washed.

A kind smile, a smile of sympathy illumined his old face.

"The loon was too heavy for you; bein' old an' weak an' bleedin' some, you couldn't hold yer own, I guess. Well, we're both old an' weak, pard, not like we used to be when we first met in them hills. Young an' hale we was. I ain't been able to hike much the last few years an' p'raps you'll never soar in them clouds again. Strange, ain't it, though. Both in the same boat. But I don't intend to let you peg out afore me. Bein' old friends we'll stick. Just stay here awhile an' I'll see if I c'n fix you up. Guess you won't eat though, aye? Funny what pride'll do. But I'll find a way, just the same."

Six days later Ben strode into the yard with a bundle under one arm. He placed it on a stump and pulled off the sack, retiring as he did so. Baldy, Lord of the Air, swayed on his feet. Fifteen minutes he squatted, a ruffled, inert mass. Then, as if freedom had put a new vigor into his body

Continued on page 67



The Woman Who Wears a Shabby Face!

OFTEN we see her. How well dressed she can be—how becoming her shoes—how attractive her hat!

Yet, underneath her hat—a shabby face. Shabby because of those tired lines. Shabby because of that muddled complexion, deep beyond the reach of surface treatment. Far too many are robbed of beauty's bloom through unwise diet—through the tragic effect of tea and coffee on the nervous system.

Tannin and caffeine in tea and coffee are harmful. With your these agents may work fast or slow. Yet sooner or later their poisonous effects are certain, sure!

Drink Instant Postum. Millions are drinking it. Millions have found the benefit of a hot mealtime drink free from any trace of drugged stimulants. Millions who have found Postum a delicious, sustaining, economical family beverage three times every day in the year. Instantly made in the cup at a cost of about half-a-cent. Or there is Postum Cereal made by boiling or percolating twenty minutes. Ask for Postum at all grocers, restaurants, your club or on the train. Profit by the experience of millions of people. Accept Carrie Blanchard's generous free offer. Mail the coupon today!

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want you to try Postum for thirty days. I want to start you out on your test by giving you your first week's supply.

"It seems to me that it would be a wise plan for mothers, particularly, to think of this test in connection with the health of their families.

"Will you send me your name and address? Tell me which kind you prefer—Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal (the kind you boil). I'll see that you get the first week's supply right away."



CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, LIMITED,
METROPOLITAN BUILDING, TORONTO 2,
ONTARIO.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM ☐ Check which
POSTUM CEREAL ☐ you prefer

Name.....

Street.....

City.....Prov..... P6—27M

Instant Postum



You know how many children do not like the taste of milk. You know how they like to have the same drink as the "grown-ups." You know, too, how good it is for them to have a hot drink! Make Instant Postum for them, using hot milk (not boiling) instead of boiling water! They'll like the taste immediately. And they will get the added nourishment of milk, in a hot drink that is economical and so easy to make!

When Sleep wants to Linger



COLD, dark mornings. Icicles hanging dagger-like from the eaves. Bed seems heavenly.

Time to get up, though; and Sleep-Meter announces the fact, genially but positively. You know he's measured out sleep honestly; so out you

slide, grateful for his call.

Jack o'Lantern is equally dependable and glows time in the dark.

There's a variety of Westclox to choose from, ranging in price from \$2 to \$6. Some are plain, some luminous. The trademark is on every dial.

Westclox

WESTERN CLOCK CO., Limited, PETERBOROUGH, ONT.

2a

Alluringly Lovely Lingerie

—so durable and so economical when made of "Wacosilke."

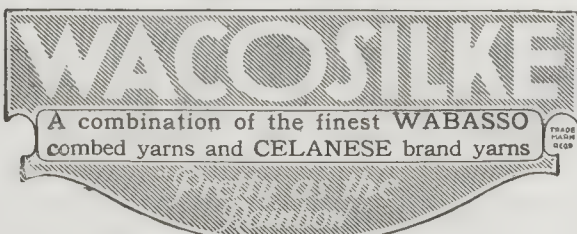
"Wacosilke" has the exquisite texture and caressing "feel" of pure silk; yet for wear it is vastly superior to silk.

Perspiration cannot harm it. Washing does not stretch or fade it. And it costs much less per yard than silk.



In lovely tints for Lingerie—in plain and figured designs for Frocks. Pyjamas and Children's Dresses.

Ask for "Wacosilke" at your favourite store.



Manufactured in Canada only by
THE WABASSO COTTON COMPANY, Limited
Three Rivers, P.Q.

"Celanese is the registered trade mark in Canada of Canadian Celanese Limited."

Toilet Uses for the Lemon: How it Helps to Beautify

THERE is a rivalry between modern chemists and Nature as to who shall produce the most efficient preparations to retain for the hands of femininity their natural lily whiteness. While the chemist invents new formulas and packs them in pretty ribbon tied bottles, Nature serenely puts the desired attributes into the best known and most easily obtainable of fruits, the time honored trustworthy lemon on which grandmother relied for her smooth white hands.

Thus the vast groves of California are gigantic laboratories where the sun and soil of America's Riviera act as master chemists.

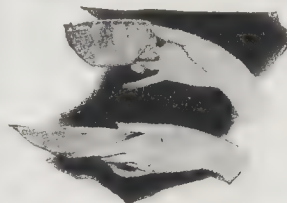
Since Nature's chemicals are safe and sure and warranted to be beneficial, don't overlook them, but benefit by them.

A Fruit Cosmetic

Lemon juice is a natural cosmetic, a remarkable benefit to the skin. It neutralizes the damaging alkali of which a trace lingers in even the finest of soaps. Stains vanish beneath the lemon's soothing action, roughness disappears, redness fades away. Lemon juice whitens the nails. Lemon juice neutralizes such odors as those of fish or onions. Use it before washing, apply it after drying. You will need no other lotion. In many homes a halved lemon is always kept handy in a saucer on the sink. Once you try it a few times you will always depend on this efficient way to retain the natural softness and whiteness of your skin.

Manicuring

The finest of manicure acids is made by putting a teaspoonful of lemon juice in a cupful of warm water. This removes most stains from the fingers and nails and loosens the cuticle more satisfactorily than can be done by use of a sharp instrument. But don't dismiss the lemon merely as a first aid to the hands—save some of its potent juices to work its magic on your complexion. Instead of taking any chances with a chemical bleach apply lemon juice mixed with an equal amount of glycerine, to whiten and soften the skin of the face, neck and arms. The juice of a lemon in a basin of water makes a cooling, cleansing lotion for the face and hands, removes the oily, greasy appearance so common in hot weather, and gives a feeling of freshness after golf, tennis and other active exertions. Lemon and glycerine make an excellent lotion for hands if applied before going to bed.



Use lemon juice to alleviate the discomfort of sunburn as well as modify its unbecoming after effects. You know it is absolutely harmless, which can not be said for all sunburn remedies.

For the Hair

Lemon juice is an essential to the really effective shampoo, and really a necessity to the proper care of the hair. In the use of shampoos with soap or those made with soap a curd is always formed which stays on the hair no matter how many times you rinse with plain water afterward.



Lemon juice in the rinse water removes the curd entirely. The hair is sticky and unclean if the curd remains.

Simply feel the hair after a lemon rinse and you'll never again fail to use it. Use the juice of a lemon in a quart of water just before the final rinse. Then take a basin of fresh, warm water, rinse thoroughly. This leaves the hair beautifully soft and glossy—gives it a silken sheen. This treatment is a tonic for the scalp.

Lemon juice is the harmless brightener of blond hair in all its ranges of colors from drab to Titian red. When the hair dresser suggests that you "touch up" your hair, tell her to use lemon juice.

For the Teeth and Gums

A tablespoonful of lemon juice in half a glass of water, used with a soft tooth brush, cleans the teeth and tends to harden the gums. It leaves the mouth with a fresh wholesome feeling. Many people follow this method.

First Aid Uses

But the lemon is not only a natural beautifier—it is the handiest of all first aid treatments for such casualties as the ink stain on a dainty piece of linen, or the rust stain which threatens ruin to a favorite piece of lingerie. Most little girls who are now grown up know all about lemon juice and salt, the great rust remover. Don't neglect it in favor of some acid which may have worse after effects than the stain itself.

In the Storm

By Irene S. Woodstock

<i>I was hast'ning one day, through the snow and the sleet,</i>	<i>"Kind friend, if you watch, I am sure you will see</i>
<i>When I saw an old horse standing near, on the street.</i>	<i>A great many other old horses like me,</i>
<i>He looked at me sadly, with gentle, brown eye,</i>	<i>Who, for somebody's pleasure, are urged to a run;</i>
<i>And it seemed that he whispered, as I passed him by:</i>	<i>Then left, unprotected, in storm or in sun.</i>
<i>"Kind friend, I am cold. In your great overcoat</i>	<i>"I am just an old horse, and I can't speak my mind.</i>
<i>And your muffler that's fastened so snug round your throat,</i>	<i>But if I could talk, I would say 'Please be kind.</i>
<i>You never could guess, since you are so warm,</i>	<i>For though I am only a horse, it is true,</i>
<i>How chilly I am, standing here in the storm.</i>	<i>In feelings I'm almost as human as you."</i>
<i>"The grocer's boy drove me, and how I did dash</i>	<i>I found an old blanket I surely could spare.</i>
<i>Down the street, up the hill, at the sting of his lash!</i>	<i>I threw it across him, and fastened it there.</i>
<i>While he shouted, and urged me the faster to go</i>	<i>And I'm sure I felt better, that day of the storm,</i>
<i>On my poor, weary legs, through the ice and the snow.</i>	<i>Because I had helped an old horse to keep warm.</i>



A Risk Women Have Learned Never Again to Take

This new way ends the uncertainty of old-time hygienic methods



Eight in ten better class women have adopted this **NEW** way which provides security that is absolute and banishes forever the problem of disposal.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Registered Nurse

DUE to modern scientific advancements, women's oldest hygienic problem remains a problem no longer. The hazardous and uncertain "sanitary pad" of yesterday has been supplanted with a protection that is absolute.

Thus social exactments no longer come ever as ill-timed. Filmy frocks and gowns are worn without a second's thought or fear. The woman of today meets *every day* unhandicapped.

Kotex—what it does

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted Kotex.

Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own

weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as cotton.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal. It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends *all* fear of offending.

You obtain it at any drug or department store, without hesitancy, simply by saying "Kotex."

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* pad embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding. It is the *only* napkin made by this company. Only Kotex is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes: the Regular and Kotex-Super.

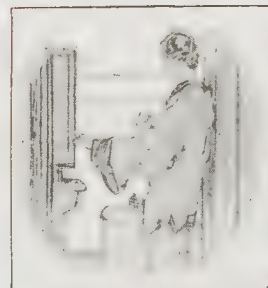
Today mail the coupon for a full-sized sample of Kotex, *free*. Note the improvement, mental and physical, this new way brings. Important booklet on "Personal Hygiene" will be sent also. Send for *your* sample today.



No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue

Kotex Regular:
75c per dozen
Kotex-Super:
\$1.20 per dozen

Easy
Disposal
and 2 other
important factors



No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.



② Utter protection — Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture; 5 times that of cotton, and it deodorizes, thus assuring double protection.



③ Easy to buy anywhere. Many stores keep them ready-wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

Mail Coupon for Free Sample

FREE Sample of **KOTEX**
Made in Canada
KOTEX COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD.
330 Bay Street, Toronto 2, Ontario
You may send me sample of Kotex and book, "Personal Hygiene," in plain envelope.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Prov.....

WHM-2



What Does Your Furniture Reflect?

Lasting impressions are made on every guest to your home by the design, character and charm of your furniture.

There is an up-to-dateness found in No-Mar Furniture not found in ordinary furniture. Added to its individuality and alluring appearance is the fact that it is unrivalled for permanency. Accidents such as misplaced hot dishes, spilled perfume or medicine, cannot affect it at all.

Now that No-Mar Furniture is recognized as supreme in quality, caution must be exercised in purchasing furniture. It has imitations, but there is only one genuine No-Mar Furniture. For your protection each piece carries our guarantee tag. Only when this tag is attached can you buy with confidence.

To secure this furniture of finer quality, demand the No-Mar name tag and guarantee.



We have prepared an attractive booklet full of ideas for making your home more beautiful. The suite shown in the inset, of which the buffet above is an integral part, along with many other suites may be found in this book. If you are interested in giving your home the indefinable charm of good furniture, send for a copy today.

M & H

NO-MAR



FURNITURE

Fittings for the Fireplace

Dressing the Hearth for Appearance as Well as Utility

By Katherine M. Caldwell

THE indoor fireplace, which came into existence for the most practical of reasons—the heating of the home and the cooking of food—was a crude though comforting affair. A chimney with an enlarged opening at the base, a crane or a tripod fashioned by the hand of the owner himself and a pot for such foods as could not be hung upon the spit, comprised the entire equipment.

Man's inventive genius began early to play with the possibilities connected with his great friend, fire. He evolved many kinds of cooking devices, so that the savory roast no longer hissed and browned before the open blaze, the tantalizing odors from the stew-pot ceased to tempt the hungry, as they gathered round the double-purpose fire. Heating units of many kinds kept pace with the new cooking stoves—but our fondness for the old-time way persists. We appreciate to the full the practical, smooth-running furnace that pipes its heat equally to every room in the house or operating on the pipeless principle, distributes an even warmth; we set a very proper value upon the excellent types of heaters that function so efficiently. But we *love* an open fire upon the hearth.

The heart of the room is indisputably the fireplace; we gravitate toward it, carry our other interests close to its warmth and cheer.

Granting the hearth to be the centre of interest, how important it becomes! Leaving for the moment the matter of its active functions, how worth-while it is to see that all the capital possible is made of its appearance.

Much grate furniture and many pieces for the embellishment of the fireplace, have been devised. There is a wide span between the few hard-working necessary pieces and the delightful accessories that may be grouped around the well-dressed grate. Being practical people, we will consider the former group first, then proceed to indulge ourselves in consideration of the things we might add for, frankly, their effectiveness.

Whilst it has, of course, no connection with the actual fitting of the fireplace, there is one vital thing on which our enjoyment depends in a very fundamental way; that is the chimney itself, the flue which either draws well or doesn't. In the latter unfortunate case, I should say, leave all matters of furniture until the trouble has been rectified; there is little joy to be had from a smoky grate. Perhaps a length of pipe added to the chimney top or some other simple device to increase the draught will correct the difficulty. If your own knowledge of the trouble is not deep enough, you will have to call for an expert's opinion.

Sometimes a hood hung at the top of the fireplace opening will prove effective; you can test its efficiency in some simple way and if it does the trick, you can get one in metal, to fit across the top of your opening; they come usually in simple canopy form and most of them are in black finish, although it is possible to obtain hoods in the brass and other finishes so much used for grate fittings.

WITH the way clear for a good fire, how shall it be laid? If coal is your fuel, a fire-basket becomes necessary; sometimes it is built right into the fireplace but for the most part it

lifts in and out quite readily. If, on the other hand, you expect to burn wood you will be rather more likely to decide upon a pair of andirons as logs of different lengths may be laid upon them and piled on, when one likes, with a generous hand. Wood that is cut in short lengths can of course be used quite handily in the fire-basket—but most of us prefer to see the blazing logs lying across the open fire-dogs. A standard type of moderately tall andirons of Colonial design, is illustrated, and a shorter pair supporting a fire-grate of riveted steel bars, useful when only a small fire is wanted.

A spark-screen is usually a good investment, for one never knows when an exuberant burst of flame will hurl a burning ember beyond the edge of the tiled or flagged hearth. Merely collecting one's fire insurance after such an accident does not compensate for the

Since the hearth-broom will not be covered by a discussion of the styles for the metal fittings, it might be in order to put in a word about it here. The rush type of broom lingers in our mind as the one most fitted for the purpose and it has perhaps never been offered in so charming a style as in the brooms being made today by our Canadian blind. Canada is becoming more and more aware of the Hope Brand products which are the work of the returned soldiers and other blind people who, amongst other things, have developed broom-making as an artistic craft. The hearth-brooms of which I speak are extremely good looking—a fact attested by the enormous Christmas business which was done in them. Their handles are bound with strips of split cane and are stained in lovely tones of blue, green, red, terra cotta, brown, yellow and so forth. They provide a delightful



The large fireplace gives splendid opportunity for the use of interesting accessories

trouble of making good the damage—and the fear of what might have been, had no one been near to extinguish the tiny blaze. These wire screens may be had in folding style, with three or four hinged panels, or in a sort of bay-window shape that fits snugly over the entire opening—a particularly commendable type if there are children playing about, who might possibly upset another less solid type of screen.

The fender, which borders the hearth-stone or its various modern successors, had its origin as a safety device but has come to mean more from the point of view of appearance. It finishes off the fireplace in a neat manner and helps to add the always satisfying effect of weight at the base.

Fire-irons are also included in the group of fittings generally accepted as necessities. Everyone is familiar with the type of stand and irons illustrated—a neat holder containing a shovel, tongs and poker. Sometimes the irons will rest on hooks or brackets on the front of heavy fire-dogs—these are usually seen in the massive styles only, heavy wrought-iron pieces that are very handsome. We do not, however, consider it necessary to stick to the stereotyped three-piece set; sometimes we prefer small tongs that resemble and work like exaggerated sugar tongs; with this we might select an ornamental though sturdy poker; instead of a small shovel, we might choose a hearth broom, for between it and the tongs, most of the small chores incidental to the fire are easily handled.

little accent of color amongst the metal furnishings, quite worth the dollar and a half which they cost—were they to fulfil no further function at all!

HAVING attended to the most useful of the grate furnishings, let us turn to the additional things that we see used to such advantage around many an attractive fireplace. Some are there to fulfil some trifling office, others simply because it seems the logical place for them to locate.

For instance, have you seen one of the old-fashioned long-handled bed-warmers hanging against a satisfying background of brick or stone? They were made of brass or copper, like a deep covered frying-pan; at bedtime, the lid was lifted, the pan filled with live coals from the fireplace, and carried to the beds in turn, for the purpose of "ironing" each one to make it warm—the ancestor, seemingly, of our present-day hot water bottle. The handle was usually of dark polished wood and the cover of the pan was frequently decorated with a good engraved design. What more logical than that we should hang beside our fireplace today these mementoes of the comforts of our grandmothers?

Other contemporaries of the burnished bed-warmer are reproduced today because we continue to find them useful. The long-handled roasting fork has been superseded by a dozen kinds of toasters, but we still like to use it occasionally, in an informal hour (for no more delicious toast has appeared than that made

over live coals or fiery wood embers); and the young people delight in roasting apples and marshmallows before the fire. Another reminder of the more extensive cooking operations that used to be carried on here, is the trivet—and as it is still a most useful little article at the tea hour, modern manufacturers are making it in all the old familiar styles. The same holds true for the coal-hod; we can get today very good designs in iron, copper or brass, in bucket and pot shapes, as well as plain and ornate boxes for coal or wood. There are iron wood racks, too, on which the logs are piled; or one can get charming flaring or straight-sided baskets—more of the Hope Brand products—for the wood. Many a fine old metal pot has forsworn earlier duties today to take up the care of the fuel supply—looking quite to the manner born.

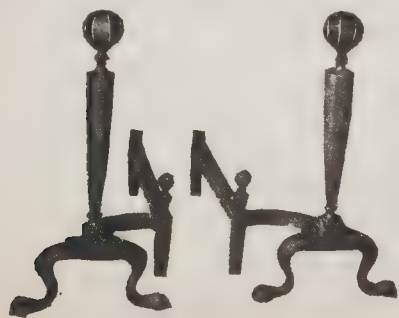
A pair of bellows is ever an interesting accessory—and has lost no whit of its usefulness. True, our flues and chimneys have improved with our better knowledge of building details, but there comes many a moment in the life of a fire when a little stimulation is a necessity. A puff or two with the bellows, at just the right time, rescues many an expiring blaze; and be it added that, few, indeed, of the bellows that have length of life behind them, fail to be charmingly decorative; naturally, it follows too that most of the reproductions are attractive, earning double appreciation for the bellows as a fireside fitting.

The actual size of the fireplace will of course govern the number and types of pieces that may be used to advantage in its furnishing; an overcrowded grate never looks well. But when one has a broad, generously mantled fireplace such as the one illustrated to work with, quite a variety of interesting details may be given place. This big fireplace of soft-hued brick begins its own equipment by adding a pair of candle-brackets at each side; flanking the fireplace opening are two well-balanced pieces that are frankly decorative in their function, plaques of interesting design. It will be noted that the tall hand-wrought fire-dogs support a large poker, in the manner mentioned already.

You are doubtless already familiar with old pictures that display a pair of tall torchères at the sides of the hearth—testimony of the fondness our ancestors had of reading, or working at their sweet old cross-stitch samplers, beside the comfortable fire; these are recalled by the handsome candlesticks in our picture, which tall candles take to a considerable height. The affinity between candles and an open fire will never be overlooked—no amount of more modern lights will ever quite supplant them.

The thought of the needlewoman or the happy reader ensconced in the candle

Continued on page 54



Fire dogs of quaint Colonial design



Single fire dog. Hand-wrought metal is always distinctive



The Family Table

IN THE ever-increasing rush of our twentieth-century life, the members of a family see less and less of each other. Sometimes the only meeting place of the entire family circle is at the table, and even that gathering place is assuming too small a part in our lives. Everybody rushes off to school or work or meetings or pleasures. At a leisurely mealtime, very much may be done to form the ideals and ambitions of the children through discussions of innumerable worth-while topics.

Table service may be of simple yet correct and not cumbersome. All the formalities of good behavior have a very good reason, based on common sense. If the reason for observing some rule of serving is not apparent, that rule may well be abandoned. Fortunately, the habit of serving very elaborate meals of eight or ten or fifteen courses is now considered incorrect. A safe guide to conduct is to follow the "Golden Rule." Our table service and manners should be such as to make life more pleasant for others.

The table may be bare, or partly covered with doilies and runners, or entirely covered with a cloth. From 20 to 30 inches should be allowed for each person, unless the table is round or square, seating either 4 or 8 persons. Less than 20 inches makes the table crowded, more than 30 inches makes conversation and passing of dishes rather awkward.

The table is covered to protect its surface, to cover the surface, to insure quieter service, to reflect the light, and to improve the appearance of the table. Whatever covering is used, should be clean, always. A white table cloth makes a more harmonious table than runners and doilies, and reflects more light. On the other hand, doilies are much more easily washed and ironed than a large cloth. If one is spotted, it may be washed, without the labor of laundering a big cloth for the sake of a small stain.

A table cloth keeps clean longer if a silence cloth is used. The surface of the table is also protected from marks made by hot dishes. In getting a silence cloth, one should plan to have it of a size which will not show below the table cloth. Asbestos cloths with leaves to fit a short or long table are now on the market. When ironing the cloth, it should be creased so that the folds will all come on the same side. It may be folded lengthwise through the centre, then opened and the two sides folded in to the centre crease, which is again pressed. This gives three lengthwise creases. The crosswise folds are not pressed down. The cloth is placed on the table so that it hangs evenly on both ends and both sides. When buying cloths, if possible, one should get those which will not hang more than 12 or 14 inches below the edges of the table, or they will be in the way of those seated at the table.

RECTANGULAR doilies are better than those which are round or square, as they have room for all the articles at each cover. One edge should be about the edge of the table. Each cover should be exactly opposite the one corresponding to it on the other side of the table, unless there are different numbers of persons on the two sides, when they should be symmetrically spaced. At each place is put most if not all of the silver required for the meal. Spoons put at each place rather than in a spoon-holder will save confusion at meal-time. All the silverware put at the different covers, should be in line, about $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 inch from the edge of the table. It is never in good taste to lay some of them diagonally across the rest, nor are the various

articles put in a zig-zag way. Generally speaking, the silver used with the right hand is put at the right of the plate, that used with the left hand, on the left side. However, the table looks better if the amount of silver on each side of the plate is fairly evenly balanced. Knives are put at the right with the sharp edge turned towards the plate. Spoons are usually put at the right, in the order in which they will be used, the first to be used being farthest from the plate. The forks are put at the left, with the tines turned up. If only a fork is to be used, with no knife, it may be placed at the right, as it will be used with the right hand. The knife and fork nearest to the plate should be put far enough apart to leave room for the largest plate which is to be

the silver either on the ends or sides, **never** diagonally. Carving knife and fork are put at the right and left of the person who uses them, either beside his own silver, or beside the platter, but in either case, parallel to his silver. A larger amount of food at that end of the table will be balanced by a smaller amount of something bright in color as a dish of jelly.

The vegetables may be served by the person who carves, or by some other person at the table.

Food is passed at the left of each person, so that he may help himself with his right hand. The dish of food is held in the left hand of the person serving, with a folded napkin under it if it is hot, and the serving silver arranged in such a way as to be convenient for the person being served. The right hand of the waiter is available to steady the dish if necessary. Food is placed from the right, so that the waiter may have the convenience of using her right hand. Dishes are also removed from the right, although they may quite correctly be removed from the left when more convenient.

When clearing the table, the large dishes are removed first, then the plates from each cover. At a formal meal, the plates are removed, and taken from the room, one in each hand. At an informal family meal, they may be quietly placed on top of each other and taken from the room in one trip. A tea-cart is a great convenience. All dishes, salt and pepper, etc., not required for the rest of the meal, are removed before the dessert is served. Crumbs are removed with a plate and folded napkin, or knife, or crumb and brush tray.

If tea and coffee are poured at the table, the pot is put at the right of the person who pours, with the handle of the pot where it is convenient for her to reach. The cups and saucers may be piled in twos, if space is limited, with the handles turned towards the pourer. Spoons are always placed in the saucer, lying parallel to the handle of the cup. A convenient space for the cream and sugar are left in front of the pourer.



Rectangular Doilies are better than those which are round or square

put between them, but no farther, and all the silver on each side should be closely grouped. The water glass, napkin and bread and butter plate are placed around the silver, in whatever manner is most convenient. Usually the glass is put at the tip of the knife and a little bit to the right, with the small plate at the left, either at the tip of the fork, or nearer to the edge of the table, as seems most desirable. Whatever position is decided upon, each article should be exactly in line with the others of the same kind. The napkin may be placed wherever convenient. It is always folded in a square, or if space is very crowded, in a rectangle, with the corner opening towards the left hand. Napkins should be used by every member of the family at every meal, no matter how necessary it is to save washing and ironing. For everyday use they may be small and of very inexpensive material such as factory cotton. Children should not be allowed to grow up without forming the habit of using a table napkin.

IN ADDITION to the individual covers, there will be some general equipment on the table. This will vary according to the formality of the meal. The simple home meal will have more on the table than a formal dinner. Salt and pepper shakers ought to be numerous enough to obviate too much passing. A pair between each two people is good. Small dishes of pickles, jelly, etc., should balance each other. The silver with which to serve them should be placed beside the dishes, and parallel with

IN A family where there are little children, it is desirable to serve them first, as they require longer time to eat. Otherwise, the mother is served first, then the girls, and finally the boys. At an informal meal a woman guest is served first, but for formal service, the hostess comes first, then the guests. For this there is a very good reason. It is possible that some of the guests may be uncertain about the silver to use, or the method of helping themselves to, or of eating some of the food. We have seen unfortunate souls trying to spear olives with a small fork. An older woman is usually served before a younger one, women before men. But at a large table full of people, it is permissible to continue serving all those on one side of the table, then those on the other side.

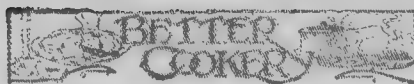
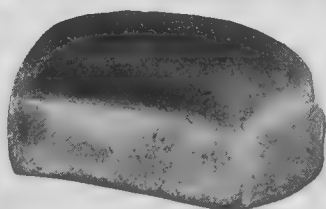
The fork may be used in either the left or the right hand. When used with the knife as an aid to cutting, it is grasped in the left hand with the tip resting against the centre of the palm, the index finger resting about the base of the tines, and the rounded part of the tines up. This is the easiest, most natural and most graceful way of holding it. The knife is held in the same way in the right hand. The knife is used only for cutting and for spreading. The fork may be used in the left or right hand to convey food to the mouth, with the tines stuck into the food, or may be used in the right hand as a shovel, to convey softer food to the mouth. In the latter case, the tines are turned with the rounded



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For over 50 Years*



Continued from page 48

side down, and the handle rests against the curve of the hand, formed by the thumb and first finger. When the food is soft enough to cut with the fork, it is used rather than the knife. When a plate is passed for a second helping, the knife and fork are placed side by side on the plate, with the handles parallel, far enough from the edge that there is no danger of their falling off.

The spoon is used for transferring soft food to the mouth, and for stirring foods. It should never be left standing in a high dish, or it might cause accidents. This rule does not apply to glass sippers in tall glasses of iced drinks. Soup is sipped from the side of a spoon if possible, although it would be necessary to eat the solid part of soup from the tip of the spoon.

Desserts are served on a plate when possible. If not firm enough in texture, a deeper dish of china, or glass is used. A fork is used when possible, but if the dessert is of too moist a nature, then a spoon is provided, or if needed, both a spoon and fork. For example, a baked apple and its juice require a spoon, but a fork would be useful in holding it steady while the pulp is being removed from the core.

Even small children may be taught to help with the work of serving meals, the setting, correctly, of the table, removing soiled dishes, even the ironing of doilies and napkins. Economy of time should be practiced anywhere else in the household than at the family table. A child is being cheated of his birthright, if he is not given a chance for daily practice in the conventions which make this world a pleasant place to live in.

A FEW COLD WEATHER MENUS

SUNDAY

Breakfast

Sliced Oranges
Corn-flakes Milk
Toasted Graham Bread
Jam Coffee Milk

Dinner

Roast Chicken Gravy
Mashed Potato
(Creamed Onions Cranberries
Bread and Butter
Frozen Canned Peaches

Supper

Scalloped Corn
Bread Butter Celery
Chocolate Cake Tea

MONDAY

Breakfast

Stewed Apricots
Oatmeal Milk
Poached Egg Buttered Toast
Coffee Milk

Lunch

Chicken-rice Soup
Bread Butter
Apple-celery Salad
Tea Milk

Dinner

Pot Roast of Beef
Franconia Potatoes Scalloped Cabbage
Bread Butter
Blanc mange Raspberry Jam

TUESDAY

Breakfast

Bananas
Pettijohn's Milk
Buttered Toast Bacon

Lunch

French Toast
Scalloped Tomatoes
Bread and Butter
Apple Sauce Cocoa Tea

Dinner

Minced Beef on Toast
Baked Potatoes Buttered Beets
Bread and Butter
Apricot Whip

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast

Stewed Prunes
Oatmeal Milk
Buttered Toast

Continued on page 50



Delicious

The crystal purity and rare flavour tell more than words the painstaking care given to the selecting, blending and packing of this tea. Anyone who has been seeking a delicious tea at a moderate price should not fail to buy a trial package of "SALADA."

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The children will love the "OXO" Picture Puzzle—72 pieces—2 puzzles in one. Sent postpaid for 30 "OXO" Cube wrappers.

"OXO" Cubes work wonders with the "left-overs" of previous dinners. They restore the taste, save the waste, and add the rich nourishment of prime beef from which they are made.

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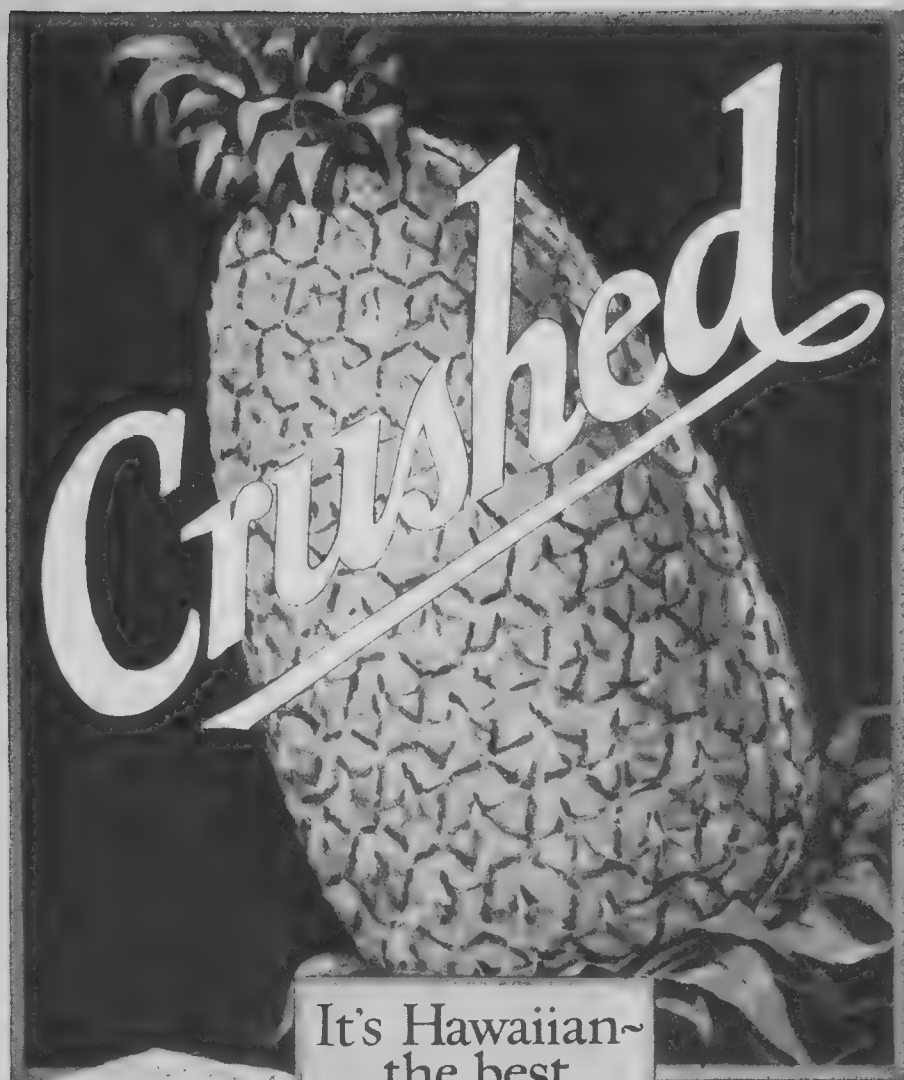
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Tin of 4 cubes, 15c. tin of 10, 30c.

N.B. To ensure quick dissolving, always slice the cube into hot water.



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And it's packed ripe—in Hawaii—with all the care for which DEL MONTE stands.

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Why not see that you get this dependable label—every time?

It's such a simple thing to do! Yet so important—to insure the quality you want!

Let us send you our special Pineapple recipe folder—free. Address Dept. 37R, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, Calif.



Just be sure you say

DEL MONTE



Continued from page 49

THURSDAY

Breakfast
Apple Sauce
Cream of Wheat Milk
French Toast

Lunch
Creamed Salmon on Toast
Cabbage Salad
Brown Bread Butter
Rice Pudding

Dinner
Meat Pie
Mashed Potato
Creamed Carrots and Peas
Prune Whip Crisp Cookies

FRIDAY

Breakfast
Cream of Wheat with Dates
Scrambled Eggs on Toast
Buttered Toast

Lunch
Baked Potatoes
Creamed Dried Beef
Cocoa Bread and Butter
Cookies Baked Apples

Dinner
Salmon Loaf
Creamed Potatoes String Beans
Brown Betty

SATURDAY

Breakfast
Stewed Figs
Oatmeal Milk
Buttered Toast

Lunch
Bacon
Macaroni and Cheese
Brown Bread Butter
Apple Sauce Cookies

Dinner
Beefsteak
Baked Potatoes Buttered Onions
Apple Turnovers

SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY

WE always welcome an opportunity to celebrate a special occasion. Red or pink colors, hearts, cupids, and arrows, make delightful decorations.

Whether one is having a party for children, a tea, entertaining the grown-ups in the evening, or merely having the family meals, the same ideas may be carried out. Heart shaped cookie cutters of various sizes will be required.

Planked Meat

Either a plank or a very flat aluminum or enameled tray will be needed. Season Hamburg steak well with salt, pepper, and a little onion juice, and form in a heart-shaped mound on the plank or tray, then cook in the oven for about an hour, basting frequently with drippings. When nearly cooked, remove from the oven and garnish with a border of Duchess potatoes. Return to the oven to brown the potatoes, then before serving, decorate with heart-shaped slices of beets.

Around the edge of the platter on which the fish or roast for dinner, is placed, a circle of heart-shaped croutons may be arranged. With a heart cutter cut slices of bread. Spread lightly with melted butter and put in a hot oven till brown and crisp.

Timbales

If one has a timbale iron, there is sure to be one in the set that is heart-shaped. A batch of cases may be made, and when ready for use, fill with any creamed meat, fish, vegetable, or salad or desert that is to be served.

Sandwiches

Heart cutters may be used for shaping dainty sandwiches. Red is dainty in the filling.

Either the salad or dessert may be molded in a heart mold.

Red gelatine may be set in a large flat pan, then cut out in hearts with a cookie cutter, placed on lettuce leaves and salad dressing put beside it. Or the jelly may be a little sweeter, put on a piece of heart cake cut with a larger cutter, and a spoonful of whipped cream put on top.

Any pretty cornstarch or gelatine dessert might be molded in a large heart mold. Of course there would be heart-

shaped cookies, plain, or with a candied cherry on top, a little pink icing put on to hold red candies, or a cake with white frosting, and sprinkled with red or pink tiny candies.

For a substantial salad, vegetables, or meat, fish or chicken, may be molded in gelatine in a heart mold. For the meat or fish, the gelatine should be either jellied soup stock or tomato juice. A sweet jelly could not be used.

Fuel Foods For Cold Days

Energy foods are required especially during the cold winter days. Cereals of some kind should form the bulk of such food. A bowl of steaming hot, well-cooked porridge, is an excellent thing on which to start a winter day. The ready cooked package cereals might be better reserved for the hot languid summer weather. The hot nourishing supper dish may be another form of cereal, macaroni or one of the other pastes, in one of the numerous delicious ways in which it may be prepared, rice, barley, corn meal mush, etc.

The need for vitamins and minerals must be kept in mind especially at this time, when fresh fruits and vegetables are not so readily available, or are a little more expensive than some of us can afford. In the late winter and early spring, dried fruits are invaluable, particularly if the supply of canned fruits and vegetables is getting low. Raisins, prunes, figs, dates, currants, apricots, peaches, offer enough variety to satisfy the desires of everybody. They may be merely soaked for twenty four hours, then simmered till tender, and sweetened to taste, with a few drops of lemon juice added to develop the delicious natural flavor, and used in place of canned fruit, or may be combined in a limitless variety of ways with the cereal foods.

There are so many kinds of breakfast foods, that there is no excuse for serving oat-meal three hundred and sixty five mornings for breakfast, with the result that the family becomes so sick of it, that, nobody will touch it. But oatmeal may well be the leader among the cereals. Wheat may be gotten in several forms, ground in varying degrees of fineness, and with varying amount of the bran left in.

Cereal With Raisins

To cream of wheat, oatmeal etc; when nearly ready to serve, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of raisins, dates, prunes or figs. The raisins may be used whole, the dates, prunes and figs cut in pieces. The prunes and figs should be steamed till soft. Serve with cream or milk.

For hot weather, the cereal may be molded and served cold the next morning.

Apples Cooked With Cereal

Wash and core and quarter apples. The peel may be left on if one wishes. Put in a buttered baking dish and cover with hot cooked Farina Cream of Wheat or a similar cereal, to which $\frac{1}{2}$ c. of raisins have been added, and bake till the apples are tender. This may be served as a breakfast cereal or as a dessert, with cream or rich milk.

Cereal Desserts

Plain Rice Pudding

Milk, 2 qts. Rice, $\frac{2}{3}$ c.
Sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ c. Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Raisins 1 c.

Wash the rice, mix it with half of the milk, the sugar and salt. Put in a buttered baking dish and cook for some hours in a slow oven, stirring frequently, and adding the rest of the milk as it is needed. The raisins may be stirred when it is partly cooked.

Fruit Cereal Pudding

Cooked cereal 2 c. Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Milk, 4 c. Cinnamon $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ c. Nutmeg $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Eggs, 2. Dates or raisins 1 c.

Mix the milk with the cereal and beat well that it may be free from lumps. Add the beaten eggs, spices, sugar and dates cut in pieces. Either dates or raisins may be used.



For salads that tease and please

SERVED on a crisp lettuce leaf with cream or mayonnaise dressing, an aspic of tuna fish or salmon, diced chicken or shredded veal, tomato, pear, apple, peas, peppers or sliced cucumber, makes a salad that is impossible to resist. And for such delightful salads there is nothing so sure, so pure, so nourishing and satisfactory as Cox's Gelatine.

There is scarcely an item on the daily menu that Cox's Gelatine cannot improve, make more attractive, palatable and nutritious. It is the secret of savory soups and gravies. It makes puddings and custards more deliciously smooth. It improves icings and candies. And makes the most delightful jelly desserts. Of course, it is unflavored and unsweetened and dissolves quickly. That is why it is such a wonderful, all-round help when meal-time draws near.

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is full of good things—recipes for nearly everything from soups to ice creams and candies. It is printed in both French and English and will be mailed free to anyone requesting a copy. Address the

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Journeying in France

Continued from page 9

three years, the man started a little general store in a small city in Ontario. At the end of twenty years he owned three motor cars, two houses, and a store. Then came the jazz age. His wife, still quite well preserved and good looking, was caught by that strange and mysterious fever which swept the world. She took up dancing, fell in love with the violinist, and begged her husband to divorce her. He still loved her so much, he consented to give her her happiness. Further, he sold all he owned, and divided the money equally. Then he set out for a visit to the land of his birth. He was returning well-to-do, successful in the eyes of the world. Yet he was sad. "I won't stay long," he said to me, gazing over the faintly-tossing sea, "I'll soon come back to Canada. 'She's a great country.'" He had in his lap a pile of photographs: of himself and his wife on their wedding day 23 years before; of his various possessions, houses, store, motor cars, and many pictures of his wife in later years.

This little drama profoundly touched me, for all I had heard so many stories recently of happy homes broken up in this modern age by the strange restlessness, the groping for some unknown something men and women seem blindly seeking—this fever which for want of a better word we call jazz.

Aboard the ship, however, were a score of foreign-born, who, like the Hungarian, had come to Canada with nothing, made good, and were returning to their native land; but, with few exceptions, only to visit.

"Canada is a great country," were the invariable words.

But the travellers were not all foreign-born. There was in the second-class a young man who in dress and looks suggested a successful stockbroker. He was a French-Canadian, a plasterer by trade. Since early the previous spring he had been saving to visit Europe. He was going to stay two months in Paris, then on to the principal cities of Italy, and Austria-Hungary. "I want to educate myself," he told me, "see the best things of the old countries."

How typical of Canada: a hard worker of the artisan class in half a year's time could save sufficient to journey far in search of culture.

In the third class was a Hollander, owner of one of the very biggest chicken farms in his own country. To show that even men with considerable money will seek hard labor by way of amusement, he had just come back from a trip to Canada, where he had worked in the harvest fields. There were Canadian school teachers and nurses on a holiday. The third class on modern liners plying from Quebec and Montreal is made so commodious that today the principal passengers are people of refinement. The steward of the lounge room informed me that on two voyages that summer the passengers had been students and learned professors, all of whom were capable of putting a Greek verb in its place with ease and dexterity.

As I have said: one of the chief delights of travelling is the different people you meet. Also, it is only by contrast with foreign countries that a person comes to appreciate the superiorities of his homeland, and realize its defects.

ON THE last lap of my 6,000-mile journey from Vancouver to Paris, I took the train at Cherbourg for Paris. What a tiny looking thing it was. The coaches seemed like toys. The little trucks of the carriages with four wheels with spokes seemingly more fitted for a cart. One almost feared

for one's safety. Getting in and out of the carriages requires a tremendous stretch of the legs, the step is so far down, and almost parallel with the coach, making it something like taking a high dive to get out. I at once realized why short skirts are so highly favored in France. The first class coach, however, was extremely comfortable, eight wide seats, four-facing, ordinary pullman size, but which pull farther out if you wish. There was a clean lace covering on which to rest one's head. Lying upon the seats were the Paris editions of the London Daily Mail and Chicago Tribune (printed in English), bearing a tiny notice, "with the compliments of the Canadian Pacific." It was the last reminder of Canada, a little friendly touch that warmed the heart of one arriving on a foreign strand.

Away went the train, getting up so much speed that one became more respectful, though the rolling and rocking and roar was terrific. Such speed makes taking a meal on a diner a real adventure. For the waiters do not serve each individual separately, but pass up and down the tiny coach with great silver platters, ladling out each course. The train moves like a row-boat on a choppy sea, and as the waiter leans over you to serve the diner seated next the window a great fear fills your heart that your best suit will receive the salad or the juicy steak. But the waiters are marvels in exquisite balancing, and my clothes came through unimpaired. Except for the smallness of the coach, on the trip I made, I hardly realized I was in France, for the majority of the 20 people dining were Americans.

We have heard much rumor of the annexation of Canada to the United States; but, from travelling in France, one feels as though France has been annexed by the United States. The land is flooded with Americans. American artists with American money are restoring the famous castles and churches, such as the Cathedral at Rheims, the Castle of Versailles, and the Palace at Fontainebleau, where priceless things might be lost but for their work, a work, however, which the French government cannot afford. The whole French population seems catering to tourists. Even the ancient Latin Quarter of Paris has lost its ancient ways, adopted steam heat and modern plumbing to cater to American students, who have so crowded it that I spent vain days seeking a suitable place to live. Canadians are here also in plenty. And the offices of the Canadian High Commissioner, the Honorable Philippe Roy, is a real home where Canadians foregather, get their mail, and read the plentiful supply of "home town" papers. Canada House was opened by the Prince of Wales just two days before I arrived. This is a wonderful thing for Canadians, and in a later issue I shall tell the whole interesting story. Undoubtedly, for any Canadian who has been yearning to see France or Europe in general, and saving up for the trip, the present time is an ideal one, for most of the money of Europe is at a tremendous discount, the dollar buying a great deal, which is the most outstanding and favorable contrast of the many I intend to deal with here.

TRAVELLING in Canada has been made so amazingly comfortable that one gets a little spoiled. For instance: in Vancouver the expressman brought my trunk to the huge red brick depot of the C.P.R. I checked it there and was bothered no more, except a moment in re-checking it aboard ship, till it was delivered up to

Continued on page 59

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in every way that makes Tea a most delicious and refreshing beverage.

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Take a teaspoonful of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly several times a day and at bedtime. It stops irritation and soothes sensitive membranes.

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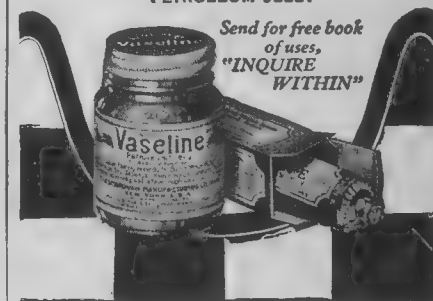
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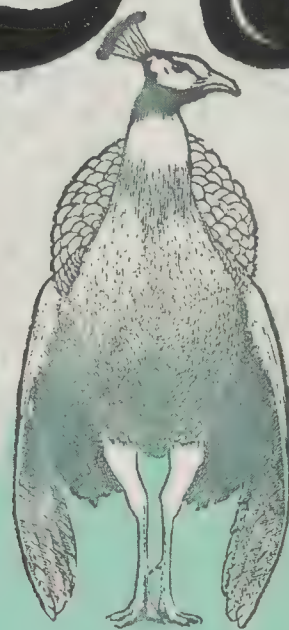
Vaseline

TRADE MARK
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Send for free book of uses, "INQUIRE WITHIN"

and now — The Most Beautiful



AS a climax to the most outstanding automotive success in recent years, Chevrolet today announces the greatest triumph of its history—

—a complete line of cars, mechanically finer, entirely new in line, contour and color, and offering elements of style, distinction and elegance hitherto undreamed of in the low-priced field!

Only the tremendous growth of Chevrolet popularity — only the economies of the tremendous volume production make it possible to make so fine a car to sell at Chevrolet prices.

Chevrolet presents the Most

Beautiful Chevrolet in Chevrolet History.

So decisively does The Most Beautiful Chevrolet differ in appearance even from its immensely popular predecessors, that its arrival on the market cannot help but change all existing ideas as to what the buyer of a low-priced car has the right to expect for his money.

Here are new bodies of beautiful lines brilliant in their modish new Duco colors—irresistible in their distinguished smartness—and outstanding in that individuality and perfection of silhouette regularly associated with the

costliest of custom-built creations.

Here are score after score of advancements in design—a new and massive radiator shell — new crown fenders—bullet-type head-lamps and cowl lamps—new and heavier running boards —new tire carrier assembly—new gasoline gauge—new and luxurious upholsteries — new instrument panel complete even to co-incidental ignition and steering lock, new textile leather-covered sun visor—new large 17-inch steering wheel—new sliding seats in coach model, and many others actually too numerous to mention.

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Here is definite assurance of longer life, better operation and greater economy—for all models are equipped with a new oil filter and an improved air cleaner.

Look for these quality features on other cars and you will be surprised to find many of them only on cars costing thousands of dollars more. They are the marks of distinction of the world's finest automobiles.

To further broaden the appeal of the Chevrolet line there has been added an entirely new model—a youthful, rakish, colorful Sport Cabriolet, finished in royal oak green Duco with tan top, upholstered in genuine tan grain leather, with a spacious rumble seat in the car.

However complete, however enthusiastic, no mere description of The Most Beautiful Chevrolet in Chevrolet History can ade-

quately portray the new measure of individuality and style it introduces into the field of low-priced automobiles. This can only be gained by inspection of the cars themselves.

So we urge you to visit the nearest Chevrolet dealer. There you will discover that the Most Beautiful Chevrolet in Chevrolet History is selling at the lowest price for which Chevrolet has ever been sold in Canada.

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Dainty Stamped Tea Aprons at Little Cost



The daintiest imaginable are the new designs stamped on these Tea or Fudge aprons and they will be found extremely simple to embroider too. The **Colonial Ladies, Lazy Daisy, Bluebird, Parasol and Butterfly** patterns as illustrated here are stamped on an exceptionally good quality of unbleached art

cotton which will make up very effectively and will launder splendidly.

Aprons stamped as illustrated are priced at 45 cents each. Edgings as shown or silks to embroider are not included. When ordering from the Western Home Monthly, be sure to state number of apron desired.

light before the fire, recalls another old-time comfort that is useful now as ever—the fender stool. Perhaps it will be but the merest foot-rest—a four-footed trifle or little bun-shaped stool just big enough to support a pair of dainty slippers; or it may grow all the way to the proportions of the fender-length stool, low and narrow, or higher at the two ends (following the turned line of the fender) and broad enough to make a comfortable seat. Upholstered and covered in velvet, leather or, best of all, the old-fashioned needlepoint, it contributes immensely to the value of the entire fireplace.

TO DISCUSS the furnishing of the mantle shelf, where there is one, would be too great a task to attempt here; suffice it to say that a very few pieces, arranged with nice consideration as to their balance, is much more suc-

Fittings for the Fireplace

Continued from page 47

cessful in a general way, than a large group of unrelated objects. Three or five articles, seven if the shelf is a really long one, are usually adequate, the outer pieces arranged not necessarily as pairs, but offsetting each other so as to give a balanced effect. Picture a clock of good design, with two small bowls containing pots of ivy that trails from the mantle shelf or a few flowering bulbs or little ferns. Or maybe your choice would be a colorful bowl or jar or a pottery figure, guarded by a pair of candlesticks. Or a handsome bronze, as a centre of interest, flanked by smaller harmonious ornaments. Such an arrangement is satisfying and dignified without being stiff.

Now to return for a moment to the

essential fittings, with their style and material in mind. The actual grate or the fire-basket that replaces it, will usually be of iron, its lines varying from the plainest of barred styles to beautifully hand-wrought designs. The black grate does not place any limitations upon the other fittings; they may, with perfect consistency, be of wrought or cast iron, brass, copper, bronze, or a combination of two of these metals; the hand-wrought metals are of course always the most distinguished (note the good-looking single firelog illustrated), and it is well worth everyone's while to expend a good deal of time searching out something a little out of the common; for instance, a few years ago I wanted for a wedding present the main

pieces for a brick fireplace of brownish hue; black would have been rather dead; brass seemed a little too bright in key for the room that the bride had planned; copper, I thought, might strike a better note—but when I came upon a fender of beaten bronze and a bronze-mounted set of irons, I knew that I had found exactly the right thing.

Brass and copper will blend happily enough and if one elects to stick to the black finish for fender and so forth, it is quite in order to add a few accessories in bright metal. If the warm hues of the yellow and reddish-toned metals are used around the grate—I do not like to see silver candlesticks or ornaments on the mantle—the lighter metal looks cold and aloof, so close to its more vivid neighbors.

A man's best friends are his ten fingers.—Robert Collyer.

TO THIS FILM ON TEETH

TODAY'S LEADING DENTAL OPINION ASCRIBES
MANY TOOTH AND GUM DISORDERS

*To gain clearer teeth
and healthy gums,
many authorities
advise that film be
combated daily, a new
way.*



MOST persons' teeth and gums are imperiled, according to many authorities, by a film that forms on teeth. Ordinary brushing having failed to combat it effectively, a new way in tooth cleansing is being advised. A way that differs in formula and effect from previously accepted methods. It is the special film-removing dentifrice called Pepsodent.

Now an effective film combatant

For years dental science sought ways to fight film. Clear teeth and healthy gums come only when film is constantly combated — removed every day from the teeth.

Film was found to cling to teeth; to get into crevices and stay; to hold in contact with teeth food substances which fermented and fostered the acids of decay. Film was found to be the basis of tartar. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea and most gum disorders.



*The sophisticated woman
subjects her teeth to a rigid
inspection — for upon
teeth smiles depend. So
Pepsodent, widely urged
by leading dental author-
ities for its therapeutic
and prophylactic action,
becomes a factor in mod-
ern beauty culture.*



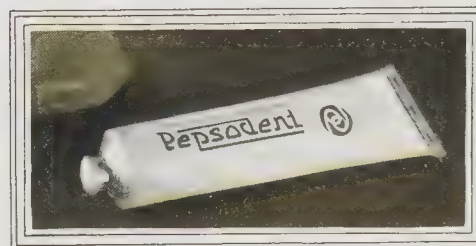
Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. And thus aids in neutralizing mouth acids as they form.

It multiplies the starch digestant of the saliva. Thus combats starch deposits which might otherwise ferment and form acids.

No other method known to present-day science embodies protective agents like those in Pepsodent.

Accept Pepsodent test

Send the coupon for a 10-day tube. Brush teeth this way for 10 days. Note how thoroughly film is removed. The



teeth gradually lighten as film coats go. Then for 10 nights massage the gums with Pepsodent, using your finger tips; the gums then should start to firm and harden.

Thus there was a universal call for an effective film-removing method. Ordinary brushing was found ineffective. Now two effective combatants have been found, approved by high dental authority and embodied in a tooth paste called Pepsodent.

Curdles and removes film . . . Firms the Gums

Pepsodent acts first to curdle the film. Then it thoroughly removes the film in gentle safety to enamel.

At the same time, it acts to firm the gums — Pepsodent provides, for this purpose, the most recent dental findings in gum protection science knows today.

FREE — Mail coupon for 10-day tube to The Pepsodent Company, Dept. 1355, 191 George St., Toronto, Ont., Can. Only one tube to a family.

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Address

United States Office and Laboratories: 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago. London Office: 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., London, S. E. 1. The Pepsodent Co. (Australia), Ltd., 137 Clarence St., Sydney, N. S. W. 2293-Can.



Madame—The Mode!

Daytime dresses are divided between the sports type of one or two-piece frocks, and the more dressy type with boleros, draperies, and tiers for afternoon wear.

The new-blouse models are shown in all types of dresses.

The square collarless neck is seen on frocks and blouses made with the Russian closing.

Yokes are much in evidence and sometimes are the only trimming on sports frocks, made with the new flat neck.

Moire is used extensively.

The tunic and the tunic blouse, sometimes classed as a smock, are shown with new features.

In an ensemble of coat, skirt and blouse of wool material the tunic blouse is often of crepe or metal cloth.

Velvet is chic for afternoon dresses.

The sleeve with a small elbow puff is new and attractive, sometimes the puff is of figured silk or other contrasting material.

Tucks are used to create fulness at the shoulders or underarm and for attractive blousing at the waistline.

The mode for gold and silver in materials and trimming is most attractive.

Jacket blouses of velveteen are worn with skirts of wool jersey. These blouses may be single or double breasted, or in surplice effect.

The sleeve with deep armcye is very popular, and becoming to most figures. A smart one-piece frock, made with the skirt portion in three scalloped tiers, has this sleeve in contrasting material. The round neck, collarless, suits this style very well.

For formal evening wear one's dress may have the uneven hem line, effected by free soft side or front draperies, or by shaping at the hem.

Quaint and captivating is the frock made with a full skirt, and a fitted basque bodice finished with a deep scalloped bertha.

Draperies from the shoulders in wing and cape effects are new and most becoming to slender figures.

The most useful type of evening frock is that composed altogether of crepe de chine, lace or georgette.

Scallops are seen not only in blouses and boleros but in skirts and flounces as well.

A charming hostess gown was made with a straight skirt of velvet, and a blouse of brocaded metal cloth.

Crepe satin was used for an evening gown made with the new V-shaped neck, and side drapery which fell below the skirt hem.

A one-piece daytime frock, shows inverted plaits at the side seams, and the fronts overlapped at the left side below a notched revers collar.

Broadcloth and velvet are combined in a smart street dress. The velvet supplies bands set crosswise on the skirt, and a vestee in deep oval outline.

Fulness at the sides is bloused above a short band of the velvet and this is again repeated at the elbow on the sleeve.

Crepella is a popular material for two-piece dresses. The deep U-shaped vestee of the blouse is topped by a close-fitting rolled collar. The skirt is flat in back and its front is formed by four stitched box plaits.

Striped flannel, with the stripes running crosswise was used for the blouse of a two-piece dress, in which the skirt straight and with a centre kick plait is of plain flannel. The plain flannel is repeated on a shaped yoke and on the cuffs.



Dainty Intimate Garments

5705. Velveteen, crepe de chine, as well as flannel and jersey may be used for this design. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12-year size will require $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Braid or embroidery will form a suitable decoration for this model. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5708. Velours, velveteen, broadcloth or serge may be used to make this pleasing design. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 4-year size will require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 40-inch material. To trim as illustrated will require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of fur banding. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

also suitable materials. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size will require $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material together with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of contrasting material for facing on fronts, pockets and band cuffs. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5697



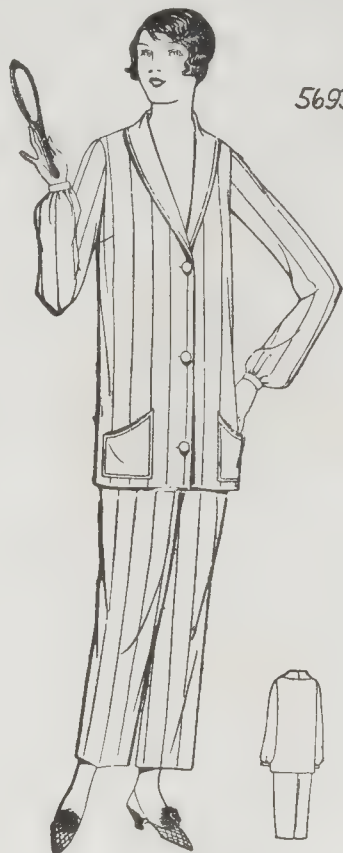
5689. Wool jersey, wool crepe, moire, faille or crepe satin are good materials for this model. It has the comfortable saddle shoulder, and tuck fullness over the fronts. The skirt is made with three deep plaits at the side front. The pattern of this pleasing design is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot with plaits extended is 2 yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5699



5690. Figured silk or crepe satin could be used for this design. The surplice closing and graceful tunic lines are suitable for mature and slender figures. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material together with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of contrasting material 18 inches wide for facing on the vestee. The width of the dress at the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5693. Striped albatross in blue and white with facings of blue silk is here portrayed. Crepe de chine, radium silk and batiste are



5693

5697. Radium silk, crepe de chine, batiste or crepe may be used for this model. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size will require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch material. To make shoulder straps of ribbon requires 1 yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5704. Jersey, flannel, crepe or wash materials are suitable for this smart design. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size will require $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material together with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for facing on collar, belt portions and cuffs. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5696. Nainsook, crepe de chine, radium silk, and crepe are excellent materials for this style. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years for misses and juniors, and medium (38-40) and large (42-44), inches bust measure, for ladies. To make this design for a medium size will require $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36 inches wide. Pattern mailed to any address in receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5696



Finishes for Lovely Frocks as quickly done as Simple Seams

"OH YES, I do plain sewing", so many women say, "but I cannot do the pretty finishing and decoration that calls for fine handwork."

Possibly you do not know that any sewing that can be done by hand can be done on the Modern Singer—and in one-tenth the time. Binding, hemming, tucking, plaiting, shirring—all those deft details that lend loveliness to a dainty frock—are as quickly done as simple seams with Singer easy-to-use attachments.

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Street (or R F D)

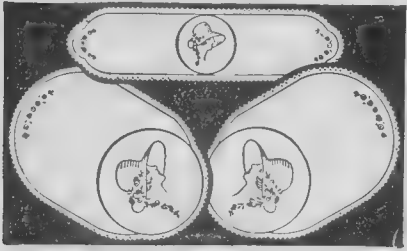
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Don't take strong medicines, artificial digestants or pull down your system by following unnecessary starvation diets.

Never hurry your meals or overeat at any time, but within reason most folks may eat what they like—if they will keep their stomach sweet, clean and active and free from the souring acids that hinder or paralyze the work of digestion.

And the best and easiest way to do this is to follow every meal with a small amount of pure Bisurated Magnesia—a pleasant, harmless and inexpensive form of Magnesia that promptly neutralizes acidity and keeps your stomach sweet and clean.

A week's trial of Bisurated Magnesia, which may be obtained from any druggist "at small cost," will easily convince you of the great value of this old English recipe.

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Box 173, Moose Jaw, Sask.

Spring Clothes for Children that Strike a Practical Note

5699. Cambric, crepe, crepe de chine, nainsook or radium silk may be used for this model. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10-year size will require $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of material for the shirt and $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard for the knickers 36 inches wide. If shoulder straps are made of ribbon $\frac{3}{4}$ yard is required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5707. This design has the popular saddle shoulder. It may be developed in wash materials in cloth or velvet. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4-year size will require $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard of 36-inch material together with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for facing on collar, cuffs and belt, if made as illustrated. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5686. This attractive model has a "hip band" blouse lengthened by tunic portions. It is mounted on an underslip. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 3 yards of figured 40-inch material together with $\frac{2}{3}$ yards of contrasting material for the slip, and facings on hip bands, collar and cuffs, if made as illustrated. The width of the slip at the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5691. Moire, crepe satin, and velveteen are attractive materials for this design. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 4 yards of 40-inch material, together with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for facings on collar, cuffs and belt. The width of the dress at the lower edge is $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5698. Novelty mixtures, double faced cloakings, velvet and other pile fabrics may be used for this design. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size if made as illustrated in the large view will require $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material, together with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of fur or fur cloth 14 inches wide. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5688. Chambrey and striped percale are here combined. The same combination may be effected in gingham and linene, or in plain and striped broadcloth. The pattern is cut in 8 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52 inches bust measure. A 42-inch size will require $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material together with $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of contrasting material for plait insert, and facing on vestee, collar and cuffs. The width of the dress at the lower edge is $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards, with plaits extended. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5692. Rows of machine stitching form a decorative finish on this pleasing "daytime" dress. The style is good for jersey weaves, wool crepe, velveteen and moire. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. The width of the dress at the lower edge with plaits extended is $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5711. Tweed, flannel, velveteen, or jersey may be used for this model. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. A 4-year size will require $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch material together with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of contrasting material for facing on collar, cuffs and overlap. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



5700. Crepe de chine was used for this smart blouse, and velveteen for the attractive skirt which boasts of a mannish hip pocket. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size will require $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch material for the blouse, and $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard for the skirt. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

Patterns will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps forwarded to The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

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Went back to work after three days of home treatment

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"A friend told me to use Sloan's Liniment and I got a bottle. After using it one day, I was able to walk about the house. After three days I was able to go to work, and now I am as well as ever. I would not be without Sloan's Liniment if it cost \$5.00 a bottle. It is a sick man's friend."

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every 84" on reverse side of
cloth or on label in clothes**

FOX

WOOLLEN FABRICS



Journeying in France

Continued from page 51

the customs shed in Paris. If you are leaving any great Canadian terminal there is a depot porter (in Vancouver Japanese), to carry your luggage. You get off at Montreal and a host of colored couriers relieve you of your burdens. In the stations there are checking rooms on the same floor. Everything is central, handy, bright, clean, no confusion. You arrive in Paris to a dingy, ill-lighted depot, kept like a great barn. You pursue a porter. Having captured him you travel hither and thither a seemingly endless distance to check your parcels or grips, in which journey you have to descend stairs. Where you have a heavy trunk, the truck has to be re-loaded. Again, in Canada, if leaving any great terminal at night and taking a sleeper, your ticket is taken before you go aboard; everything is done to save you being disturbed. Not so in France; you just get comfortably seated, and along comes someone to check your ticket. Travelling on French trains, there is no courteous brakeman to call out in advance your station, and assist you to alight. If you don't know the region you might miss your stop, as I nearly did journeying to a country town not long ago. But on the journey from Paris to Cherbourg, mine being the last stop, I sat in peace and watched the panorama of Normandy in autumn flash by, vistas so beautiful as at times to seem unreal. Mile on mile of rolling country; green and brown fields in perfect squares or rectangles, with lines of tall trees forming fences in some places, in others fences of stone. Then for miles a continual procession of apple orchards, giving way in places to forests of beech, elm and pine, wonderful woods, far-stretching reaches of carefully preserved trees. Yet in a great many places huge piles of neatly stacked firewood showed the forest was not merely ornamental. In places where the old forest had been completely cut away, there was springing up in orderly array a splendid growth of young pine. For a thousand years or more this land has been continually supporting an ever-increasing population. Yet the woods remain almost intact. I thought a little bitterly of the vast inroads already made in the forests of Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific by ruthlessly wasteful and wanton logging methods, and by fire, much of the fire due to carelessness; and almost no worthwhile conservation methods, particularly in British Columbia. Here was a foreign contrast that rose like a mighty rebuke. The wonderful care and selection in felling each tree in France, and the utilizing it to the very last twig is worthy a whole article in itself.

As the train rushed on, there showed two familiar sights: the right-of-way was lined for long distances with barbed wire, and every now and then a billboard advertising groceries or wine marred a landscape perfect as a painting by Millet or Corot. But these were the only signs of modern ways. Travelling across Canada as the train went through every little town, the aerials of countless radios met the eye. Crossing the rolling plains of Alberta and Saskatchewan one saw beside a lonely little frame farmstead the tall poles and wires of radio. In the heart of the New Ontario wilderness beside solitary log cabins the radio was in evidence; not once but scores of times. The pioneers were up-to-date. Yet I rode the two-hundred-odd miles from Cherbourg to Paris with never the sight of one aerial beside thousands of beautiful stone houses. In one or two towns I caught sight of single wires.

IN PARIS one is also struck by the use of the old-fashioned bulb horns on motor cars. Even the finest and newest cars have them, because the Government has ruled that no other shall be used. I have yet to learn the reason. But then the Government is always butting into the lives of the people here regarding even the smallest things. Not so long ago there was a great outcry raised that the people of France were neglecting the home life. By way of remedying this, the Government placed restrictions on the cafe-restaurants, cutting down the number of courses they could serve at each meal. This was supposed to keep the people more to the household table. I don't know how it succeeded. If one were to judge by the number of cafes and restaurants, buvettes and brasseries, one is led to the belief that the whole of France eats out. Every other door is one or the other. This not only in Paris, but in the small towns and cities I have been in. In a cafe you can get drinks only. In a brasserie you can get sauerkraut and shellfish, and dance the Charleston, Blackbottom or Tango to your heart's content. In a buvette, usually patronized by working men, if it is specially advertized, you may get the more common food. Here the workers often bring their food with them, and drink a glass of beer or wine. I mention this numberless assortment of eating and drinking places particularly, because you cannot judge the liquor question here on a Canadian basis. Almost without exception food of some sort and drinking go together, and I have not as yet seen a drunken person. Here again one finds our old friend the Government butting in. For instance, you go into a cafe-restaurant. You see the meal with wine is so much. Suppose, on moral grounds, or merely because you don't like wine with your food, you do not wish it. But you see right on the card plainly printed: "Meal without wine two francs extra." So you are out of luck financially. This is some more of the astute working of the Governmental mind. Some time ago the wine-growing industry was in a very bad way financially, due a great deal to the prohibition movement in North America. In order to help the growers, the wine with meals was made part of the bill of fare. The wine and cider industry, in proportion to the size of the country, requires as many cars as the wheat rush in Canada. And what quaint cars the French railways have!

The apples are handled in bulk in four-wheeled freight cars with high sides; such tiny cars, very much resembling a double-boxed lumber-wagon used in Canada for hauling wheat, and not a great deal bigger. But the cars for wine are a real treat to look upon. They are nothing more than huge hogsheads mounted on wheels. Sometimes one of these enormous barrels occupies all the car space; sometimes there are two smaller ones. On various occasions while riding in the train from Paris out to neighboring towns, I watched whole trains of these wine-barrel coaches pass. And looking upon them, and recalling the recent talk in the Paris papers about the activities of the prohibition party in this land, I think it is one of the few certainties to say that France will never go dry.

ONE more instance of Government supervision of the little things of life; bread is not allowed to be sold until it is twelve hours old, for fresh bread is not good for the digestion, and also you eat more of it than when it is a trifle stale. The bread is still of a

Continued on page 60



FREE if you are GRAY

Make Amazing Gray Hair Test

In 10 minutes natural shade begins to return. This test is free. New, colorless, water-like liquid makes this way safe and simple.

GRAY hair is proved unnecessary. A new safe way, called Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer, has been found to bring back natural shade—to remove the faded streaks and restore graying parts.

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Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

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No need to start the day with Eyes swollen from sleep. A few drops of *Murine* upon getting up in the morning will take away not only the puffy look but the tired, heavy feeling. *Murine* contains no belladonna or other harmful ingredients. All druggists sell it. Buy today!

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Do all these butterflies look alike? Look closely and you will see that each butterfly has different looking sides. Some have the right wing different from the left wing, in others the right tail is different from the left tail. One and only one has both sides looking alike. This is the one you are to find and should you find it, the \$1000.00 reward may be yours. It is really difficult, but with patience and care it can be accomplished.

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It costs you only a 2c stamp and you may be the winner of one of the big cash rewards. Do not delay—Don't miss this opportunity to win \$1,000.00 in cash.

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RULES

1. Write your answer plainly in ink, giving the number of the Perfect Butterfly. In the upper right-hand corner put name of this paper and your name and address. Use only one side of paper.
2. Contestants must be over 15 years of age.
3. No one connected with Paragon is permitted to enter.
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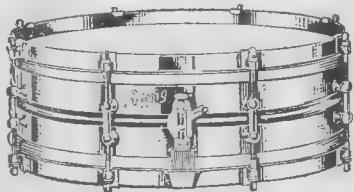
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Journeying in France

Continued from page 59

dark complexion, and, what is commonly known as war flour still is used. But the flavor I think is preferable to Canadian white flour bread. But oh, the way it is handled! You see a man calmly bicycling down the street in the spitting rain with a loaf of bread a yard long sticking under his arm, a loaf without a wrapping. I go into the little corner store and buy my half a pound of bread (it is sold by weight). The woman takes up an enormous loaf as big as a stovepipe, slices off her guess of the weight. She guesses a little shy. So from a basket at her elbow she selects a little chunk already cut. Half a dozen of these she handles before she gets the right one. Then I go forth with the two in my hand. To a Canadian, fresh from the land where everything is doubly wrapped, and sanitary handling is the first requirement, the attending of one of the markets in Paris, or, better still, in one of the smaller nearby cities, is one long amazing experience.

It was in Paris a few days after my arrival when I went into the Royal Bank to open a joint account for myself and wife that I got my first rude shock. As far as women are concerned France is almost back in the middle ages. The laws of Napoleon, supposed to be revolutionary in many ways, took little account of the female. Indeed, Napoleon was anti-feminist.

The opening of a joint account in Canada between a man and wife requires only about five minutes. In Paris it took me two hours, for a woman cannot exactly have a joint account. She gets an authorization from her husband, which requires the signing several times of two long legal papers. Neither can she have a separate bank account without special written permission from her husband.

But the worm has at last turned. The women all over France (I beg the ladies' pardon for the metaphor) are stirring themselves, agitating for many reforms, and for the vote. It is an important revolution. But the women's movement is a story in itself, a very big and intensely interesting one, to which I shall later devote an entire article.

And then there is taxation. France is reaping a nice harvest at present. Every foreigner residing in the country more than two months has to give up 375 francs, a few cents over eleven dollars at the present rate of exchange, if coming on pleasure bent; students and workers pay only forty. If you stay at a hotel there is a state tax of four per cent on your bill. At various places there are local taxes to help pay the upkeep of parks and institutions. The only one I am so far familiar with is in the famous city of Fontainebleau, where a tax of one franc, twenty centimes per day per person is charged to help look after the wonderful forest. Once you have walked in this place of beauty you don't grudge the money. In fact you seldom grudge money in this land if you are spending dollars, for you can buy a four-course meal with a pint of wine for 24 cents, and ride half way across Paris with a trunk and two valises for twenty cents, sit in a very good seat in some of the very best theatres in Paris for from 15 cents to 35.

It is a royal land to visit; the only things not worth while are the matches, the ancient sulphur matches one used in Canada thirty years ago. This is the fault of the Government who sell them exclusively. But there is nothing to prevent you buying a patent petrol lighter, and go on your way rejoicing.

How I went my way, what I saw and heard and felt I will tell in later articles.

The Princess and the Clowns

Continued from page 24

out, knocked, stormed, wept, nothing availed. Tiring of striving, and as no one in this suddenly deserted Palace rushed to hear her complaints, re-creations, and prophecies, she retired haughtily to her apartments, for the very good reason that she was dropping with sleep.

If anyone had been taken by surprise by what he had just seen and heard, it was the musician Pierre Ducastel, who had entered the royal study behind the Princess and to whom nobody had paid any attention.

As soon as Olga Alexandrowna had gone he rushed toward Michalis.

"What is the meaning of this shaven face? What do these words that you have just said imply? Departure, abdication! Can you by any chance have revealed the truth to your fiancée? Can you have committed this imprudence, this folly?"

The pseudo-king lowered his head.

"But you had not the right—"

"Oh! Reassure yourself, Sir. I did not betray your secret."

"Bah! What does that matter to me? Besides I am not speaking of myself now, but solely of you. No, you had not the right, I must tell you! When one has, like yourself, undertaken a formidable work, one does not risk compromising matters by an imprudence; when one is a leader one does not worry over insignificant scruples; when one has chosen audacity for life's rule one does not weaken all of a sudden."

"Naturally the Princess did not understand. She saw nothing but herself, her pride, her race, her prejudices. Did she send you away? And are you going to obey her; are you going to abandon this country which owes its prosperity to you; these people that place their confidence in you? Well, permit me to tell you that it is a desertion unworthy of you! It is—"

Michalis drew himself up.

"Enough, Sir! I act according to my conscience, and I have the habit of accepting advice only when solicited by myself."

"Bravo, Sire! These are the words of a King. But, whether you wish it or not, Your Majesty will remain on the throne of Georgevia. I make that my business."

And, backing out, bowing three times, he went out of the royal study.

WHEN the sun, as is its custom, cast once again its golden rays over the Palace of Tcharkowla, it beheld the chief inhabitants, still pale from their emotions, deep in varied meditations, or moved by contradictory feelings.

Princess Olga, near her window, her eyes fixed on the triumphal arches that were being erected on the square, was thinking of this tragic night when she had seen all the officers, bailiffs, and guards, crazed with fear, fleeing before the rioters, and when she herself, terror-stricken, had run down the dark passages toward the refuge, and what a refuge!

One man alone had not lost his *sang froid*, one alone had dared to confront the furious mob, and, by his moral ascendancy, his intelligence, and the mysterious strength that was latent in him, had succeeded in nailing it to the spot, thus saving the country from the worst of disturbances. And this man was the very one that she had, a few minutes previously, dismissed like a guilty valet.

Michalis, in the royal apartments, had begun to compose the famous proclamation by which, tomorrow, the Georgevian people would learn of the departure of their sovereign; but his pen soon slipped from his hand. He saw, once again, the Princess running

to him, crying out, "Save me! Save me!" With him away, who would protect her weakness. Toward whom would her instinct, which was surer than her mind, direct her.

Ah! How much wiser it would have been, instead of attempting this impossible dream of becoming her husband, to have slipped in near her as secretary or even servant! He could at least have been able to follow her forever, watch over her and defend her. Yes, but he would have wished to restore to her the position that she previously held, to enable her to ascend the throne to which she was formerly destined.

He had succeeded in this fantastic undertaking, and now, through his own fault, everything was crumbling around him. He had believed himself to be sufficiently strong; he had had confidence in love, and love had betrayed him. Still, Olga's hand had trembled just now on approaching his lips in that gesture of pardon. He was leaving and would never see her again, never again would she lean her blond head against his chest, never again would he breathe in the intoxicating perfume of youth through her half-open lips.

The poor King's head reeled; he rested his burning brow on the table, and remained there without weeping, but weak from grief.

In his office the Prime Minister, between interviews with functionaries who had come to affirm their loyalty, was looking at himself in the mirror and wrinkling up his mobile face in search of the expressions of the clown Partner.

As for the Grand Duchess Marie Nicolaevna, who, according to her custom, was thinking of nothing, or, which is about the same, of a thousand things at once, she was passing off her bad temper and her nervousness on the people near her, bestowing on them with liberality the names of all the animals in creation.

Her exasperation, we must admit, had a just cause. Just think, since her awakening she had attempted to see her daughter, but a maid, whose trouble had been repaid by a magisterial blow, had placed herself before the Princess' door, declaring that she had been given definite orders that no one, not even her mother, no, not even her mother, should enter her room. A request for an interview carried to the King received the answer that His Majesty, absorbed in state affairs, could not receive anyone all day. Dobrowski, whom the Grand Duchess had also begged to go up and see her, had, in his turn, excused himself under the pretext of his thousand duties at this very difficult time.

After having called as witness to her misfortune the impassive portrait of the Ataman, relegated to the infernal gods the Bolsheviks. Dobrowski, the General Kamienski, the Countess Orchapoff, and all her civil and military household, proclaimed her daughter an ingrate and the King a stupid crank, Marie Nicolaevna had given orders that her horses be put to her carriage and her squadron of Cossacks mobilized, and now she was preparing herself to offer up to God, who had nothing to do with it, her grief, her bitterness, her anguish, and her unassuaged curiosity.

Having contemplated this spectacle, the sun continued to rise and began to caress the flowered terraces of the Palace.

"GIVE this envelope to the Princess, and do not concern yourself about the consequences."

"But, sir, I repeat to you, Her Highness is suffering and can see no one."

"And I repeat to you that after

Continued on page 62



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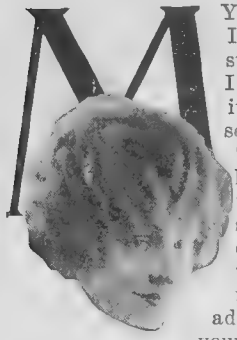
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The Princess and the Clowns

Continued from page 61

having read the contents of this letter, Her Highness will be the first to desire to see me. Go; I take it upon myself. It consists of a matter of grave importance concerning His Majesty the King."

The lady in waiting who had been called by Olga's maid, at the urgent insistence of Pierre Ducastel, hesitated a few seconds; then, finally, as he repeated, "It concerns the interest of the King and the kingdom," took it upon herself to go in to her august mistress, who received her very coldly.

"Since when can people ignore my orders?"

"I beg Your Highness to excuse me. There is a man outside who says that he is certain of being received by you, Madame, as soon as you have read this letter. I thought it my duty—"

"You were wrong. Leave me!"

"Your Highness must permit me to insist. The man asserts that it consists of a very grave matter, pertaining to the life of His Majesty the King."

The lady in waiting had deemed it useful, having seen the determination depicted on Olga's face, to add a word to the communication that she was asked to convey to her, one single word, one simple little word which serves to imply such a great thing—"the life."

She was a woman whose heart had spoken, even chattered, affirmed people of evil tongues. The effect that she counted on producing with the supplemented word did not fail to be produced. The princess snatched the letter from her hands and read feverishly.

WHEN she had scanned the few lines it contained she became pale, rubbed her eyes, re-read it a second time more slowly, then looked at her lady in waiting with such an expression of fright that the latter drew near, thinking that she was suddenly ill. But Olga pushed her away with an almost imperceptible gesture and sat down to fight against the fainting-spell that she felt coming on, and with her head leaning against the back of the armchair, remained for several moments immovable, trying by deep breaths to bring back calm to her agitated heart. At last, for the third time, she took up the sheet of paper which was the cause of her emotion.

MADAME: The reason of the surprising confession made to you by His Majesty yesterday evening is my secret presence in this Palace. Be good enough to grant me, as discreetly as possible, an interview such as the King would have wished it to be.

I am your Highness' very humble and very obedient servant.

MICHEL PROVINKOFF,
Ex-Grand Duke of Georgevia,
Alias Pierre Ducastel.

Olga wondered, as you would have done, if the author of the letter were not an impostor; but she rejected the idea instantly, for in that case how would he have learned the "surprising confession of the King?" She therefore gave the order to her lady in waiting to show in this visitor.

Ducastel appeared, took off his glasses, and bowed.

"Do you recognize me, Madame?" he asked.

She made a negative sign.

He smiled then.

"That's good."

As she drew back a little, he continued:

"Do not fear anything. You are not dealing with an adventurer or a madman. I shall have the honor of furnishing Your Highness with all the necessary explanations. But, first, will

you allow me to take a useful precaution?"

He took from the table the letter he had sent the young girl, tore it into bits, and put them in his trousers pocket.

This being done, he gave free rein to his memories, evoking for the Princess, with gay regardlessness, their pre-war meetings, the visit she had made him, accompanied by her parents, at the beginning of the summer in 1914, their conversations, and all this with such exactness, with so many details, that she very quickly ceased to doubt his identity. Besides, as he spoke, she recognized the intonations of his voice, the puckering of his brow, and his gestures. She had truly before her the real Grand Duke Michel, her former fiancé; but how changed! She could hardly believe her eyes!

Greater than the astonishment of this unexpected return (she began to be hardened to this kind of thing) was this unprecedented transformation, which rendered her speechless. She searched for the elegant Prince of former times in this big, corpulent man; she tried to find in this round, reddish face the grave and melancholy physiognomy of the Michel III. that she had known.

DUCASTEL, guessing her thoughts, began to laugh.

"Is it not true, Madame, that the 'other one' is infinitely more *myself* than I am? But let us not lose our time. How does it happen that I am alive? I will tell you later. Why am I here near you? To prevent you from committing an injustice and causing your own unhappiness. I have the greatest sympathy for you, and for this Michalis I have unlimited admiration. You are made for each other; you love each other. Do not protest; I know it.

"Why are you withdrawing from the only man capable of realizing your dreams? Yes, I know, because he was born of the people, because he made himself? Allow me to laugh. These prejudices are unworthy of a woman as intelligent as you. I came to find you so that you might recognize the fact. Look at me; think of him. I am an authentic Prince; he is but the son of small shopkeepers. Which of us shows the higher breeding?"

"My soul is as commonplace as my body; I have never loved power, I never knew how to command, I never loved anything but tranquillity; responsibilities have always frightened me; when they weighed on my shoulders, I ceased to live; that is why my thin face bore an expression of sadness that you took for a mark of distinction. Free, happy, without cares, I have expanded morally and physically.

"The King, on the contrary, this true King, possesses a strong, ardent, and imperious soul. He is born to command. He is a leader. Nature



creates masters from time to time, those 'supermen' that Nietzsche speaks of. Only it does not choose the society in which they are to be born. It casts them over the world at random. Then, while a little country boy is being born at a royal confinement, an emperor comes into the world in a cottage, a God sees the light of day in a stable.

"You, yourself, Princess, have the advantage of possessing the good qualities and the failings of your sphere; you are a veritable aristocrat in the best sense of the word. Pray tell me, what happiness could you obtain from a failure of a prince like myself?"

"Michalis alone, this man of the people, who with a glance transfixes a band of rioters, whose vast mind embraces all the politics of a country, before whom other men bow instinctively, he alone can bring you all the moral satisfaction that you are wishing for. He is your equal. Consequently give yourself to him. By what right, on account of obsolete prejudices, could you deprive the country of its true guide? Did not Mary Louise, the daughter of the Hapsburgs, marry the little Corsican captain called Bonaparte?"

"I searched for my own happiness in flight. I deserted the throne for which I was not made. I fled from you, of whom, however, I admired the intelligence and beauty, in order to found a family with a wife who was simple and timid, whose happiness consists of running her house and raising her children well. I did that without any scruples, for you did not love me, and you even occasionally found me rather ridiculous. Yes, yes, do you remember how you laughed when I almost fell off my horse while reviewing my Cossacks with your father? But I was a reigning Grand Duke.

"I was going to bestow upon you, through a compulsory marriage, the title of Highness. You would have had at the Imperial Court, for that reason, an advantage over your friends. You were grateful to me. Then what do you not owe the man who in four days will make of you, not a Grand Duchess, but a Queen?"

Olga had not answered a word; she had only two or three times, during this unexpected speech, made a faint gesture of denial or protestation. She was a prey to a thousand different feelings which were not translated in her mind by words. Nevertheless she listened with all her soul, and the fine things that the speaker said of Michalis seemed to her but a sonorous echo of her own thoughts.

Briefly, the Grand Duke told her how he had escaped from the Revolution, how and why he had allowed himself to be passed off for dead, and, finally, why he had returned to Tchar-kowla a few days previously.

SHE lent but a distracted ear to his explanations, interrupted by a good childish laugh which irritated her. The abyss that separated her from this man seemed deeper and deeper. At the same time, the fine, elegant silhouette of the King forced itself into her memory. He was veritably a great lord! Tears clouded her eyes; a great, deep tenderness filled her little heart; a sweetness submerged her mind, swallowed up her will; a great desire came to her to fold in her arms and rock against her breast the loved one whom she had made suffer; and, suddenly, she was but a loving woman.

Pierre Ducastel seized her hands. He said, and the tone of his voice had become grave:

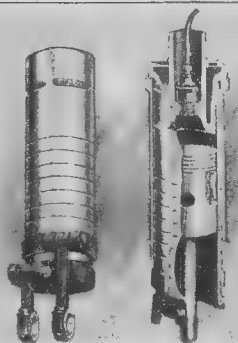
"And as I, Michel Provinkoff, Grand Duke of Georgevia and master of this state by right of birth, consider this

Continued on page 64

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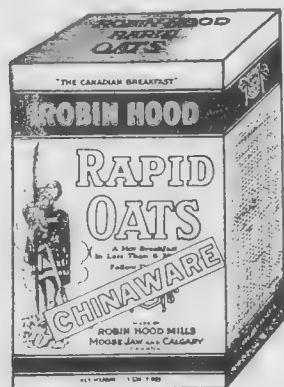
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The Princess and the Clowns

Continued from page 62

man worthy to bear my name and my titles, as more suitable than myself, to fulfil the functions that fate has put upon me, as I, from today, in your presence, abdicate in his favor, you have not the right to dismiss him. I shall beg him to keep all the things that belonged to me and to play my part; if needs be, I shall command him to do so.

"If you judge him unworthy of becoming your husband, do not marry him. That is your right. But, in the name of the principle of authority which is dear to you, in the name of the traditions of caste that you respect, I ask you to come with me to express to him your entire approbation of my wishes, for I fear, alas, that he may not be willing to listen to me on your account. Come, Madame."

He drew her gently with him, and she followed him meekly.

YOU surely guess what happened in consequence of all this. At first Michalis categorically refused to obey the advice of Pierre Ducastel. He even held to his decision of disappearing, when the Princess Olga in a trembling voice, said to him: "His Highness is right, Sir, and you should listen to him." As the former Grand Duke was insisting, begging, and ordering, he cried out:

"This country has got along without me for many years, it will do without me very easily in the future, and its prosperity will not be impaired by my departure, I assure you. Anyway, deprived of the motive that guided my actions, and of the one for whose sake I wished to be great, I would make but a deplorable leader. The spring of my will would be broken; I should soon become an adept of that 'what's the use?' which, at present, is reducing the world to decay."

He turned toward the young girl.

"For I must tell you again, Madame, that it is neither ambition nor interest that led me to act as I have done. It is love alone. I feel for men too much disdain and too much pity to have ever hoped to command them. When one has, like myself, suffered in adversity from their injustice and their cruelty, one experiences when in power nothing but disgust for their baseness and their servility. Besides it is perhaps thus that one acquires this soul of a leader that 'Monsieur' pretends Heaven has gifted me with.

"The man who sees at close range how posts, dignities, and honors are obtained, if he has any pride in his soul, and any honesty in his heart, could never desire any of them. As for the one who must distribute them, he is destined without fail to wallow in the blackest melancholy, on facing ignoble appetites and these petty ambitions, if he cannot offer in homage to a beloved woman the curved spines of his solicitors.

"Very rare are they in the history of the world who find happiness in being strong for themselves alone. The greater number of the maniacs of power have fallen into folly, vice, or mysticism. The echo of the Escurials is still repeating their cries as of the damned, their martyr wails. A sceptre, whatever it may be, always finishes by crushing you if two little white hands do not help you to carry it."

Thus spoke the clown Michalis, King of Georgevia, and the Princess Olga, daughter of the Grand Duke Alexander Dimitrievitch, cousin of the Czar, replied by letting herself fall into his arms, before Michel Provinkoff, French musician, very proud of the first act of authority that he had ever been capable of, and which would probably be the last in his life.

From that moment everything went

beautifully. Michel I., triumphant (I restore this name to him with pleasure), tore up the proclamation that he had commenced to write; Partner, once again Dobrowski, burned the order and the two passports prepared the night before. The rioters who had been arrested were, that very evening, taken to the frontier and expelled from Georgevia. The greater part of them were foreigners; the others received a sum of money sufficient for them to be, without material worry, good revolutionaries.

Princess Olga went happily to find her mother, who was still annoyed; threw herself joyously into her arms, and said to her:

"Little Mother, don't be angry. I will now tell you the reason of my bad temper this morning, and explain why the King and I remained shut up, each in his own room. Well, this is it—I was sulking—yes, I was sulking. Michel obstinately refused to obey a wish that I had expressed to him; a whim, to be more exact. We quarreled for the first time, and a little tiff separated us. That could not last. You know what a wonderful man my fiancé is! He gave in. Now this little cloud has disappeared."

"What was this whim, my darling child?"

"You will scold me. I had asked the King to sacrifice his beard and mustache for my sake, as I thought it would be infinitely more becoming to him."

"Is it possible? What real childishness! And did he do it?"

"Yes, little Mother. Come and see how well it suits him."

Marie Nicolaevna hastened in to see her august son-in-law, uttered childish exclamations of delight and declared that he looked ten years younger, and flew to announce the news to the entire court.

Some articles appeared in the newspapers concerning this touching, intimate event. The official photographer quickly made a new portrait of the sovereign, which the illustrated magazines reproduced, accompanied by flattering comments. All the country agreed that they thought Michel's head not only looked handsomer this way, but that it expressed more force of character. This anxiety to obey the future Queen moved the women of Georgevia to tears, and was the cause of many poor husbands hearing this repeated more than a hundred times: "You would never have done a thing like that!" In short, the King won thereby new popularity.

Everyone was happy, especially Pierre Ducastel, who, each day, put himself at the head of the popular masses who came to hail their monarch. When the latter appeared on the Palace balcony with the smiling Princess, the good fellow wept for joy, and that obliged him to keep wiping the glasses of his blue spectacles.

THE 20th of April, 1921. A feast-day, a day of joy, which will always remain memorable in the history of Georgevia.

From daybreak the troops had stationed themselves in front of the Royal Palace and all along the main street leading to the Cathedral whose gilded dome, crowned by the double orthodox cross, shone under the radiant beams of a brilliant sun.

Behind the lines of soldiers a compact crowd of variegated costumes waited patiently, eating oranges or occasionally refreshing themselves at the lemonade-urns which the vendors carried around on their backs. The delegations were massing themselves at their designated posts; old wounded fighters from the World War, Christian

societies, Israelitish communities, Mus-sulman peasants, children from both secular and religious schools, sailors, the Chamber of Commerce, athletic societies, school teachers, judges, lawyers, notaries, etc.

Suddenly, at half past ten, very punctually, the batteries placed on the neighboring hills and the warships in the harbor commenced firing the official salutes, and the expected procession made its appearance. A squadron of red Cossacks mounted on black horses led.

Behind came the General in command of Tcharkowla, followed by his staff; a group of field batteries with their cannon decorated with garlands of flowers, battalions of the principal regiments of the infantry; then, preceded by their dragoons, the carriages of the plenipotentiary ministers and consuls from foreign states; then the former Regent, now the Grand Chancellor of Georgia, carrying the royal banner, his horse caracoling in front of a group of princes and barons dressed in the old national costume; and, finally, escorted by the Cossacks of the Guard, black on white horses, the court carriages moving under a shower of flowers.

In the first were the Princess Olga, smiling graciously at the crowd, and the Grand Duchess Marie, who bowed to the right and left as if the wishes and acclamations were addressed to her. In front of them sat Countess Orchapoff, red as a peony, and General Kamienski, crushed under a beplumed helmet and much hampered by an enormous sword that he did not know where to put, so as not to get it in the way of the future Queen.

The King, with Dobrowski facing him, occupied the second carriage. He wore with elegance a general's costume across which were the cordon of the Order of Saint Nicholas, and waved his hand to the delirious populace, from which came cries in volleys of "Long live Michel I.," "Long live the King!"

At the entrance to the Cathedral the clergy, with mitres studded with pre-

cious stones, their stoles and chasubles embroidered in silver and gold, and holding venerable icons in cloths of silk, awaited the sovereigns.

The Archimandrite raised the King, who had knelt, then led him by the hand to the chancel, where the monarch placed himself, accompanied by Olga Alexandrowna, under a dais of red velvet, and the ceremony commenced, the two ceremonies, to speak more exactly, that of the marriage and that of the crowning.

Our little Princess was living through her beautiful dream. She was at last in the sumptuous church all sparkling with lights, in the midst of clouds of incense, amid the harmonious peals sent forth over the aristocratic assembly by the sonorous organ. It was truly with a transport of joy that she pronounced the sacramental "Yes."

The rings exchanged, the Archimandrite celebrated mass, then took, after having blessed them, the crowns that were on the altar. Michel had risen; he came in front of the prelate, bowed under the benediction, and, taking the royal crown, placed it between the hands of the Princess Olga, before whom he slowly knelt, indicating in this manner that he wished to be crowned by her alone.

This pretty gesture moved the respectfully silent congregation. All the glances were fixed on the young girl, and all eyes filled with tears when they saw her gently place the emblem of power on Michel's head, then allow her two hands to glide with the same movement down the king's face in a loving caress. Michel rose, triumphant, and, in his turn, crowned her who was to unite her life with his.

The vast nave of the church resounded then with enthusiastic acclamations. But silence was once more established when, up above, in the choir of the organist, a violin played the melody dedicated to the Princess Olga.

It was Michel Provinkoff who, with a hand trembling with emotion, was saluting the clown Michalis with his bow.

THE END

Close-up View of the Imperial Conference

Continued from page 16

and His Majesty's government in Australia advises him to take an opposite course in connection with the same problem? On paper it looks as if this were going to put the King in a rather bad box. If the advice of one set of His Majesty's advisors is as good as the advice of any other set, what about it? It is probable that His Majesty is not worrying over a prospective situation of this kind. He is no doubt trusting to the common sense of the British peoples to keep away from things of that kind. If two governments of the Commonwealth were so far apart in their views that they would put the King in that position, there would not be much use trying to keep them in the same family. The King seems quite willing to take a chance on the good sense of the British peoples.

The exact procedure as to how best to bring into full force the principle that all governments of the Commonwealth are equal is not set forth in the official report of the Conference as it was realized that there are several points that have to be cleared up before the idea can have full sway as there are at present certain laws on the statute books in Britain that give the British government greater power in some respects than held by the governments of the younger British nations. To formulate plans as to how best to proceed to regularize this situation a committee of legal experts is to be set up and it will likely be at work this year. Each of the nations will have its representatives on this committee so that it is extremely probable that in the near future Canada will be in the market for a couple of

good legal experts. It will be a good paying job so that it is not likely that the government will have any difficulty in finding a couple of good men.

As a result of the decisions of the Conference the Governor-General is no longer to represent the British government in any of the overseas Dominions. In the past he has filled a dual role: he has been the representative of the King and also the representative of the British government. This condition ceases to be.

It was expected that the Conference might do something of importance in regard to increasing trade within the empire but nothing startling took place in this connection. The amount of inter-empire trade depends to a great extent on the tariff walls the trade has to climb in order to get into the other country. This means that tariffs might have to come down in order to clear the channels and the representatives of the British nations took about the same position at London in regard to tariffs as they take when they are at home. They were willing to talk about them, argue about them, make speeches about them, read letters in The Times about them, in fact to do everything but take action about them. The result of all this is that the Imperial Conference never gets itself into hot water by attempting to suggest to the various parts of the empire what they should do about their tariff fences.

The sessions of the Imperial Conference were held in secret, which may have been a good thing for the Conference but bad business for the newspaper correspondents and the cable and telegraph companies.

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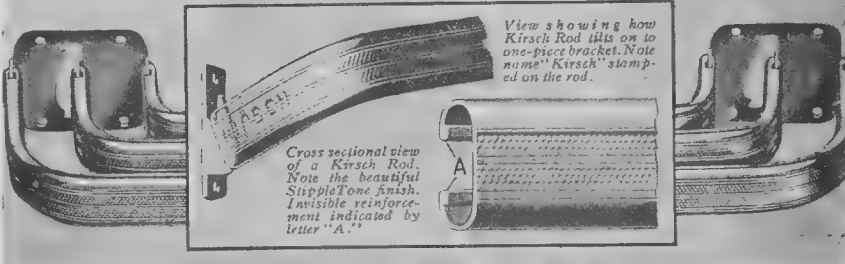
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The Friendly Home

Continued from page 35

position of the lamps should be controlled so that whilst a good light is provided in likely positions for reading or writing, the whole space is pleasantly lighted with that modulation and gradation which are indispensable to an artistic effect. Switches in the hallways, and up the stairs which can operate certain lights from different switches, called three or four-way switches should be installed, and it is a good principle to have the lighting system so planned that you have always a light ahead.

To come to the exterior, one might say with Ruskin: "I would have the ordinary dwelling house built to last and built to be lovely." An effective solution of the problem of design is in the definite aiming at the picturesque. In this design the conventional gambrel roof has been given added incident by a sharp gable which emphasizes the sturdy entrance. Perhaps the great charm is in the combination of materials, a rough tapestry brick, dull red, forms the wall, upon a hammered stone foundation. The stones are laid at random, the faces being hammered or picked to an even but rough surface. Then the brickwork has its joints raked out. The shingles are stained a silvery gray and the door is painted white with the window sash picked out in white to give a sparkle to the dull tones of the brick. It should make a picture worth turning to look at.

If the site is a small one it is well to devise an approach which will not cut up the grounds by unnecessary walks. And it is also well to consider if the next property is not built upon, as to how it will affect your building when that day arrives. No hard and fast rules can be laid down as everything will be governed by local circumstances and diversity of conditions, but a great deal can be done if we think over the ground, all possible objections in order that we may overcome them in our imagination one by one.

Letters directed to The Home Builders Department of The Western Home Monthly will bring you full details as to obtaining specifications, blue prints, etc.

The Taloned Monarch

Continued from page 43

his leonine head slowly turned and the browed eyes caught Ben's. On half raised wings he shuffled doggedly to the edge of the stump, paused and bounded into the air. A scream of exultation shattered the silence of Lost Lake. Weakly, awkwardly, he fanned across the field on a level with the ground. Once he almost fell—MacGregor's heart almost seemed to stop functioning—but gained strength and mounted higher. He landed finally on a cedar snag, two hundred yards away, and carefully folded his wings with that slow gracefulness of movement.

Twilight had just settled in the valley. The lake shimmered softly in the shadows of the mountains. Robins caroled on the orchard trees and rust-backed thrushes sang in the deep woods with soft, hymeneal notes. Two crows flapped overhead with a faint swish of wings. High on the dead cedar tree stood the eagle, a black silhouette against the clear gold that peeped through a cleft of the purple hills, where, years before, MacGregor had followed this monarch.

"Shucks, just ain't that funny," chuckled the old man. "Mr. Heagle, pardn'n' me for moralizin', but it makes me think o' what folks say—'one good turn deserves another.' An' now, pard, good night an' good luck."

Spur to Heroism.—Because he had crawled out on thin ice and rescued a playmate who had broken through, little Willie was the centre of a group of admiring men and women.

"Tell us, my boy, how you were brave enough to risk your life to save your friend," said one of the ladies.

"I had to," was the breathless answer. "He had my skates on."—Life.

of the X. Y. canoemen in the van. Not a mile did they gain through the Ottawa. Once on stormy Lake Nipissing they glimpsed the brigade in the immense distance but lost it almost immediately in a rain squall so that they worked out of the French River and through the North Channel of Lake Huron without another sight of it. At the Sault the Northwest post keeper gave them definite word. Chavignaud's brigade had passed the rapids three hours before, bound via Grande Portage at the head of Lake Superior, to Isle à la Crosse. Hoping that a false sense of security might lull Chavignaud into delay at Grande Portage, De Bernay pressed on over grim Superior, but he was disappointed in the end. Chavignaud was not to be caught napping there. Grande Portage Bay was filled with canoe fleets assembled at the rendezvous of the different fur companies, the halfway house between East and West. The shore was littered with canoemen's camps, and crowds thronged there, eating and drinking, but the X. Y. brigade was not among the carousers. De Bernay paused only long enough to run into the Northwest Fur Company's fort, and there he learned that Chavignaud had beached at Grande Portage that morning and gone over the Big Carry without stop to the Pigeon River en route to the *Pays d'en Haut* beyond. He still had all his lead. His canoemen appeared fresh, the Northwest agent said, and De Bernay would have his work cut out for him to catch him this side of Isle à la Crosse.

De Bernay did not hesitate a moment. Grande Portage, the resting place of the brigades gathered from the ends of the wilderness, was no resting place for him. He gave a gruff order to Valmorin. Valmorin repeated it to the iron crews, and turning their backs on the enticing fires, the inviting food and wine, they dropped Grande Portage behind them and plunged on through the forest for the West, winding down the waterways to Lake Winnipeg.

"Listen," spoke De Bernay to the brigade as they debouched out of the mouth of the Winnipeg River onto that stormy inland sea, "we cannot be more than three hours behind them—perhaps a little less now, for we have travelled very swiftly. Here is where we must pass them. In the ordinary journeying they will have delays. They will be wind-bound behind the points or held up at nights among the many rocky islands. But we must delay for nothing whatever. Andrew, I am going to ask a big thing of you—to pilot the brigade without a halt down Lake Winnipeg to the mouth of the Saskatchewan. Is it too much to ask?"

"Ba gar, she's one mighty traverse," sighed Valmorin, straightening his tired shoulders, "but for your sake, Louis, I'll be do it or drown."

NEARLY three hundred miles of treacherous, gale-thrashed water lay before them, but daylight or dark, blow high or blow low, Valmorin held the fleet to its course as he had promised. His effort is an epic of the North, an Iliad voiced round the canoemen's camps wherever fur posts are flung. Half-swamped at times in the roaring Winnipeg surf, often stranded in the night on dangerous rock ledges which threatened to rip the bottoms from the craft, he pushed through without a halt. His iron Caughnawagas slept in turns on the paddle-shafts when exhausted and ate as they went from the hollows of their hands, till at last they burst out of the harried lake into the quiet mouth of the Saskatchewan River. There the Hudson's Bay Company post of Grand Rapids had different news for them. No X. Y. brigade had passed up to Isle à la Crosse.

"We have passed them, Andrew," exulted De Bernay. "You have won

your race, you grim old voyageur, and I tell you your service to me will never be forgotten. Now we cannot lag. The lead is ours. We will keep it to Isle à la Crosse."

De Bernay was as good as his word. Like lightning they travelled, speeding on to Lake Isle à la Crosse and the island that lay cradled on its bosom. Here the network waters of the Churchill River met those of the Saskatchewan. Here all fur passed down to Hudson's Bay or to Grande Portage, and the confluence of the wilderness trade routes gave the lonely island its strategic importance. Who held Isle à la Crosse Post had his hand on the pulse of the fur trade. Now shut up in its solitude the post loomed up as the island raised its rocky bulk before their prows. De Bernay scrutinized the silent log buildings and listened keenly as they drew into the landing.

"Nobody here, Andrew," he decided at last. "Not even a stray Indian in his tepee or a wandering husky dog. Disembark quickly and take possession. Chavignaud cannot be far behind us."

The sun had gone down behind the serried pines. It was the long Northland twilight hour and the mysterious light from the purple-red skies fell with an uncanny hue through the post doorway as De Bernay flung it open. Like phantoms in the half-dusk he and his men moved about the council room with its long table and chairs arranged in the centre and its cavernous fireplace at one end.

"Hide the canoes," he directed his brigade leader. "Shut up the post again. Show no light. Let everything look deserted as when we came. Then gather here in the council room while we wait Chavignaud's arrival."

Swiftly they did his bidding. The canoes were secreted in a fringe of trees, the marks of the disembarking smoothed out at the landing. Then they assembled in the council room with De Bernay. De Bernay himself sat in a huge carved chair by the fireplace, his coat draped about him, his figure almost formless in the gloom. One had to look twice to see that it was not an empty chair that faced the yawning pit of stone. Valmorin and the other officers of the fleet slouched in the nearby chairs and the silent

Caughnawaga canoemen glued themselves invisible against the walls. In perfect quiet they waited. Dusk gave place to deep dark till the whole council room was blotted with ebony shadows. Then through the window a cluster of lights flared over the lake, and they caught the spaced thump of paddle shafts, the low wash of birch-bark hulls.

"They are coming," whispered De Bernay. "They are at the landing now. Not a sound."

Loud feet tramped on the verandah.

"By the stars, here at last," boomed the familiar voice of Chavignaud as he swung back the post door.

He seemed to hesitate for a moment at the pitch darkness inside, then stalked cautiously down the middle of the room, feeling for the candlesticks that stood on the shelf of the fireplace.

He found one and struck a light, and as the yellow glow dispelled the darkness of the room something moved beside him with the nerve-racking scrape of a chair. Chavignaud wheeled with a startled exclamation to stare into the face of his partner Louis de Bernay, a hard, grim, accusing face limned by the candle's gleam. For a second Chavignaud imagined he looked at De Bernay's ghost. He had last seen him in his Montreal office rising from his desk to seek his supper. Now he saw him again, thousands of miles from that office, in the darkened post of Isle à la Crosse.

"You—Louis," he gasped, and caught a sudden sight of the other Northwesters ranged around.

His voice went up in a wild shout to his X. Y. canoemen. His hand went down to the pistol in his belt, but De Bernay was upon him with a bound. With a swift shove Louis knocked aside his partner's wrist. The weapon exploded with a roar, sending the charge flying through the ceiling. At the sound of the shot and Chavignaud's vociferous shout the X. Y. canoemen broke through the doorway on the run, but Andrew Valmorin and his crews were ready for them. Fists and paddle blades rained upon their heads, felling them in a heap in the middle of the floor, and the fierce Caughnawagas, carrying the battle to their enemies, swarmed out over the verandah, bludgeoning the rest of them senseless on the rocks.

GRIPPED in a great despair Chavignaud struggled desperately. In a flash he saw his picked men piled up like stricken sheep on the council room floor. If he had dreamed of escape he now saw his escape cut off by the fall of his own canoemen, and, moreover, De Bernay's arms were around him like two hoops of steel. He felt himself half choked, forced back across the council table till his spine threatened to crack. De Bernay's fingers slipped inside his coat and jerked away the money belt from his waist. The sheepskin wallet in his inside breast pocket followed the belt with a loud ripping of the coat lining.

"A fat ten thousand, eh, Albert?" De Bernay laughed grimly. "And a fine packet of Northwest shares as well. They are in good hands now, and no X. Y. treasury will ever see them."

"Louis—Louis," choked Chavignaud, "I meant to—to divide—"

"And brought me a few thousand miles to make the division?" flashed De Bernay. "You are a thief and a traitor. Don't be a liar as well."

De Bernay released his hold, allowing Chavignaud to pull himself erect, and beckoned Andrew Valmorin, standing guard with upraised paddle blade by the door.

"Get Chavignaud's canoe, Andrew," he directed. "Float it at the landing and detail a canoe man on either side of him to march him down."

At once a stalwart pair of Caughnawagas stepped out of the dark and took Chavignaud by the elbows, leading him at Valmorin's back as the latter stalked down to the landing. De Bernay himself brought up the rear.

"Search him, Andrew," he ordered. Valmorin ran his hands lightly through Chavignaud's clothes.

"He be have nothing," was his announcement.

"Then lift him into the canoe."

With a single movement of their powerful muscled arms the Caughnawagas transferred Chavignaud from the landing to the bottom of his own craft.

"By all the saints, Louis, what are you going to do?" quavered Chavignaud.

"Send you south on *la longue traverse*," declared De Bernay. "Without food or arms go out the way you came in, and pray Heaven you may fall in with friendly Indians on the way. It is the justice of the wilderness on a traitor and a thief."

De Bernay made a motion of his hand. The two Caughnawagas gave a strong shove on the stern of Chavignaud's canoe, shooting it out into the darkness of the lake.

"Wat about dose X. Y. canoemen?" asked Andrew Valmorin in a whisper.

"We will mend them up and use them in the Northwest service," De Bernay decided, his eyes trying to pierce the gloom where Chavignaud had vanished. "Now light up the post and raise the Northwest flag."

Like magic the many post lights blazed in the velvet dark.

With his own hand Andrew Valmorin ran the Northwest Fur Company's banner to the top of the flag-staff.

"Good," nodded De Bernay, thrilling at the flap of the silk, "it is as I said at Lachine, Andrew. I am the wintering partner at Isle à la Crosse. Still the firm of Louis de Bernay is a member short. I am going to make an addition. From now on it is De Bernay and Valmorin."

Old Andrew caught his breath. A rush of proud blood pounded in his ears.

"Ba gar, you do me honor, indeed, Louis," he said.

"A deserved honor, Andrew," smiled De Bernay. "I know our partnership will always be a happy one."

Their hands went out and, true Northwesters both, they gripped palms under the Northwest flag.

Penalty Post

Continued from page 34

The Road to Yesterday

By Margaret Bossance Boreham

The winding road to Yesterday leads through the Vale of Tears, And o'er the hill where stands a cairn to hopes of all the years. And yet, could we our steps retrace, as longing we would do, We'd find the gates to Fairyland, and might perchance slip through.

The gates of gold and ivory that ope to finger tips, Or whispered word that's spoken by all tiny childish lips; And Oh! to be a child again! And Oh! to see them swing Wide open on their hinges gold, and show the Fairy ring!

To watch them in the pale moonlight, a-dancing on the green; To hear their little tinkling laughs, and see come on the scene Our old, old friends of yesterday, Titania the Queen, And Puck, and Cinderella with her Fairy Prince in tow; And Jack the Giant Killer, killing Giants in a row; And all the little fays and elves we loved so long ago

Mayhap we'd get a fairy gift to carry us along, A little bit of happiness, or long forgotten song. Or, this we hardly dare to think, for fear our wish is vain, That from the cairn a hope will rise, to point the way again

For nothing is impossible for little fairy hands, We've but to wish, and lo! at once it comes to our commands; And all the things we've dreamed of, and all the things most fair Will come to us, and stay with us, if only we reach there.

So take the Road to Yesterday, the longed-for Road to Yesterday; The road where all our hopes and fears lie strewn along the way; And perhaps upon a river bank, or by the Fairy Sea, We'll find a friend, the best of all, to bear us company.



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CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER

Something to Learn

When February sun shines cold,
There comes a day when in the air
The wings of winter slow unfold
And show the golden summer there.
—PHILIP H. SAVAGE.

St. Valentine's Day

SUCH a nice happy day, in memory of a loveable, jolly old saint, who particularly loved birds and children and lovers. That is why most old-fashioned valentines showed a bird carrying a letter in its bill. I am quite sure that St. Valentine never meant any unkindness to be done in his name, and his gentle soul would have been terribly hurt if he had seen some of the ugly cruel things that are sent out on his day. Remember how you would be hurt if anyone made fun of you, and don't even help anyone to send a nasty valentine. February 14th is a day for love and kindness and happy thoughts.

If all the valentines you can send there is nothing so nice as a flower. Flowers were the great gift of St. Valentine himself, for it is told of him that he felt very sad because he had no great talents. He could not sing, or play, or paint great pictures, or heal the sick as some of the other monks who lived with him could. One day alone in his cell thinking sadly about these things, he seemed to hear a voice saying: "Do the little things, Valentine; there the blessing lies." This puzzled the simple man for a long time, but every day he tried to do the little kindnesses that he could, and he found that one thing he could do that endeared him to everyone was to give children and sick people flowers from his garden. Each day, therefore, he cut all his flowers and made them up in little bunches, and when the children passed on their way from school he waited at the gate with his sweet gifts. For his thoughtful kindnesses he became greatly beloved, and that is why his name is remembered when the names of those men who had great talents are forgotten.

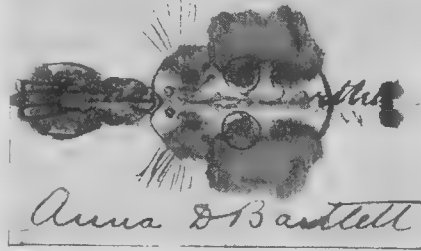
A Few Valentine Verses

Every joy that heart can hold,
Be yours this day a thousandfold.
Little friend, I love you true,
Here's a valentine for you.
If, of me, you do not think
My heart will shrink and shrink and shrink.
If you look in my heart you shall see
All the love I have for thee.
Mother, here's a valentine,
You know my love is always thine.
Every day I think of you,
My valentine says, this is true.

Something to Do for March

How about a spring poem? I think it is about time that our young poets had a chance to write verses again; they haven't had one for a year now. We want a poem on Spring. Now, ever since the world began poets have been writing on Spring because it is the wonderful waking time of the year, when winter slips away and all that was frozen and dead comes to life again. See what you can do to tell us about this and don't tell us in more than three verses! And remember that because you write four lines in a row or six or eight lines, you have not written poetry. Poetry to be real must be something that sings to you; something that is more beautiful than prose. Look at the first verse on this page. Isn't it lovely? What picture does it make to you? Would it be half as lovely if we said it this way: "When the cold sun shines in February there is sometimes a day when the air becomes softer, and you catch a glimpse of summer?" Isn't that dull? Now see if you can make a "singing" verse with beautiful thoughts in it. Go back and read all the verses we have given you this year, then take your pens and pencils and write three verses on "Spring" to Bobby Burke and send them in before March 1st, and the prize, a book of poems, will be announced in April. There will be gold buttons too, for the second and third best poems.

SOMETHING RECEIVED The Blottem Family



This growing family had several people join it this month too late for the January number, but one of them was so funny we are going to publish it. You can see that "Anna D. Bartlett, R.R. 3, Brandon," has imagination because she has touched up her Blottem and made him look like a very small dog with a large head. Eleanor Goode of Beaver, Ont., and Brenda Hall of Glenavon, Sask., Lottie Schuman and Elsie Schuman of Rosthern, Ruth Foy of Kinistino, Sask., and Iola M. Peavey of Onion Lake, Sask., also joined the Blottem family with quite funny membership cards!

Pictures

From Marjorie Gibbens of Cadillac, Sask., sends us a picture taken on Bull Creek, near her home.



Bull Creek, Cadillac, Sask.

Stories and Letters

Alma Butt of Arcola sends us the story of the "Cat Who Pulled the Chestnuts Out of the Fire." Thank you, Alma, but I don't think we will print this story because most of the boys and girls know it now. Try your hand at writing poetry for our next composition.

Vendela R. Sedlerburg of Malakwa, B.C., writes a very nice little original story of Santa Claus. By some error this story only reached us in January, and somehow it never seems so interesting to read of Santa Claus after Christmas, so we will just keep this story and perhaps next Christmas we might be able to use it, Vendela.

Dick Dockerill, of Hamilton, Ont., should have received a gold button in December, but when it was sent to him it was returned from Hamilton because of insufficient address. If Dick will send his street address his button will be forwarded again.

A Delightful Letter from Overseas

11 Shelton Place, Heavitree,
Exeter, Devon, England.

Dear Bobby Burke:—Would you mind if I joined your Cosy Corner? I do so want to join. We live in England now, but I was born in Canada. I see the Western Home Monthly because my auntie, who lives in Canada, sends them to Mother. I always look at the Cosy



Edith D. Scotchbrooke and some of her relatives

Corner because I think it is so interesting. I love reading the letters from other girls and boys who belong to the Cosy Corner. I think Pearl Turner must be very clever, don't you? I am twelve

now, or last September the 19th. I was four when I came home from Canada, Mother said I was longing to come to England, but I am longing to go back again (although I don't know if I ever shall).

I hope I may join. With much love,
Yours truly,

Edith D. Scotchbrooke.

P.S.—I am sending you a photo of my mother (left), my auntie (right), my cousin (left). Me with a screwed eye.

A Baby's Birth

One day a young North Wind said:
"Is little Golden still in bed?"

He was, he learned, and then he grinned,
And shook his fist, that young North Wind.

Then he raced across the sky
And blew the clouds as he passed by;
One cloud upturned, the babies rolled
Into another's fading gold,
Into their mother's arms they tumbled,
While the North Wind roared and rumbled;

One after another they fell to earth,
And this is the story of a baby's birth.
—By Phyllis Annie Thomson, aged 11
years, 1610 1/2 Hollywood Crescent, Victoria, B.C.

A Fairy Valentine

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY! A joyful time for valentines and merry parties! Peggy thought both were delightful, but St. Valentine's Day had come round once more, and the postman had brought no valentines for Peggy. Her sister Mary had several, and was so excited over them that Peggy felt more than one pang of jealousy.

Mary was having her first grown-up party that evening, but Peggy had been told that she could not stay up for that great event. Poor Peggy! She wandered out of doors feeling very lonely, for in the bustle of preparation no one could stop to talk to her. She wondered where her twin, Peter, had gone.

Peggy ran down the lawn. The maple trees were just beginning to bud, and her own special tree at the foot of the garden looked fresh and green. Nailed to one of the old trees's branches was a little box which the twins used for their post office. Peggy knew there was no mail in the box, for she had looked just after the postman had gone. As she reached the foot of the tree, however, a bird twittered, and looking up she saw a robin perched saucily upon the postbox. He immediately flew away, but Peggy's eyes did not follow him, for there in the postbox was a letter!

It was a tiny envelope, the color of violets, and was addressed to
Peter & Peggy Browne,
The Maple Tree Postbox,
The Garden.

It had no stamp, and Peggy turned it over and over in surprise. She had seen nobody bring it, for she had watched very carefully all morning, and it didn't look like a valentine. But just then Peter came along, and having showed him the little letter she proceeded to open it.

The letter inside had the fragrance of spring violets, and pleasantly excited Peggy opened the folded sheet and read the following note:

Dear Twins:—

Of course you want to go to the party, and you shall go too. I'm very sorry I can't send you a pretty valentine, but a party is nearly as good. Now follow these instructions. Go upstairs at 8 o'clock and shut your door tight. Then Stop! Look! and Listen! Sh—h! Not a word to anyone! A Fairy.

"A Fairy," repeated Peggy. "Oh Peter, how lovely!"

"Say, you don't believe a fairy wrote that, do you?" asked Peter. "Somebody's having a joke on us."

"Course I believe a fairy wrote it. Doesn't it say so? An' I'm just going to do everything it says in the letter, and so are you, Peter Browne," and Peggy tossed her little head and proudly walked off, while Peter followed, laughing at what he thought was a great joke.

Continued on page 69

Moon Magic

Continued from page 40

moonlight was streaming in through the window and a fire was roaring in the stove. He opened his eyes and felt his head. It was bandaged. Then he heard a voice:

"Oh, he'll come to in a minute or so. I didn't hit him hard." It was Old Gordon speaking.

Another voice replied. Perry recognized that of the stranger. "Well, dad, if you hadn't of I would of. So Mary needn't cry."

Something began to dawn on him. Mrs. Gordon had played a joke. Who the devil was this stranger, Mary's "beau?" He sat up. Instantly something stirred on the floor beside him. He looked down into Mary's face. She was pale and her eyes looked at him pleadingly.

"Oh, Perry, dear," she said. "You're all right, aren't you? I was so terribly afraid. I thought they'd killed you. Cousin Tom said you weren't hurt much, but I was frightened. Oh, Perry dear, you are all right aren't you? What a foolish boy you are. Poor Cousin Tom hadn't been home for fifteen years. He used to play with me when I was little because he was my adopted brother. He's daddy's brother's little boy. Or, he was, at least." She had risen and was sitting on his bed, holding one of his hands. She rambled on in her explanations.

"I was so lonely for you and you wrote me such a mean letter, with nothing in it about loving me, that I was just sick. I was lonely for you, Perry dear, and Tom, Cousin Tom, was here

for three days, and he was so good, telling me that you'd come back and all. And he was right. Only he wanted to kiss me all the time. But he didn't, Perry, because I wouldn't let him. You see I sort of thought you wouldn't like it, although he really is my brother. We went up to the store for a sack of —"

Her words were cut short. Perry had pulled her close to him. He pressed her soft, red lips and felt her tear-dampened cheek, cool and delightful against his own. They were close together and the moon was shining through the window.

Two shadows came to the doorway and looked in and immediately went away again. Old Gordon climbed the trail with his tongue in his cheek, Cousin Tom walked behind him, laughing softly and perhaps a little harshly.

"Say," he said at length, "that boy has an awful punch for a novice. I'd hate to bump against him in the ring. I wonder where he fought."

"He's training for the greatest battle of his life right now," remarked Old Gordon as he reached the road and started towards the lights of his own little farm. "I wonder if Mama has some coffee ready," he added, smiling.

Down in the dip behind him an owl hooted out of the night. The moon was mellow and its light was almost warm. It was a night for lovers.

"Hell," he said, as he lifted the catch of the gate, "it's good to be young on a night like this. I wish—" He stopped and looked at Cousin Tom.

He thought he saw a tear in his eye.

Grilse Fishing Round Victoria

Continued from page 33

West by Vancouver Island and on the East partly by Salt Spring Island and is, therefore, almost a landlocked salt water lake. The best sport is generally had from 8 to 10 in the morning, at the turn of the tide, about noon and in the afternoon from three to five, although there are often days when grilse can be caught from sunrise to sunset. The best days for grilse fishing are bright sunlight ones with a temperature of from 50° to 60° and a calm sea—so common during the winter months in Victoria.

In order to have really good sport, grilse fishing, it is essential to use very light tackle. A small spoon, if you are trolling, a gut trace, and as light a sinker as possible to get to the depth where the fish are. For a rod, a light fairly stiff one, with just enough spring to it to save the light tackle on the strike, a brass lined wood reel 4 inches in diameter is the best type to use, as it has a large hub or barrel hand so takes the line in quickly. A 100

yard line is much better than a shorter one, as it enables one to let out a long line with a light sinker and get a good depth when fish are running deep, as they sometimes do. Also, one is almost sure to hook the odd salmon while grilse fishing and a long line will undoubtedly save both fish and light tackle, when the big fellow takes hold.

There are often times when grilse will take the fly quite well in the sea, and when this happens grilse is really equal to the best trout fishing. Grilse generally take the fly very well in the rivers that run into the sea, such as Cowichan. The method of fishing then followed is similar to that used in fly fishing for trout.

Victoria on Vancouver Island is 83 miles from Vancouver and is reached by the palatial "Princess" Line steamers of the Canadian Pacific, and forms a part of the Triangle boat trip between Vancouver, Victoria and Seattle.

A Fairy Valentine

Continued from page 68

THE remainder of the day seemed very long to Peggy, and if her mother wondered at all why she did not grumble because she had to go to bed at the usual time, and why she was so unusually quiet, she was too busy to give the twins a moment's thought.

Eight o'clock! Very obediently Peggy climbed the stairs to her room, and very reluctantly Peter followed. Once inside her room Peggy switched on the lights and shut the door tight (Instruction One.) The twins then stopped and looked. (Instructions Two and Three.) There on the beds lay two fancy dress costumes. The daintiest, prettiest costumes the twins had ever seen! One was a little girl's dress. It was a bright red and the skirt billowed out in the shape of a heart. A little heart-shaped cap lay near, and a black mask completed the costume. On Peter's bed lay a boy's suit. Peter picked it up, and there was the full regalia of the "Knave of Hearts."

"Gee, I wonder how this came here?" said Peter. "An' mine," echoed Peggy. "Look, Peter, isn't this sweet?"

They were so busy exclaiming over the costumes that they forgot to carry out the last instruction, "To Listen." Peggy heard it first. "What is that?" she cried. It came again, an imperative knock at the window-pane.

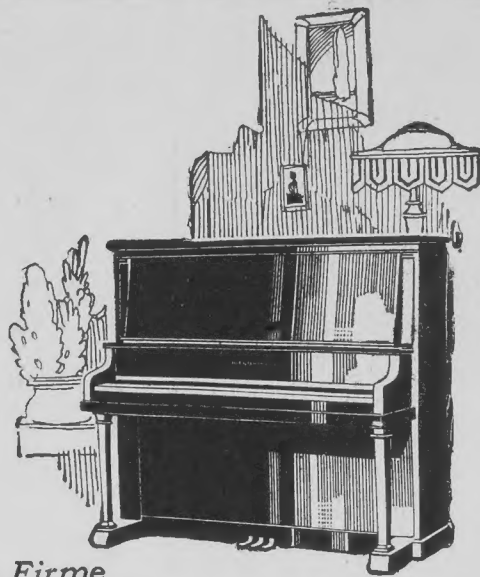
Peter ran to open the window, and in flew a dainty little fairy dressed from tip to toe in violet. A band of sparkling dew-drops encircled her head, and gleaming in her dark hair was a fresh violet.

"My name is Fairy Violet, and I have but recently come from Fairyland to begin my work this Spring. Passing your window this morning on my way to waken the violets, I overheard you say you wished you could go to your sister's party, and as it is the first wish I have heard today, it is my duty to make that wish come true."

"Oh, goody, goody, can we really go to Mary's party? But mother said we couldn't go, and she'll see us, won't she?"

"Oh, no," said the fairy. "My violet dust will make you invisible, and you will have a lovely time, I know. Now hurry and get into your costumes; I'll help you."

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Ye Olde Firme

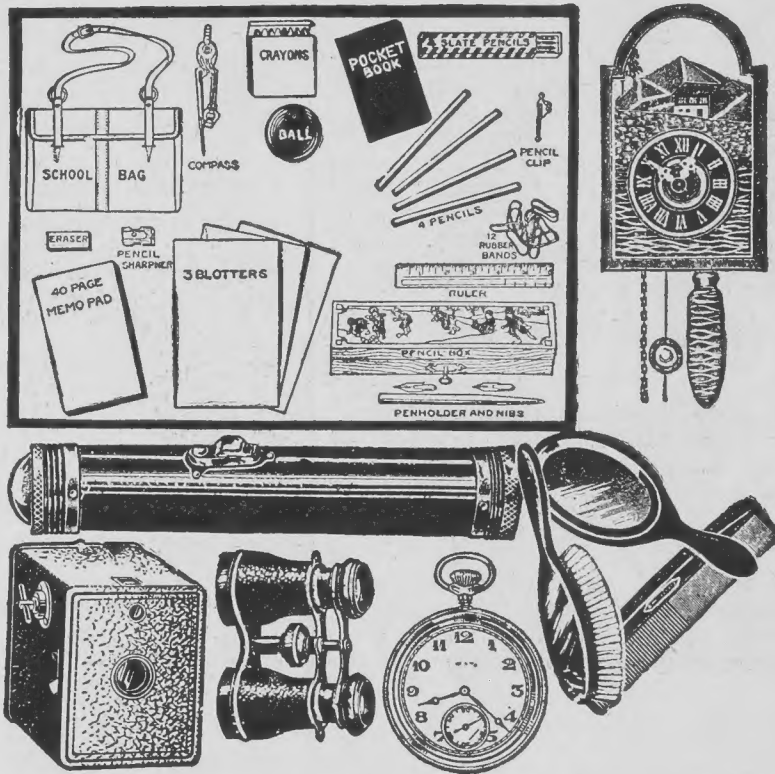
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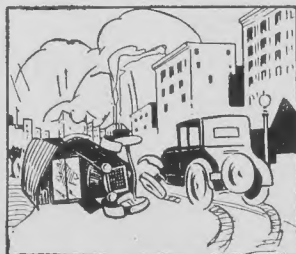
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25 Prizes each
A CLOCK

1,000 Other Prizes

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Waterford, Ont.

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Smith & Rourke Co. London, Ont. Dept. B-3



The Philosopher

Our Fragile Daily Chronicles

LAST month saw the beginning of the manufacturing in Manitoba of a product which has become one of the most important things in the world. The newspaper presses in every land have to be fed constantly with great rolls of "newsprint" paper, for the making of which innumerable spruce trees are ground into pulp in mills like the one at Pine Falls, on the Winnipeg River, the first such mill to be established between Ontario and British Columbia. Modern newspaper presses, which work at high speed and pour out their cataracts of newspapers every day, are marvels of human ingenuity. But the newspapers of today, printed on pulpwood "newsprint" paper, do not endure like the old newspapers printed on "rag" paper, as *The Nor'-Wester*, the first newspaper in the West, was. The first issue of that newspaper was printed on December 28, 1859, sixty-seven years ago, in the little hamlet which was afterwards named Winnipeg, but was known then as Fort Garry. In the Provincial Library in Winnipeg the bound volumes of the files of that old newspaper are lasting records, which future generations will read. So are the Winnipeg newspapers of the 1870's. But the Winnipeg newspapers of recent decades, like all the other newspapers of the present era, are not lasting records—except the special copies which *The London Times*, since the beginning of the pulpwood "newsprint" era, has printed on "rag" paper, for preservation in bound volumes of files, as it is preserved in the Provincial Library in Winnipeg. The two most important newspapers in the world are *The London Times* and *The New York Times*, which, too, on the first day of 1927, began the printing of a special edition on "rag" paper, for preservation in libraries, as a daily record of the present age. All the newspapers published on this continent the daily record of the Great War, said *The New York Times* in announcing its "rag" paper edition, "have already yellowed and aged so badly in the files that complete disintegration and disappearance are only a question of a few years more." Pulpwood paper does not endure for many years; it yellows, becomes brittle and crumbles. Even "rag" paper will not stand against "the gnawing tooth of Time," like the papyrus on which the Egyptians of thousands of years ago wrote records that are still in existence and will outlive for ages yet to come the fragile "newsprint" chronicles of our time.

Weddings and Noise

AN ONTARIO reader of *The Western Home Monthly* sends a clipping from a newspaper which tells briefly how a shotgun fired from an upstairs window put an end to a "shivaree" in a village north of Belleville. A "shivaree" is a noisy demonstration, usually after dark, in front of the home of a newly-married couple. "Are there such barbarities in the West?" asks the reader who sends the clipping. The "shivaree" is not a practice which has been transplanted into the West. In the East it used to be almost always a good-natured visitation, which ended in hospitality; but sometimes it was an outbreak of uncivilized rowdiness. Tomfoolery over a newly-married couple is a very ancient custom, as *The Philosopher* was reminded one evening recently by seeing on its way down Portage Avenue to one of the railroad stations a closed automobile bearing a placard, "We are Newlyweds," and dragging along behind it on the asphalt a collection of old shoes and jingling tin cans. There was no harm in that, of course. It was only a way of expressing good wishes to the happy pair. Outbursts of youthful high spirits are surely natural on a joyful occasion like a wedding. They do not mean that anybody concerned in them is unaware that the married state is one to be entered seriously and reverently.

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The Western Home Monthly

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The subscription price of *The Western Home Monthly* to any address in Canada, the British Isles, or in the United States is:

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\$2.00 FOR THREE YEARS

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The Philosopher

Listening and Talking

HOW few of us are always ready to accommodate ourselves agreeably to the disabilities of our acquaintances, to say nothing of their little peculiarities! Yet that accommodating agreeableness is one of the surest means to success in life. Getting on well with people is facilitated greatly by the ability to listen. It is better still to take a genuine interest in what the other person is saying, and listen with real sympathy. Too many of us are too fond of hearing ourselves talk. One can learn vastly more by listening to others than by talking oneself. But most of us love the sound of our own voices too much, and even when we do not want to talk ourselves, are impatient listeners to others, even when they have something to tell us which we need to know. The *Philosopher* remembers once when he was visiting Niagara Falls he asked one of the guides if the sight-seeing visitors asked many questions. "Yes," the guide replied, "and often they don't wait for an answer, but keep right on talking themselves."

A Waste of Life—Or Not?

FOR Manitobans there is a special interest in the doings and writings of Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the one and only person among the world celebrities of today who was born in Manitoba. In his latest book, *The Adventure of Wrangel Island*, he tells his story of his last expedition in the North, which was so ill-fated, and sets forth his ideas of the strategic value of Wrangel Island—to which the British Government in the course of the abortive negotiations for a treaty with Soviet Russia last year waived its claim. From first to last the story of the expedition is one of tragedy. But Stefansson's writing never fails to make his readers realize that for certain persons the attraction of the Arctic is irresistible. For himself, it is plain, the power of enjoyment appears to be heightened by the cold. Sufferings are soon forgotten, he writes, in "rapid and exhilarating discoveries." The following is a typical passage: "As we struggle slowly towards shore, the invalids grew steadily weaker. Knight could not walk by himself, but was able to stumble along, holding to the sled for support. With grit such as few possess, he occasionally even used the failing remnants of his strength to help the sled over the bad places." Are such adventures a waste of life or not? Most people who will read this book will begin it with minds made up one way or the other. There is much in the book to shake the certainty of either answer to the question.

Legislative Long-Windedness

THE announcement from Ottawa when the new Parliament met, that the rules of the House were to be revised to prevent long speeches was good news. Let us hope that it was also true news. If the Provincial Legislatures likewise will revise their rules and cut out the possibility of any more absurdly long speeches and unreasonably protracted debates, they will increase the reason for joyful public thanksgiving. But, at the same time, let us not make the mistake of failing to recognize the fact that there are very much worse things in the world than legislative long-windedness. It has become altogether too much to make little of Parliaments and Legislatures. Our representative, responsible system, on the British model, is as good, or as bad, as we, the electors of Canada, who are responsible for the representatives we send to the House at Ottawa and to the Legislatures of the Provinces. It is a system which is an exact reflection of ourselves. It is a faithful measure of what we, the people of Canada, men and women exercising our franchise as citizens of a free, self-governing country, desire in the way of government. When we find fault with it, we are finding fault with ourselves.

Successful Insurance Underwriter

Continued from page 37

best way to attain success in life insurance selling?"

"There is only one way"

"What?"

"Hard work. Of course to this you must add application and concentrate upon learning what a wonderful social force life insurance is proving itself to be."

Mrs. Reid's entire personality appears to be definitely and entirely absorbed in her vocation, and a realization of its greatness. Unwilling to talk about herself, averse to the prospect of seeing her name appear in print.

Asked for something more on what life insurance has accomplished, however, brought a response. First it was on the manner in which life insurance funds collected in small premiums, have brought about national development. "Every development requires funds and no agency yet devised can accumulate them on a scale even remotely approaching that of life insurance. While their methods are not in the least spectacular, they are both effective and economical. These funds flow by natural law to the point where the demand for capital is the greatest, furnishing the secure foundations of national expansion and unity and at the same time making a capitalist of every policyholder, in that he is taking an active part in the progress of the age, even though he may not recognize that fact.

"Through the operation of life insurance, people are coming not only to understand each other better but to co-operate better, bringing about a better understanding of the relation of insurance to public welfare."

As a final claim, Mrs. Reid advanced the statement that the life insurance profession has contributed a duration of life double what it was at the beginning of the eighteenth century. — *Courtesy Canadian Finance.*

A Fairy Valentine

Continued from page 69

Soon two smiling children were dressed and masked ready for the party. The Fairy Violet took out of her silken bag a little bottle in the shape of a violet, flower and stem, and shook it over their heads. Then from another bottle she took two dewdrops and gave them one each to drink.

"Now you can go to the party without fear of being seen or heard. When it is time for you to go to bed I will fetch you," and with that she flew out of the window and disappeared into the night.

"Oh, Peter, whispered Peggy, I'm frightened."

"Shucks, we're invisible. Course we are," and Peter opened the door.

Cautiously, however, he crept down the stairs with Peggy clinging to his hand. As they reached the stairs they saw their mother and sisters receiving the guests. Peggy started to run back, but Peter held her hand tightly. "Hullo Mother," said Peter bravely. Mrs. Browne continued talking to Mary, although she was directly facing the pair. "See, Peggy," said Peter, turning to his sister, "we're invisible and so's our voices. I mean our voices are—are well, she can't hear us anyhow. C'mon, let's go and see who's here."

The next morning, Mrs. Browne remarked to her husband: "It was a lovely party, wasn't it. I wish I had let the twins stay up."

"Oh, they will have a good many parties yet. If they had been there they would have been into mischief."

"I suppose so," and Mrs. Browne went to call the twins. As she glanced out of the window, she saw several violets peeping from the green leaves in the violet beds.

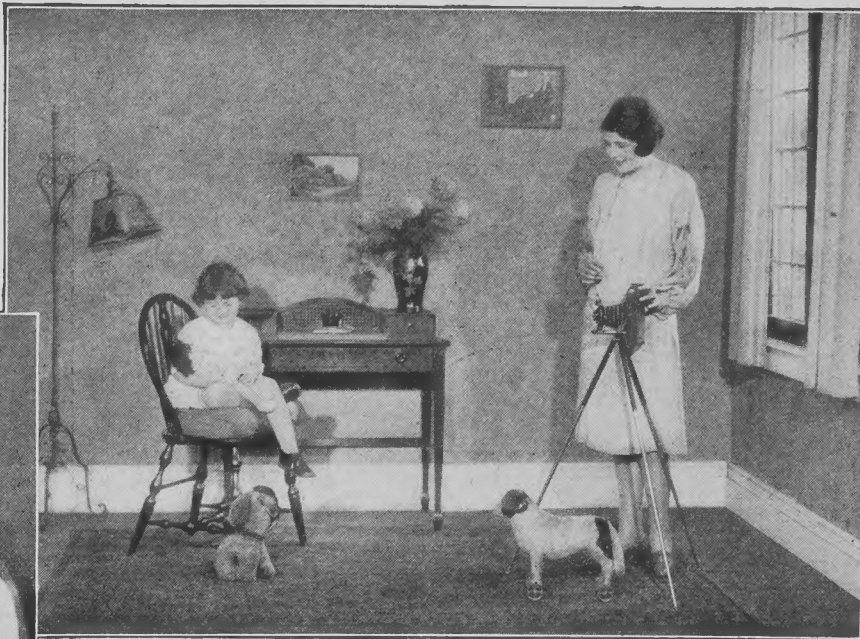
"Oh, wake up, darlings!" she cried. The first violets are blooming in your own violet patch!"

—Kathleen Woodley, 2122 McNeill Ave, Oak Bay, B.C.

Here's the way the picture was made and—



Here's the actual picture—made, as illustrated above, with a Kodak and Kodak Portrait Attachment.



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Kodak Portrait Attachment is just an extra lens. Price \$0.50 and \$0.80.

The result is big images—informal head-and-shoulder portraits fill the print; studies of flowers, of family heirlooms and other relatively small subjects register in satisfying size.

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the day in and day out pleasure of picture-making the Kodak way—just another reason why you'll want to get your Kodak out and keep it busy.

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What did the dentists say?



GUARD THE DANGER LINE
WHERE TEETH MEET GUMS

For years E. R. Squibb & Sons have issued warning that the line where gums and teeth meet is in reality The Danger Line. Acids forming in the crevices along The Danger Line—particularly between the teeth—strike the most treacherous blow to your teeth and gums.

However, because of the confusion caused by dozens of conflicting theories—and because we believed the public should receive confirmation on a question of such importance—we decided to bring the matter before the only real existing authority, the dental profession itself.

We went to one of the greatest dental clinics in the world—where every year more than 100,000 treatments are given. We also asked practicing dentists everywhere to state the results of their experience. Both these sources agreed almost unanimously on the following facts:

- (1) *Acids are the most frequent cause of decay and gum infection.*
- (2) *The most serious trouble occurs at the place where teeth meet gums—known as The Danger Line—especially at that part of The Danger Line between the teeth where a tooth-brush cannot reach.*
- (3) *The best product known to prevent these acids from causing decay and irritating the gums is Milk of Magnesia.*

Isn't it logical then, that Squibb's Dental Cream, because it contains more than 50% of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia in a most convenient and effective form, will help prevent the danger that menaces your teeth and gums?

Squibb's Dental Cream goes even further. Other tooth pastes may contain Milk of Magnesia and still not combine the other ingredients necessary to care for your teeth and gums properly.

Squibb's Dental Cream cleans thoroughly, beautifully and safely. It relieves sensitive teeth and soothes sore gums. You can safely use it to brush the gums—which dentists say is very necessary—for it contains no harsh grit. It is safe for children and adults alike.

Each time you use Squibb's Dental Cream tiny particles of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia are forced into every pit and crevice where acids can form. There they not only neutralize these acids, but remain to give protection long afterwards.

The health of your teeth is too important to take chances. Consult your dentist regularly. Heed these authorities. Use Squibb's Dental Cream, made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. At all druggists—45c the large tube.

THE "PRICELESS INGREDIENT" OF EVERY PRODUCT
IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

E. R. Squibb & Sons, of Canada, Ltd., 468 King St. W., Toronto, Canada

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

What the World is Saying

Is It Not, Rather on the Wax?
Dancing is somewhat on the wane.—
Montreal Herald.

He Is One of Them
Mr. Lloyd George says: "Britain must
face the facts.—Ottawa Citizen.

Young Folk, Old Folk.
Young people are so silly, unless you
are one of them.—Fort William Times-
Journal.

Because She Knows Who Made Him
Wonder why the self-made man never
blows about it to his wife? — Indian
Head News.

Most Are Robust Yellers
A medical journal states that healthy
babies should be a delicate pink.—North
Battleford News.

One Can Take the Rest at Night.
A scientist says that four hours sleep
a day should be enough for anybody.—
Duluth Herald.

A Suggestion by a Tall Editor
A good way to use part of the large
overproduction of cotton would be to
add about eleven inches to each end of
the bed-sheets.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Another Mysterious Thing
One of the unexplained mysteries of
science is how a cigarette stub can start
a forest fire, when it takes an hour and
a half to get the furnace going.—Peter-
boro Examiner.

But Do the Loud Snorers?
It is now said that science may suc-
ceed in abolishing sleep. If that is ever
accomplished, it will mean that there
will be taken away from the human race
the only few hours which are lived above
reproach.—Niagara Falls Review.

No Wonder She Went Up in the Air
Mrs. Eva Richard, of Tacoma, Wash-
ington, is asking a divorce because she
alleges her husband makes a noise like
an airship engine when he eats soup.—
The Pas Herald.

A Vision of the Future
A Detroit engineer of aeronautics says
that in another twenty years every
motorist will be flying. And by that
time pretty nearly every pedestrian will
be playing a harp.—London Free Press.

Hollywood (Not Holywood) Scandals
Magnates of the film industry are re-
ported to be getting extremely weary of
the scandals and divorces of film stars.
The magnates are several reels behind
the public in arriving at that state of
feeling.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

Joys of Travel in Mexico
Machine guns are being mounted on
trains in Mexico to protect travellers
from the depredations of rebellious fac-
tions. Apparently no provision is being
made for travellers who prefer depreda-
tions to the machine guns.—Minneapolis
Journal.

Strap-hanging Fish
"When an electric current is passed
through a vessel containing fish," says
a German scientist, "they place them-
selves in a row parallel with the direc-
tion of the current. The same is true of
the sardines in Chicago street cars.—
Chicago Daily News.

It Would be Appropriate.
One pedestrian in the United States is
mobile Salon held in New York, the
radiator cap of a special roadster was
topped with a silver miniature of a
pierette in the act of kicking the moto-
meter. How about a silver miniature of
a pedestrian in the act of kicking the
bucket?—Providence Journal.

A Valiant Son of Quebec
A Quebec citizen by the name of Le-
brasseur fought five policemen on the
occasion of his arrest and caused two of
them to seek medical attention. The
policemen should never have made the
mistake of antagonizing Lebrasseur.
They should have given him a blue suit
with brass buttons, a helmet and a
baton and made him one of themselves.
—Vegreville (Alta.) Observer.

No, They are Quite Neat
One thing about these skirts is that
they don't bag at the knees.—Regina
Post.

But Many Fail To Do So
In the dictionary "invest" comes be-
fore "investigate," but in practice it is
well to reverse the order.—Wall Street
Journal.

And Vice Versa
A writer in a medical journal says
that singing is very beneficial in certain
cases of sickness.—Brantford Expositor.

Only the Young Dye Good, it Says
A beautician says that nothing is less
attractive than an elderly woman with
bleached or hennaed hair. — Kitchener
Record.

The Man Who Fled to Holland
The ex-Kaiser has been saying Britain
was a coward. And look what the cow-
ards did to him.—Toronto Telegram.

Tree-oysters and Sea-Planks
Scientists are now growing oysters on
wood and making lumber out of sea-
weed. That seems a fair exchange.—
Victoria Colonist.

A Family Necessity
Some wives are smarter than their
husbands. As a matter of fact, they
have to be.—Brandon Sun.

But Does It?
One reason why it is safer to breathe
through your nose is because it makes
you keep your mouth shut.—Vancouver
Province.

The Rewards of—What?
Prussia has awarded the ex-Kaiser
250,000 acres of land and 15,000,000 gold
marks, and again we hear the question:
"Who won the war?"—Springfield Re-
publican.

It Would Confucius, We Admit
"The handwriting on the wall should
be read," said Chinese Minister Alfred
Sze, referring to the war in China. But
since the handwriting must be in Chi-
nese, isn't this demand rather unreason-
able?—Edmonton Journal.

A Slander on the Bagpipes
The invention of the harp was due to
an accident, we read. On the other hand,
the inventor of the bagpipes was a
Highland cottager, who got the idea
through stepping on a cat. — Ottawa
Journal.

Food for Mind and Body
A German scientist says that soon
people will be able to read their news-
papers, and then soak them in a prepara-
tion that will bring out the food value
of the wood-pulp, and then eat them.—
Kingston Whig.

We Egg-eating Canadians
The Toronto Telegram has suggested
that Canada might well advertise the
fact that this country eats more than
the average number of eggs per annum.
Well, well, so that accounts for those
cackles.—Saskatoon Star.

Pluck and Plucking
A New York Financial wizard says he
has made more than three billion dollars
within a single year "by sheer pluck."
All of which is highly interesting, but
the gentleman neglects to say whom he
plucked.—Canadian Finance.

These Ultra-modern Dances
The Stepney Step, which is all the
rage in London just now, is said to be
something between the Charleston and
the tango. And the Stepney Steppers
are probably something between an egg-
beater and a nervous breakdown.—Cal-
gary Herald.

"The Six-stocking Look"
A Dover, England, woman found to be
wearing nine suits of silk underwear at
present holds the record for daring in
attempting to evade the customs regula-
tions. Since the new ruling went into
effect the authorities have coined a new
phrase: "The six-stocking look." Women
put on that many pairs, say officials,
but usually their faces betray them.—
Quebec Telegraph.